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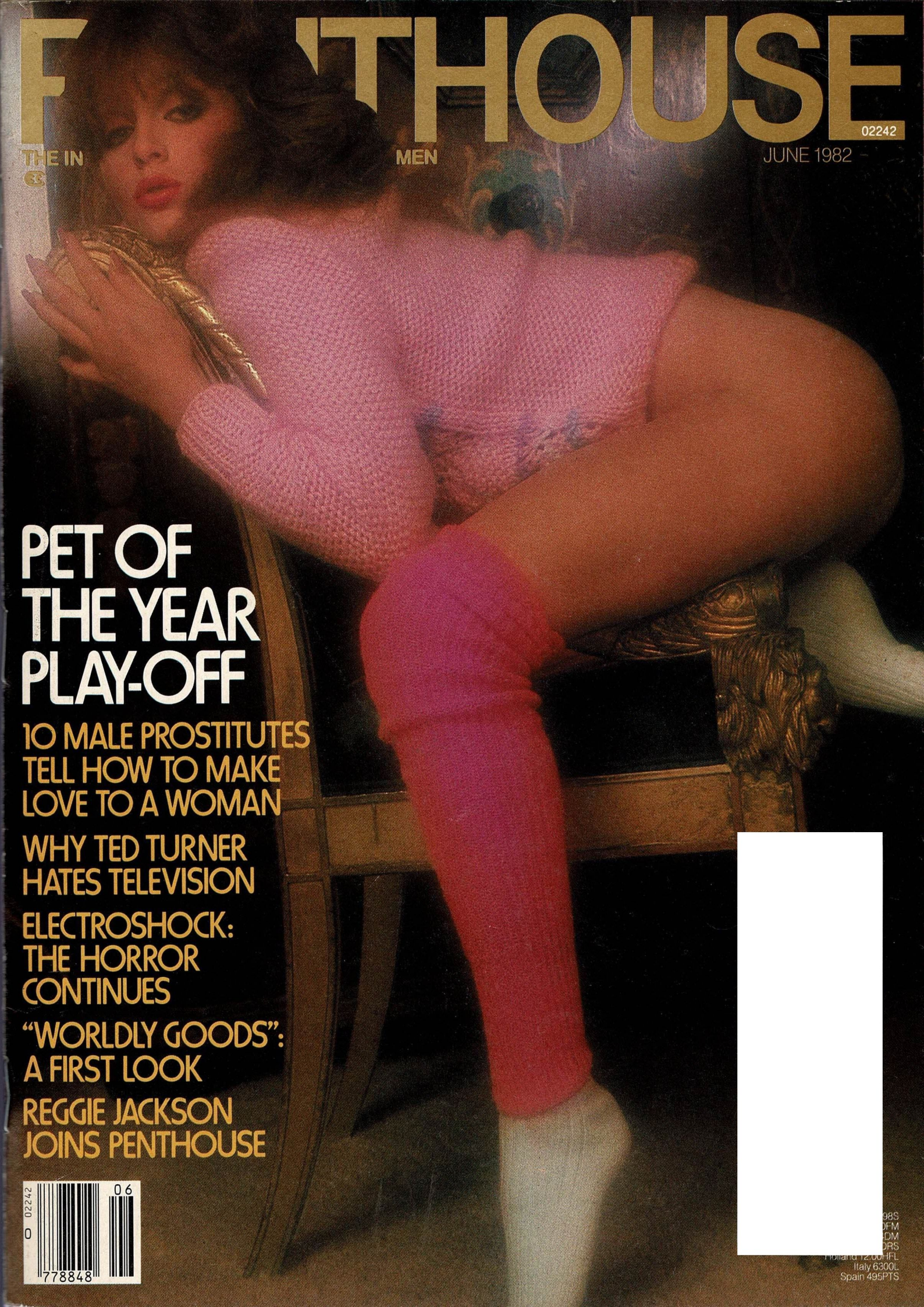

## PET OF THE YEAR PLAY-OFF

10 MALE PROSTITUTES TELL HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A WOMAN

WHY TED TURNER HATES TELEVISION

ELECTROSHOCK: THE HORROR CONTINUES

"WORLDLY GOODS": A FIRST LOOK

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The International Magazine for Men/June 1982

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PENTHOUSE (ISSN 00902020), U.S. Volume 13, Number 10.


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Published monthly in the United States and simultaneously in Canada by Penthouse International, Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Tel. (212) 593-3301. Printed in the U.S.A. Distributed in the U.S.A., Canada, U.S. territorial possessions, and the world by Curtis Circulation Company, 21 Henderson Drive, West Caldwell, N.J. 07006. U.K. edition published in the United Kingdom by Penthouse Publications, Ltd., 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB. Tel. 01-385-6181, and distributed by SM Distribution, Ltd., 16/18 Trinity Gardens, London SW9. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Second-class postage paid New York, N.Y. and at other mailing offices. Editorial offices as above. Publisher disclaims all responsibility to return unsolicited editorial matter and all rights in portions published vest in publisher. Letters to Penthouse Magazine or its editors are assumed intended for publication and republication in whole or in part and may therefore be used for such purposes. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publishers. Any similarity between persons or places mentioned in the fiction or semifiction and real places or persons living or dead is coincidental. **Subscriptions:** U.S., AFO—$30.00 one year; Canada—$40.00 one year; and elsewhere—$40.00 one year. Single copies $3.00 in U.S. and AFO ($3.50 December and January issues), $3.50 in Canada. Address changes, etc., should be mailed to Penthouse, P.O. Box 905, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11737. Postmaster: send form 3579 to Farmingdale address, Tel. (516) 420-1894.

**Advertising Offices:** *New York:* Penthouse International, Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, Tel. (212) 593-3301; *Midwest:* Penthouse, 303 East Wacker Drive, Suite 1012, Chicago, Illinois 60601, Tel. (312) 565-0466; *Washington, D.C.:* Penthouse, 1707 H St., NW, Suite 807, Washington, D.C. 20006; *West Coast:* Penthouse, 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, California 90024, Tel. (213) 824-9831; *U.K.:* Penthouse Publications, Ltd., 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB, Tel. 01-385-6181—Telex 919865. Penthouse, the Penthouse keys, Pet of the Month, and Pet of the Year are trademarks of Penthouse International, Ltd., N.Y.

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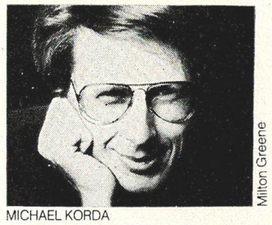

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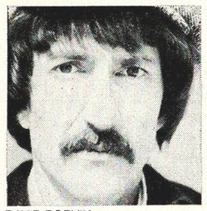

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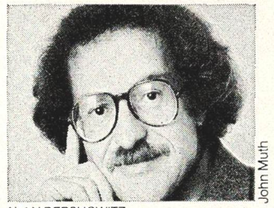

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# HOUSECALL

It isn't often that a new *Penthouse* editor is introduced to the public at a crowded press conference, with whirring television cameras and dozens of reporters surging forward to record the event for posterity. But when *Penthouse* Editor/Publisher Bob Guccione announced the appointment of legendary sports figure **Reggie Jackson** as the magazine's Automotive Editor, the news was clearly of national significance. For months, the superstar home-run-hitting outfielder had kept the sports world in suspense while he negotiated a new contract. Would he stay with the New York Yankees, where he had spent five sensational and tempestuous years making baseball history with such feats as clobbering three consecutive home runs in a 1977 World Series game? Or would his feud with the Yankee management cause him to abandon the Big Apple for even greener pastures? What only *Penthouse* and Reggie knew at the time, however, was that even before deciding to sign with the California Angels, he had agreed to join the *Penthouse* lineup and test-drive, comment, and report on the newest cars and the latest news of automotive interest. Reggie, an auto expert and one of the world's top car collectors–he owns some fifty automobiles, including four Rolls-Royce Corniches–told the assembled reporters that he chose to join *Penthouse* because of the magazine's huge worldwide readership and solid editorial credibility. His debut, including an exclusive look at some of his rare cars together with advice on how to start your own collection, appears on page 132.

Grandstanding and show-biz razzle-dazzle are also the hallmarks of **Ted Turner**, this month's flamboyant and volatile interview subject (page 80). Turner, the swashbuckling owner of the Atlanta Braves and skipper of the ocean-racing yacht *Courageous*, which won the America's Cup in 1977, talked to **Harry F. Waters**, who doubles as a senior *Newsweek* writer, about his greatest challenge to date: launching the nation's first twenty-four-hour cable television network devoted entirely to news. Although so-called experts typically predicted that "Turner's Folly" would never survive, he is proving them wrong, both journalistically and financially. In this exclusive interview, Turner takes on the television establishment for its "lousy programming" and "gross inefficiency," and for subverting the public interest. He predicts that cable will be in 90 percent of American homes by 1990, turning the networks into "dinosaurs" and putting most newspapers out of business. "Interviewing Ted Turner," Waters told us, "is like playing twenty-five games of Pac-Man at once. You can't possibly win, but the experience is exhilarating."

Putting on a good show is fine for Reggie Jackson or Ted Turner, but when government agents go Hollywood, the results are not always so amusing. In "Getting Stung" (page 52), Harvard law professor **Alan Dershowitz** writes about the ever-increasing number of lawmen who are disguising themselves as rich Arabs, sleazy pornographers, Mafia kingpins, and even prostitutes in order to lure (or is it subvert) potential criminals into their nets. The problem is that these cops-turned-actors are running amok and government by deception and entrapment seems to be becoming the rule. Dershowitz, perhaps America's most respected and outspoken authority on criminal and constitutional law, presents a simple and effective solution to this problem, protecting our rights while putting dangerous criminals behind bars. Author of *The Best Defense,* a new Random House book describing his most controversial and important cases, Dershowitz will be contributing several articles to *Penthouse* during the coming months on the sorry state of justice and law enforcement in the United States. (Another part of this problem is discussed in criminal lawyer **Seymour Wishman**'s angry "Advise and Dissent," on page 106, about plea bargaining–secret deals between lawyers, which all too often result in the lightest sentences for the worst criminals.)

As this month's fiction selection, we're proud to present an exclusive preview of **Michael Korda**'s first novel, *Worldly Goods,* which will be published by Random House (page 126). Korda, a leading New York book editor whose own nonfiction best-sellers have included *Success!* and *Charmed Lives,* draws on his first-hand knowledge of the world's most powerful people to tell the story of Paul Foster, who escapes from almost certain death in a Nazi concentration camp to build a billion-dollar empire and ultimately devise an elaborate, terrible scheme for revenge against his long-ago enemies. You won't want to miss this excerpt from what is sure to become one of this summer's blockbuster hits.

Another surefire best-seller, written by **Michael Morgenstern,** is *How to Make Love to a Woman,* Clarkson Potter's naturally obvious sequel to last year's *How to Make Love to a Man.* In our excerpt (page 72), ten men whose skill in amorously satisfying women put them in the "professional" class of lover tell how they do it. Even if you don't want to make a career turning pleasure to profit, you'll find their tips on how to make a woman feel loved (even if she isn't) indispensable in your future relations with the fair sex.

You'll find some indispensable fashion tips in our preview of summer action wear featuring tennis star Vitas Gerulaitis (page 164), and you'll want to be sure to read the latest in science reporter **David Rorvik**'s exposés of the medical establishment: "Electroshock: The Horror Continues" (page 76).

June is traditionally the month in which we ask you to fulfill your reader responsibilities by voting in our annual Pet of the Year Playoff. This year's candidates can be found on page 62, and we think you'll agree that the choice has never been more difficult. But to reward you for your labors, we are pleased to present an all-new bevy of June beauties, new stars to greet the summer solstice and make the year's longest day seem not long enough.



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Founded March 1965

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*(U.S. edition)*

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**JUNE**


# PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

## Blue-plate special

I've been reading your letters for three years and have loved every minute of it. My boyfriend and I have a fantastic sexual relationship. We have sex in every room in the house and in every position imaginable. Sal and I have only recently gotten into what you might call kinky sex in the last four months. My sex life has never been more exciting. Sal loves to play the dominant male and I love to be his slave. We don't do this all the time, but recently it has been our favorite way of having sex.

One evening Sal decided we would play our master-slave game and told me to go into the bedroom and disrobe. I went in and took off all my clothes, and was nervous and excited, thinking about what was going to happen to me. I called to him and told him I was naked. He told me to come back out to the living room and stand before him. I did, and felt shy and embarrassed. The lights were all on, and he was staring at me like he was going to swallow me whole. My nipples were hard, and goose bumps were forming on my legs.

He told me to lie down on the floor with my head at his feet. He then ordered me to raise my legs up over my head, so he could grab my ankles from the chair he was sitting in. In this position, I was looking up at my knees, my ass was in the air, my pussy was opening up, and I felt quite vulnerable. Sal grabbed a small riding crop he had hidden under the chair and told me I should not yell out, as the walls in our apartment are very thin. This was a game he liked to play a lot. He would do things to make me cry or yell, but I couldn't, or he would do other things to me. One time, he put a cold carrot in my ass hole, because I yelled out too loud while he was smacking my inner thighs with a small paint paddle.

He started to lightly hit my upturned thighs with the end of the crop. It made smacking sounds and began to turn my legs red. He carefully avoided my pussy, which was beginning to get wet. He lowered his smacks and began to hit me on the ass. He pulled my ankles downward, raising my ass higher in the air. He was hitting me harder, knowing my ass could take it a little more than my soft thighs.

Sal then told me to hold my position, got up out of the chair, and took four, short lengths of rope out of his pocket. He tied each of my ankles to the wooden arms of the chair, keeping my ass open and poised in the air. He also tied my arms to the wooden legs of the chair so I couldn't move away from him. In this position he could swat my ass or legs, and of course he could fuck me in either my pussy or my ass hole.

Sal decided to get a Ping-Pong paddle he had purchased for times like these and paddled me good. He then told me I couldn't do anything about it and took off his clothes. He began massaging his huge cock with some spit and got it big and hard. He continued to jack himself off and told me that he was going to get himself ready to come, then put his cock into my ass hole and come inside me. He said I couldn't come until he was through. He told me I would have to masturbate myself in front of him, then push his come out of my ass and lick it up off the floor. This was the first time he had ever had me do anything like this before, but I knew I could do it. I loved being fucked and made to do things I would never have the courage to do on my own.

His cock was getting redder and bigger, and I could tell he was getting ready to come. His face was contorted, and he got on his knees and put the head of his cock very close to my ass hole. He let out a moan and shoved his cock deep into my rectum. I let out another yell and raised my ass up off the floor. He was impaling me against the chair and I felt his hot jism pumping into me like it was from a high-pressure hose. The steaming come warmed my insides and made my pussy drip.

Sal finished, pulled out of me, and untied one of my arms so I could bring myself off. I brought my left hand down to my pussy and began rubbing myself very fast and hard. He had gotten me so hot that I came in about twenty seconds. I lay there straining against the ropes, with my own juices running down the crack of my ass, mixing with Sal's come. It was all beginning to run out of my ass hole. He noticed this and untied me hurriedly. He didn't want me to lose any of it.

He pulled me to my feet and had me squat over a plate. He told me to push that come out of me. I grunted until his come dripped out onto the plate. Sal then tied my hands behind my back, pushed me forward, and told me to lick his come off the plate. He wanted me to lick slowly so he would have enough time to fuck me before I was finished. While I licked, Sal pushed his big cock into my cunt and began pumping away in me. My face was jerking over the plate as he smashed into my ass cheeks. He told me not to swallow the last glob until he was ready to come. Suddenly he told me to go ahead and swallow. I did and he pulled out fast and




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jumped in front of me, raised my head, and shoved his cock into my throat. His hot, huge cock pumped semen into my belly, my lips stretched wide, and his balls rested on my chin. He pushed and pushed against my face until his cock was dry.

He finally pulled out and had me lick the saliva off the end of his rod. He bent over, kissed me on the forehead, and told me I was his perfect slave.—*Name and address withheld*

### A different angle

I am an avid reader of *Penthouse*, and I especially enjoy reading "Forum" and have learned a lot from the experiences of just ordinary people like myself.

My experience begins when I was working on a tank farm for an energy service company in Louisiana. Just adjacent to the tank farm was a branch of a small agricultural extension specializing in raising fish, wildlife, and water fowl. There were numerous ponds where different species and sizes of these succulent morsels were studied and raised.

Driving along the dikes I kept noticing a dark-haired, full-figured woman bending over the ponds, tending the young ducklings, and I could hardly contain myself from finding an excuse to strike up a conversation with her. My first encounter occurred one evening as we passed by in the pickup. My partner leaned on the horn. She stood up, smiled, and raised her hand in a rather strange kind of salute.

Several evenings later I happened to find a couple of stray ducklings that had wandered from the ponds and were waddling along the road. I managed to gather them up quickly and proceeded to return them to the office building. Knocking on the door, I was surprised when this same young lady answered, and she was more than grateful when she saw the young ducklings I was returning. She invited me inside and offered me a cup of coffee. I noticed she was eyeballing my crotch, which was starting to enlarge under my jeans.

She told me her name was June. I told her my name was Andy. She told me she was doing some undergraduate studies and would only be around for a short time. All the while I kept noticing her eyes dropping to my ever enlarging cock that was just aching to get inside her pussy. When I couldn't take any more of this cockteasing, I asked her for a late date. She readily accepted, giving me a nice hug, rubbing her pussy in more than a casual way around the ever enlarging bulge in my jeans. Quickly I pulled her toward me, pressed my lips to hers, and rammed my hot tongue into her mouth, grinding my cock gently but firmly into her lower abdomen. Running my eager hands down her back, around her well-rounded buttocks, and finally reaching under her skirt, I could feel her mound. Boy, was I confused! It was unlike any pussy I had ever encountered. Suddenly I began to think back to my childhood, when I had heard stories told by sailors on the Gulf about their experiences with the girls, especially "snapping pussies." She grabbed me by my crank and bearings and led me through a long hallway into what turned out to be a lounge. I almost tore her panties in half, and would you believe, there, staring me in the face, was a three o'clock pussy. The old sailors were right, and at this point let me say my faith was renewed and never will I doubt the word of a sailor again.

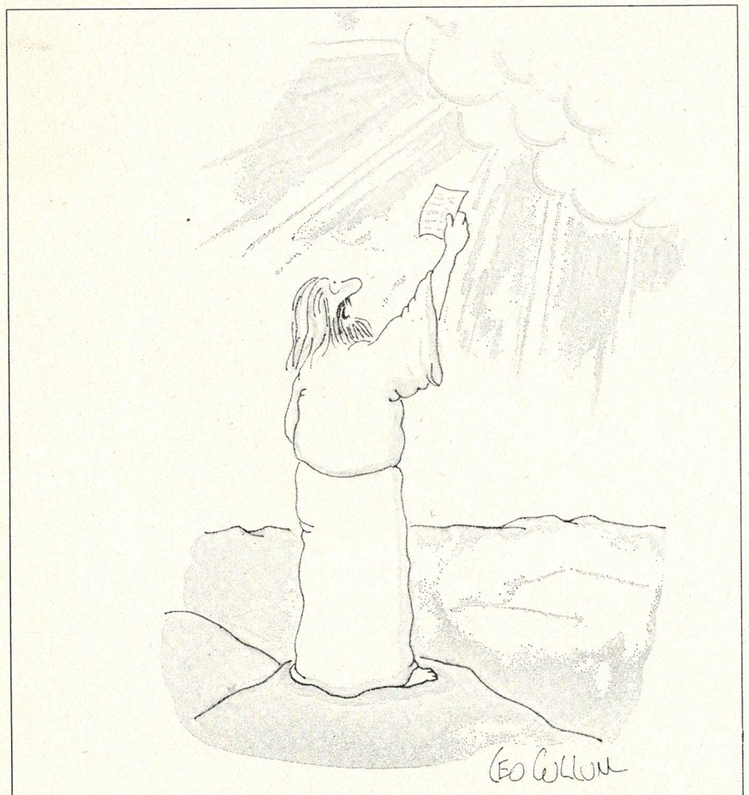
Off came my jeans, and when she saw those eight full inches of solid cock she was equally amazed and hesitated at spreading her legs, explaining the need for more time and a place where the fear of being caught would be eliminated. She gave me a quick handjob and then I had to leave, because my shift was starting. After giving her pussy a good fingering we parted, agreeing to meet later in the evening to continue what we'd started.

Stuffing Pedro back into my pants, I hurried to the operations building and called an old friend who had spent forty years in the navy. I told him of this unusual find and asked his advice on the techniques of what to do with a three o'clock pussy. He explained that a pussy slanted horizontally is very uncommon and must be treated in a special manner. He also explained the importance of lubrication and staying power.

Promptly at ten, I arrived at the office door, where June was eagerly awaiting my arrival. She wanted a drink, so we took in several nightspots. We had some very stimulating conversation and made our final stop at a restaurant, where we had some wonton soup and several egg rolls, washing them down with tea.

On our way to my apartment she slid over close to me, unzipped my fly, reached into my pants, dragged old Pedro out, and started stroking his velvet head with her soft fingers. In no time at all he was standing proud and erect to his full eight inches and was raring to go. When we got to my apartment June went into the bathroom. She drew my bath water and proceeded to give me a bath I shall long remember. She soaped me all over, paying particular attention to the critical areas like my crank, bearings, and ass hole. Taking my big crank into her mouth, she very slowly started sliding her soaped middle finger into my ass hole. With her going up and down on my cock and sliding in and out of my ass hole, I had one of the biggest comes of my life. She very expertly swallowed the evidence, not wasting a single drop. Finally she dried me off completely with her hot tongue and we retired to the bedroom, where the real action would begin.

Remembering the advice my old sailor buddy had given me a few hours before, I started to work on June. Her boobs were not too big but, what the hell, a gal can't have everything. That slanted pussy was



*"Deferring to your judgment, of course, but do you think a ten-point memo will have enough clout?"*



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arousing my curiosity, so I wasted no time in going down on it. Unlike a straight up-and-down pussy that you lick with your tongue, this one you huff and puff on, like playing a mouth organ. Another unusual thing was the lack of pubic hair. It reminded me of that old sailor's proverb "He who lickety split must get hair in teeth by cracky." Not true with June.

June was enjoying the way I was eating her out, especially when I would run my tongue at the extreme ends of her slit. Then I noticed her getting more active. Finally little bumps began to form and started growing and that's when I discovered she had two clits. Between my huffing and puffing and licking of the two clits, she began to moan and groan with ecstasy and delight, and when she asked me to fuck her I plunged old Pedro in right to the balls. This is where the snappers work best. Those muscles surrounded old Pedro and were milking him to a stiffness he had not known before.

When she spread her legs wider, her pussy would tighten, the two clits would become aligned with my balls, and then all hell would break loose. She would reach down and take one bearing in each hand, pressing it onto each clit while raising her gyrating ass in the air. She didn't stop until we each reached our orgasms, hers being a double-clitted one. In the space of an hour or so we had at least three king-sized orgasms without uncunting. I was so drained and fucked out and so weak I couldn't lift a sick whore off a piss pot if her life depended upon it.

Needless to say, from then on June and I had as many encounters as we could comfortably fit into our busy schedules.—*Name and address withheld*

### In training

I am a thirty-four-year-old housewife who had never done more than fantasize about extramarital affairs. That is no longer the case. My husband's organization moves us frequently, and as a result I have learned to form friendships quickly. After arriving at our present location in June, I began my morning running routine, which I do to stay in super shape. My hips are slim, my ass is rock hard, and I have a pair of very sensitive and well-shaped B-cup breasts.

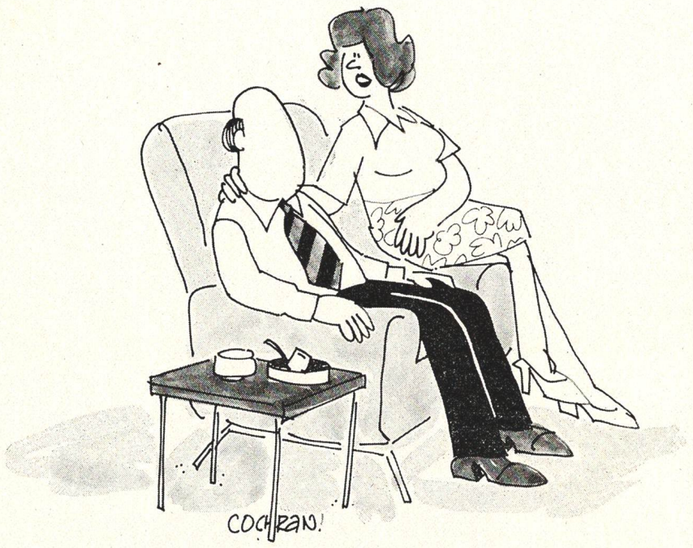
The first few mornings I ran alone, but the third day the couple next door introduced themselves. Jane, the wife, related that she ran with a group of wives at a nearby lake and brushed aside all excuses until I agreed to join them for their runs.

Jane is taller and slimmer than I, with a beautiful face, naturally dark-red hair, long, attractive legs, and delicate hands. Although only two years older she has a forceful way about her that makes her seem quite authoritative and before long she had recruited me into her daily activities—and into something unexpected.

After our morning runs Jane insisted that we should properly warm down. This came to mean a half hour of surprisingly intimate girl-talk in their Jacuzzi, followed by a brisk scrub in their double shower and generous applications of moisturizing lotion to our bodies. I soon found myself looking forward to our training sessions and did not find it strange when her offer to wash my back occasionally turned into our showering together.

One day we visited one of the better women's clothing stores downtown and began trying on clothes in a large, private changing room. Jane has exquisite taste and told me to disrobe while she brought various outfits to try on. Commenting on the plain nature of my underwear, she soon brought me a very revealing bra-and-panties set. I could tell that I looked riveting in them and felt a rush of excitement as I stood, nearly nude, before her scrutinizing stare. An awkward moment passed before she slipped her fingers under the elastic waist band of the panties and pulled until they tightly cupped the pouting lips of my vagina. Satisfied that the panties fit properly, Jane asked if the bra would fit when I experienced the monthly swelling before my period. Before I could respond, she remarked decisively that we should find out for certain. Acting with assurance she reached around me from behind, undoing the front clasp of the lace-trimmed bra and slipping it up over my nipples. I stood passively, fixed by the stare of her eyes in the full-length mirror as she cupped a breast in each hand and began methodically rotating them in deep circles. The strength of her hands was evident. The soft skin of my breasts was slowly stretched to a point just short of pain until they began to ache with pleasure.

Her manner was very matter-of-fact, and I tried to appear unaffected as well, but her penetrating gaze could see the weakness in my eyes and her hands continued kneading my sensitive mounds. Encouraged by my lack of resistance, Jane switched her technique and began milking my tits. Forcefully cupping the base of each breast, she moved her hands slowly forward until her thumb and forefinger squeezed my enlarged nipples, pulling them outward, away from my body. My brain wanted to protest but my body began to yield. Melting from the fire that raced from my nipples, I soon slumped against her and realized a new surge of excitement as I watched my breasts swell larger under the control of her insistent hands. When I became too weak to stand, she stopped and had me test my swollen breasts in the bra. Satisfied that it was large enough, Jane paid for both articles while I dressed. On the way home she told me to be ready for a special training session the next day but did not elaborate. But before I got out she asked me if she had hurt me in the dressing room. I said no. Then she asked if I liked the feeling of her




*"You don't realize how eighteen years with that large, impersonal corporation has changed you, Fred."*

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massaging my breasts. The pointed nature of her question left me no choice but to admit that I did, and the knowledge of admitting that I liked it made my legs feel weak.

After our run the next morning, Jane told me she had discovered a new massage book that she was anxious to try. She told me to shower first while she warmed the oil. I wanted to tell Jane no, but her commanding voice rose above the water and after toweling dry I went to the bedroom.

Jane removed her sweat-soaked shorts and top. The sweet-sour smell of her body was fresh in my nostrils as she had me lie face down in the center of a large rubber sheet on their king-size bed. Straddling my buttocks, she spread jasmine oil on my back and traced the long muscle groups for ten minutes or more. Moving to my feet and lower legs, she worked delightfully upward to my inner thighs. Seating herself between my legs, she poured the oil lightly on my buttocks in a manner that allowed it to run down the crack of my ass over my anus and onto the rubber sheet. Goose bumps raced down my spine as she traced large circles on my cheeks. Jane pulled my cheeks apart as she circled and allowed the thumbs of her hands to lightly brush my anus on each pass. I tried to squeeze my legs together but I could not because of her position and my pleas for her to stop came out only as a soft moan. Gradually the pressure of fingers on my anus became more forceful and insistent. The wetness of my vagina betrayed the excitement that she was building in me. I felt certain that she could smell its growing muskiness.

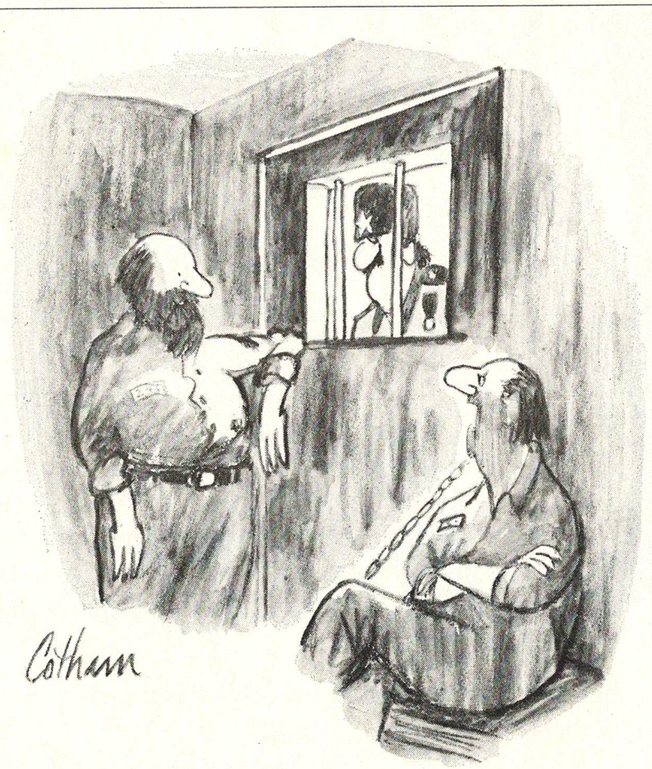
Speaking softly, Jane asked me how it felt. When I hesitated, she pressed her thumbs against the ring of my ass and began circling her target in lethargic, gradually penetrating circles. I had never before experienced anything as powerfully sexual. My attempted response stuck in my throat. "Very good," I managed on my second try.

The delicate rim of my anus began to yield to her well-lubricated fingers. Forcing her thumbs together, she eased both fingers into my anus gradually, and I could feel my sphincter muscles widen and contract around the knuckles of her fingers as they entered. Without stopping, she reversed their direction but spread them so that my rosebud was forcibly opened to her view. I felt the process repeated, the deep penetration followed by powerful spreading, until at last she overcame the final resistance of my anal muscles.

Jane then began to finger-fuck my ass, first with two fingers, then with three and finally, stretching me until she was pumping four fingers deep within my ass hole. The friction that at first caused me discomfort soon turned to a penetrating warmth, which, along with the psychological excitement of knowing I was allowing myself to be sexually opened by a woman, began to build me toward orgasm. Sensing my growing needs, Jane slowed her thrusting until I was squiriming back against her for more contact. She asked if I liked being fucked in the ass by her. When I hesitated she sped up her thrusting until I loudly exclaimed, "Please fuck me, Jane," and reached back with both hands to spread my straining cheeks apart. I built rapidly with each digital thrust, but as my moans signaled the approach of climax she withdrew her fingers from my pulsating hole and rolled me over onto my back, pinning my arms at my sides. I couldn't believe that this was all happening.

No longer reluctant I rubbed my thighs together in a vain attempt to come. Jane stared into my pleading eyes and whispered, "I'm going to make you mine." whereupon she leaned forward and covered my mouth with her soft lips. The penetration of her tongue through my yielding teeth symbolized the domination I realized that I needed. Sucking her tongue I aggressively returned her kiss and felt her warm, firm breasts press possessively against my nipples and begin sliding up toward my mouth. I pulled hungrily at her thrusting brown nipple with my lips, but her sliding continued until my lips tasted the beads of perspiration that clung to her pubic hair. Straining forward my tongue encountered first the shaft of her clitoris and then the sticky, protruding love nipple itself. Pulling her clit out of its hood with my lips, I proceeded to lick it clean and suck it tantalizingly like a small penis. Jane sighed, "Suck my cunt," and slid even higher until her lips were parted by my mouth and nose. She began to rotate her hips, bathing my face with the strong, womanly scent of her juices. I licked and sucked her juicy labia, circled her anus in light, teasing strokes, and penetrated the expanding opening of her vagina. Moaning her desires Jane reversed her position and plunged her face into my now aching cunt, where she began licking the swollen nob of my clit. I buried my tongue deep within her vagina and attempted to suck every drop of her love juices. Her fingers found my vagina and one slipped effortlessly in. The nimble stroking of her tongue on my sensitive clitoris took me quickly to pleasure and beyond. The intensity of my orgasm caused me to scream repeatedly as pulse after throbbing pulse ripped through my body. The pungent smell of her juices dominated my thoughts as I clung passionately to her body. Never had my body been so aroused by sexual contact, and I cried softly at that realization.

Since then Jane has taken me whenever she wants. Sometimes she will have me remove my panties and will masturbate me in the car just before I get home to my husband. I find this remarkable woman-to-woman relationship irresistible and deeply satisfying. I only hope my husband's next transfer never comes.—*Name and address withheld*




*"Of course I've read your book, comrade! That's why I'm in here!"*

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### A hard bargain

I have a true story to relate that I feel your readers will find interesting and amusing. I am a twenty-three-year-old woman and have been married a little less than one year. I am attractive and have a very good body that my husband, Gary, is absolutely nuts over. Gary is a nice guy but something of a tightwad. Several months ago he announced that he wanted me to make my own car payments from my monthy allowance of $400. Since I don't work, at his insistence, that would leave very little for other household expenses. I decided to begin making him pay for sex.

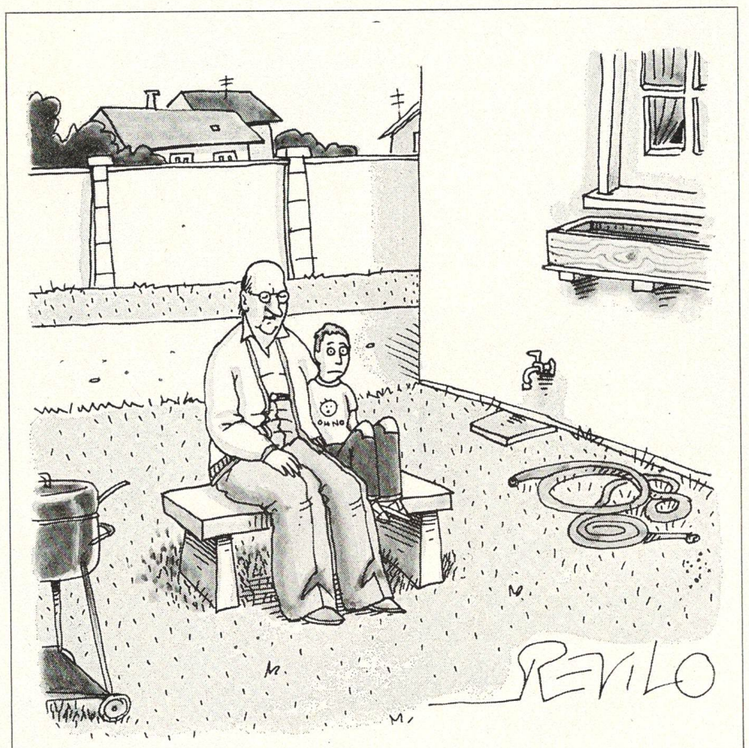
We generally have sex four or five times a week and nearly always on Saturday mornings. The following Saturday morning, Gary awoke in his usual horny mood. I intentionally aggravated the situation by giving him a partial blowjob, being careful to leave him on the brink. I then moved up to straddle him and planted my pussy right in the middle of his stomach, allowing my 36-Cs to taunt him by swaying just out of reach. I could feel Gary's warm cock slapping my rear harmlessly, and I knew that he was primed for my little announcement. I teased him a bit further by letting my nipples slap at his nose and easily avoided his tongue and mouth. It was soon obvious that poor Gary had a terrible case of pussy fever, and I told him that from that point on an act of sexual intercourse would cost him twenty-five dollars. Gary was shocked, to say the least, and tried to roll me over. I finally allowed him to and laughed teasingly at his red-faced frustration when he discovered that my legs, crossed at the knees, would not be unlocked. I told him to go to his wallet and get the twenty-five dollars, and then he could put it in. He confessed that he had only eleven dollars, and so I got up and began to dress.

Gary threw a tantrum as I slipped on my bra and panties and he began to realize that I wasn't joking. I had been a cock-tease before I married, and this wasn't the first time I had seen a grown man suffer from sexual frustration when I denied my pussy to him. I hated to leave Gary in such a condition, but it had to be done. He dressed and stomped out of the house and was gone for most of the day.

That night, before bed, he gave me twenty-five dollars and I gave him an absolutely delicious piece of ass, although Gary's control was a bit shot from the morning teasing he had undergone. The next day was a Sunday and we sunbathed in the backyard. I went topless, as usual, and the warmth of the sun and my pretty tits soon caused poor Gary to have another erection that lasted most of the afternoon. We went into the bedroom to change, and I dropped my bikini to the floor and rubbed lotion on my skin. Gary dropped his suit, and the poor darling had another throbber on his hands. I laughed and thumped it lightly and he began to beg me to rescind my $25 fee. I sympathized with him but told him "No money, no pussy" and left him gazing at my pale, white rear as I trotted into the bathroom.

For the following week or so Gary attempted to mount a mild revolt and pretended indifference to sex. I knew that time was on my side and didn't even bother to taunt him with my body. I casually mentioned at breakfast one morning that since we weren't having much sex, the new price structure was forty dollars. Gary just laughed and said that that would be the day. Well, the next morning "the day" arrived. I woke Gary up with a slow handjob and then moved down to apply my lips to his cock, kissing and nibbling up and down the length of his shaft. As I did so, I moved my hips around so that they were pointed toward Gary and my pussy was presented in a tantalizing fashion. He could reach it with his fingers but he couldn't get his mouth and tongue on it, which I knew he badly wanted to do. I glazed the head of his cock with saliva and spread it with my fingertips, giggling softly as it spasmed and moving my hips slowly in response to his probing fingers. Gary dearly loves to eat my pussy, and I knew it was driving him mad to have the elusive little rascal so close and yet just out of reach. His cock had become almost hot to the touch and was the shade of a ripe plum. I ceased all contact with it and looked back over my shoulder and told Gary that it appeared that he was going to need forty dollars in a hurry. He told me that he had it, and I got out of bed to retrieve it. Sure enough, he had two crisp twenty-dollar bills, and I removed them from his wallet and put them in my purse. I stood beside the bed and asked him if he would like to wait half an hour or so to make love. He said that he was in no mood to wait for anything, so I just laughed and straddled his stomach and then, backing up slightly, centered my pussy just above his cock. I reached back and, holding his cock with one hand, allowed only the head of it to split and enter my pussy. The intense pleasure caused Gary to close his eyes. I waited a few seconds and let him have another inch. I wasn't short-stroking him to tease him now but because I knew he couldn't handle it all at once without losing his load. Over a period of four or five minutes I took him in to the hilt and then just let him soak for a spell. I was sure glad he had the forty dollars, because I badly needed sex myself.

When I could tell he was ready, I cocked my hips and began to administer three-inch strokes with just enough frequency to make his face contort with pleasure. I kept this up for a bit and then began alternating the shorter strokes with a long stroke that caressed every inch of his cock. Gary was soon accustomed to this, and then I cut loose on him and let him have all the pussy he wanted. It didn't take much to finish him off, and he "sang" plenty during his orgasm.




*"Hey, Bobby, You know what the worst thing about getting old is? Your grandmother's titties!"*

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# WILD GIFTS FOR DAD

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Afterwards, we cuddled and talked, and Gary decided that perhaps he had been a little hasty in requiring me to make my own car payments. He agreed to take care of them, and I agreed to make his sex life a bit more satisfying.—*Name and address withheld*

### Open wide

My wife and I have been reading "Forum" letters for several years, often as a prelude to fantastic sex. Frankly, we've never really cared whether they were true or not, because they still get us excited when we read them, and we sometimes recreate their events. I am thirty-two, of average looks and build. My cock is only six inches, but grows to over seven inches when hard. My wife is a beautiful sex machine of a woman. Her blond hair tops off a figure of outstanding proportions, with the most fantastic set of 36-D tits you've ever seen. Over our ten years of marriage we've tried just about everything. However, last night we combined two of our favorite pastimes with wonderful results.

My job requires that I travel and I am gone overnight about once a week. My return is always the basis for great sex, but last night surpassed anything ever before. Her anticipation was so great that only a few minutes of sucking her hard nipples and stroking her clitoris brought her to a shuddering orgasm. That allowed us more time to relax and enjoy a long evening's entertainment. After one orgasm, her cunt becomes unbelievably wet. As on many other occasions, this allowed me to stroke her snatch with one finger, then several fingers, and finally with my entire hand. Working up to that point is a real turn-on for both of us, because I bring her to orgasm after each time I insert an additional finger. When I finally work to getting my entire hand in her cunt, she guides me so that she doesn't get hurt and gets the maximum pleasure from being so filled. After I get my hand in her pussy, I slowly work it around until she can relax. When she does relax, I can double up my fist inside her cunt and slowly fist-fuck her. Using plenty of lotion, I can finally get to the point where she can accept my hard fist entering her cunt lips, in and out. Her orgasms during fist-fucking come fast and furious. On most occasions these sessions leave her totally wiped out and only able to give me a blowjob for my relief. Last night, however, she was hot enough to add another of our favorite activities.

We have experimented with anal intercourse for quite some time. My wife loves nothing better than to have my fat cock slowly worked into her ass until she is completely filled. After she relaxes, she has me ram her ass faster and faster until she has a mind-blowing orgasm. Well, as I finished fist-fucking her last night, she asked if I could fist-fuck her and fuck her ass hole at the same time. If she was willing, I certainly was. Slowly I worked first the huge cock head and then my whole organ into her tight ass. After establishing a steady rhythm in and out of her sphincter, I worked my fist back into her snatch. She was holding her legs as far back over her head as she could, but the combination of positions was causing quite a cramp in my wrist. By then she was really into it and begged me to give it to her harder and faster. As she neared orgasm, I had to remove my fist from her cunt and I was rewarded with a wonderful sight. As she came, with my cock still pounding her ass hole and her pussy right there where I could watch it, her cunt overflowed with more cunt juice than she had ever had before. I was entranced just watching the cunt juice boil up out of her pussy and flow over her ass hole and my pecker. She came time and again, each time giving me the best show you could imagine. The pressure of her sphincter on my cock and the exhibition of pussy-coming before me was more than I could stand as I blew my hot load deep into her bowels. When I finally pulled out of her ass with a pop, all we could do was lie there, totally exhausted. Some couples may dread being separated, but I'll never complain, because I know what kind of excitement is waiting when we have our little reunions.—*Name and address withheld*

*"I've just been through a brutal board meeting, Ms. Kentworth. At times like this I need solace, compassion, understanding, and the usual blowjob!"*

### Covert operations

While on a flight to Istanbul with my wife, I caught the eye of an attractive lady with a large group of German tourists. I saw her again after we landed, and since our luggage was going to take a while to come off the plane, I sent my wife off with friends for a drink. I elbowed my way through the swarms of passengers to a place in the crowd near the rotating baggage racks. It was so crowded that you could practically fall asleep standing up, but it was terribly noisy. Leaning to the right, I realized that I had my elbow pressed into the body of the German lady from the plane who was also trying to find her luggage. Our eyes met briefly before we continued to look for our luggage but neither of us fully returned to our former positions. As we stood, the full length of my right arm remained in light contact with the left front of her torso. She happened to be wearing a dark fur coat, with a high collar, which reached to her knees and was open and completely covered my arm. Her manner had been knowing but not blatantly flirtatious, and I was not certain if I were imagining that a beautiful, married, silent woman was pressing her body against me.

Throwing caution to the winds, I began leaning forward and to the right so that while I appeared to be looking for baggage I was slowly passing my elbow over the soft fullness of her left breast. Every ounce of concentration and feeling in my body was at that moment centered in my arm. The thin silk fabric of her blouse and sheerness of her bra allowed my arm to slide with a minimum of resistance but




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failed completely to cover the nipple, which now appeared. Drawing my arm back toward me slightly, I tried to stimulate it and with great deliberation succeeded in positioning my arm so that only her swollen nipple remained in slight contact with my arm.

Neither of us moved for over a minute. Our breathing became synchronized as we strained to maintain contact. Yet she had not acknowledged my presence. Carefully I began to rotate my arm in such a way that I pulled her nipple first sideways, then down and around in tiny circles until I established a methodical rhythm which she had to notice. And she did. Her breathing became more labored, and after nearly a minute of movement her responding body acknowledged my presence with a series of involuntary shudders.

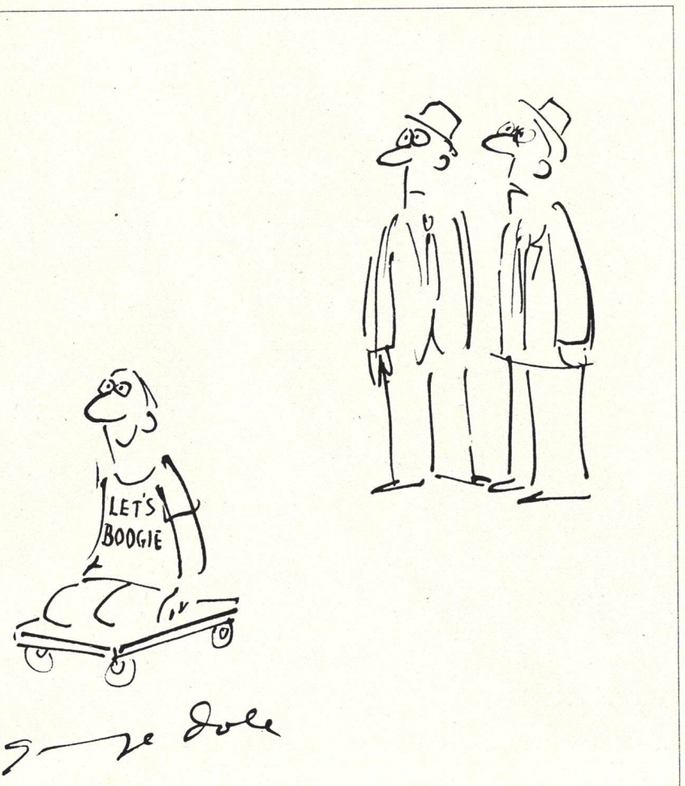
Sensing acceptance in her response, I decided to gamble. I rotated my hand inward, bringing my elbow deeply against her breast and rested the heel of my hand firmly on her pubic bone. Her eyes were the only thing to move as they checked quickly to ensure that no one in the tightly packed, impatient crowd was paying attention. My fingers cupped inward until they surrounded the pouting lips of her vagina. The warmth on my fingers was penetrating as I began to slide her skirt easily over her silky nylon panties. I inched her skirt upward until my fingers rested on the damp crotch of her panties. Not wanting to rush too quickly, I lazily traced the shape of her cunt, sliding one finger downward between the lips while lightly drawing two fingers back up along the outside of her mound. This gradual approach had soon embedded the crotch of her panties between her swollen lips, soaking them completely with her warm, sticky flow.

Feeling totally in command, I then reached upward and tucked the hem of her skirt into her garter belt to keep it out of the way. Her face showed warm color and her eyes were glazed with a faraway stare, but in no other way could anyone tell what was occurring.

Sliding my hand downward from her waist across her soft skin, I eased under the top of her panties and into the damp hair of her vagina. I was no longer hesitant and forcefully drove two fingers between her lips into her vagina up to my second knuckle. The displaced crotch of her sopping panties clung to the back of my hand as I carefully slid my fingers in and out of her throbbing depths. Every third or fourth stroke I rose to the area around her clitoris to squeeze it between my fingers. Each time I did this her eyes would flicker and close momentarily and her breathing would become punctuated with low gasps. Her clit was apparently too sensitive to touch directly, but I found that by squeezing it between the labia and rolling it in the plentiful juices which now covered her crotch, I could "build" her rapidly.

I began building her until I felt that she could no longer remain still and then slid my hand back into the depths of her swollen vagina, cupping it hard until the spasms began. I came to feel a special tenderness for the beautiful German lady who demonstrated such amazing self-control for those forty or so minutes.

I had returned to masturbating her clit and was about to slide my hand away from her throbbing bud lest she come, when suddenly the crowd came alive as the first pieces of luggage moved along the conveyor belt. Taking advantage of the jostling crowd I increased the speed of my strokes and, concentrating on the clit itself, rubbed violently until the tiny shudders of excitement became the spasms of uncontrolled release and she clutched my arm firmly against her spending body. For over a minute she leaned helplessly against my shoulder in the busy terminal. I will never forget this once-in-a-lifetime fantasy come true in the now memorable Istanbul airport.—*Name and address withheld*




*"You really have to admire his outlook."*

### Just a phone call away

My husband and I are avid fans of *Penthouse*. Many enjoyable hours have come out of our reading "Forum." Sometimes we read it alone, other times we lie around nude, taking turns reading to each other. Since we enjoy reading other people's sexual exploits so much, we thought we'd pass on one ourselves.

My husband works in a small company as an office manager. A few days ago his boss went out of town, and he isn't expected back for a couple of days. This means I can call my husband up and bug him a little more often than usual. So, at about one o'clock this afternoon I was lying around watching TV, getting hornier and hornier by the minute. I was just about to put my fingers on my hot little clit when I suddenly got an idea. I called my husband's office, and when he answered I began telling him how badly I needed fucking. Needless to say, he couldn't come home and take care of that need. So we thought of the next best thing. I told him to talk to me dirty—tell me what he'd do to me if he was going to fuck me—while I played with my pussy.

He got the other guy in the office to go outside and do a few things and then proceeded to describe to me how he would eat my pussy. As my fingers circled my hard nipples and began working their way down to my throbbing clit, he began telling me how he would run his tongue lightly over my clit and then suck lovingly on my pussy lips. (At which point I could feel them begin to twitch.) He then said he would put his tongue in my pussy and work it around and around.

By now my hips were beginning to move slowly as I stroked my clit. He went on to say that he would suck, lick, and nibble on my clit until I was screaming with pleasure. And knowing how well he has down the art of pussy-eating, I almost was.

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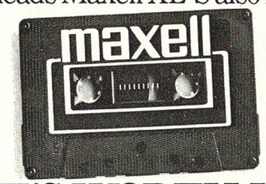


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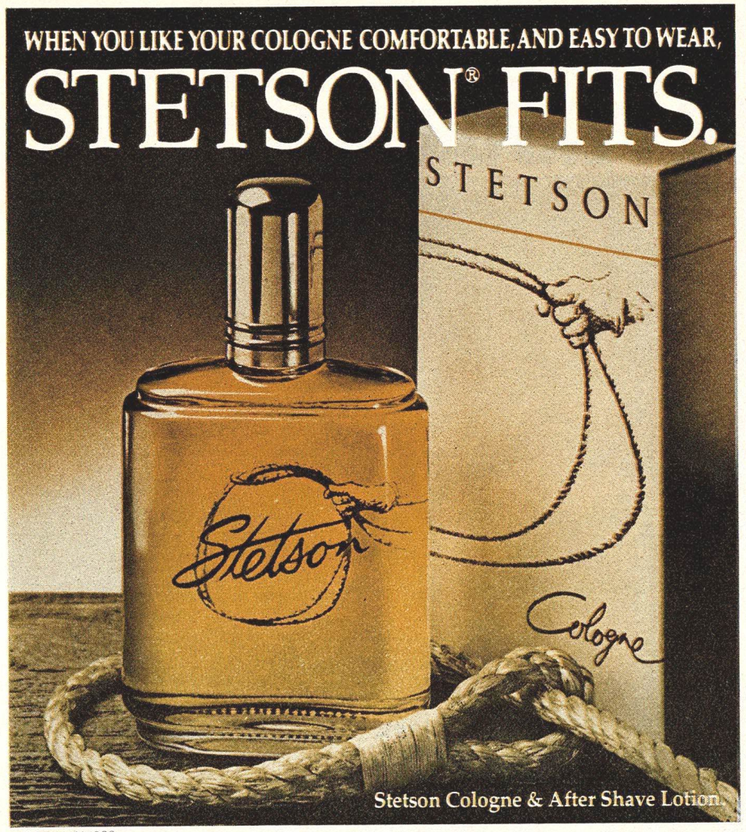

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He then said he would run his tongue up to and around my rock-hard nipples and then rub the head of his cock against my clit a few times before sinking it into my pussy up to the hilt.

By now my fingers were working their way in and out of my cunt furiously, and I was getting wetter and wetter by the minute. While I kept stroking, he began telling me he would fuck me so slowly I wouldn't be able to stand it. He would be slowly pulling his dick almost completely out before shoving it all the way in again. Then, when I almost couldn't take it anymore, he would start pounding it into me. And just before I came he would pull out and suck furiously on my clit, sucking the juices from my cunt as I came and then running his tongue all over my pussy and the crack of my ass, tickling my ass hole and licking up any extra juices.

By now I was playing with my clit like crazy, and my breathing was so heavy on the phone that I thought I might not hear some of the things he said. He went on to say that he would flip me over and fuck me furiously dog-style—and when he was ready to come, he would pull out, jerk me around, and come all over my face. Then he would let me lick it all off.

By now I was too far gone to wait any longer, and with my fingers wildly fucking my clit and pussy, I shouted I was coming. And come I did! I had an explosive orgasm.

When I finally caught my breath, I told him I had really loved it and that when he got home I expected him to do all he had said he would. He readily agreed, saying he was already horny.

I can't wait for him to get home!—*Name and address withheld*

### Working with the boss

I am twenty-five years old, and I work for a large publishing company. My boss is a forty-one-year-old divorcée named Nancy. Although she has had four kids, she keeps her body in remarkable shape. She is quite attractive but also has the reputation at the office of being prim and proper.

A couple of weeks ago we were swamped by work and unfortunately had to work on a Saturday. Nancy suggested I bring the papers over to her house so that we could work by the pool.

We were sipping piña coladas, and I must admit that I was getting a bit tipsy. Nancy was wearing white tennis shorts that showed off her magnificent tanned legs. Her small tits were covered by her bathing suit top. After some three hours of work we both agreed we needed a break. The alcohol was probably what made our tongues loose, but I soon found myself asking her why she got divorced. Imagine my surprise when she said, "If you really must know, my husband couldn't satisfy me." After I got over my surprise, I said that we should've gotten married because I had the same problem with my wife.

We went into the living room when it became too bright outside. We sat down on the couch, where Nancy said, "I bet you could satisfy me." A moment of silence followed until I got up the courage to say, "I bet you I could." I moved toward her and pressed my lips against hers. We slowly let our tongues explore each other's mouth, and she seemed to take a particular pleasure in running her tongue under my lips. I began working on her neck and ears with my tongue. I could feel her hand slowly creeping up my leg. Nancy ran her fingernails in the crevice between my balls and my thigh while occasionally brushing the back of her hand against my penis. It was pushing at my shorts like a flagpole. She lifted my T-shirt, sank to her knees, and ran her tongue up and down my chest. Then she pushed her face against my cock. Slowly, she pulled my shorts away, revealing a big, fat, red eight-incher that looked like it was about to explode.

"You're even bigger than I dreamed you would be," she murmured, and her tongue darted out as she used her tip to tease the underside of my tip. She soon brought her whole mouth over my head while at the same time flicking the tip with her tongue. Down to the balls she went, sucking each one like a cough drop. She worked her way back to my tip and got about half of me in her mouth. By now I could feel the come begging to be released and pushed her away. She wanted to know what was wrong and I told her that my wife never wanted to swallow my come. She reminded me that she wasn't my wife and that she wanted all I could muster.

Nancy dove back down on me, slurping away like a child with a candy stick. As she did that, I could feel her finger working its way up my ass hole. I could hold back no longer and exploded a stream of white, sticky come. She tried to swallow it all but couldn't. She backed off but I continued spurting it all over her face and hair. She swallowed what she had taken and came back for more. I thought she had finished drinking my juices as she moved up to my face to plant her lips on mine. I pushed my tongue into her mouth and was surprised to taste my come still sitting there. We shared it until every last drop had been swallowed.

I turned her on her back and peeled her shorts off. I entered her dripping pussy with my tongue and soon learned of another delight of my prissy boss: she loved to talk dirty.

As her hips slowly rotated to the beat of my tongue, the words started spewing from her mouth. "Eat my pussy. I love your tongue in my snatch. Tell me how sweet I taste. I want to come all over your face. Oh! Fuck my cunt with your tongue! I can't stand it!"

Her snatch pressed against my face as she put her hand on the back of my head to press me on. Her moans turned into



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gasps and cries. Finally she exploded, letting go of her juices with a fury I've never seen in a woman. "Swallow that juice!" she cried. "I'm coming, you stud. Fuck my cunt! Please fuck my cunt!"

Nancy opened her legs and I got on my knees. I pushed the tip of my eight-inch member slowly into her. She had one of the tightest boxes I ever experienced and it took a good two minutes of slow grinding to get it in. All the while she moaned, "I don't know if it'll fit. Oh please try! You're so big and thick." Eventually I was as snug as a bug and began pounding away. Nancy was able to use her pussy as I use my hands when I jerk off, contracting, pulling. Again she narrated the action.

"Oh, I've never been fucked like this. You're so big. My pussy is enjoying every inch. I think I'm gonna explode. Oh, please explode in me! I want to feel how warm your come is." After five minutes of grinding the moment of truth arrived. As she cried "I'm coming!" I could feel my own surge from my balls. My cream filled her, running out of her and down my balls.

In a while, when both our pulses settled down, I withdrew my limp, shining prick from her. I thought that would be it, but was I wrong! I soon found Nancy positioning her pussy over my face while she took aim at my limp stick. Her tongue acted like a washcloth while I engaged in a meal of my own come and her juices. I had never been so exhausted in my life. So when Nancy suggested we do it doggie style, I frankly told her I didn't think I could get it up again.

"Sure you can. . . . I'll be right back." She went into the bathroom and emerged with some baby oil. She put some on her hands and began to grease my cock once again. To my amazement it rose to the occasion. We both got down on the floor and Nancy got on her hands and knees. I slowly inched my way into her ass hole, and I mean slowly. But once we got started, it was pure delight.

Again Nancy cried out. "Oh, fuck my butt, you stud! Fuck me where it hurts. I want you to come in my ass hole!" I pressed on, my balls slapping against her cheeks. By now Nancy was like a wild woman, screaming, crying, begging. Even though I had come twice before, I was turned on more than ever. Butt-fucking was a new experience for me. Nancy was loving it as I let out my own string of obscenities. "Here I come, you bitch. Take my come in your ass. Fart, you cunt! Fuck my cock with your ass, motherfucker!" With those words, I came again, filling her ass.

We both got cleaned up and none too soon—two of her daughters came home just as I was getting ready to leave. Needless to say, Nancy and I plan to work on a Saturday again real soon. Although I can't say how much work we'll get done.—*Name and address withheld*

**Role playing**

What could have been a serious problem has turned out to be an exciting event in my sex life. I am a fairly quiet woman of twenty-seven and have a good figure. My sex life has matched my personality, that is, until I met my fiance. One year ago I gave him my virginity and found myself really enjoying sex with him until recently. For no apparent reason I found myself being turned off at the thought of going to bed other than to sleep. Using our imaginations, we tried to come up with new positions, games, toys, to satisfy me, with no luck. So, instead of focusing all the attention on me, we decided to do whatever turned on my boyfriend, which had not been done in the past. Sitting down to soft candlelight and a tall bottle of our favorite wine, I asked him to let his mind run free and think of what we could do as a couple that would really make him stiff.

The two things about him that really stand out are his gentle smile and his very rugged hands. In a sense he is two men in the same body. He is strong and yet treats me very gently, with a love I have never felt before in a guy. In short, he is what every woman is looking for.

After a couple of minutes of serious thought, he looked at me and smiled and then turned his head away and said, "Never mind." After I had coaxed him on with kisses and assurances, a fantasy came out of his mouth that I knew must have been locked away inside him for many years.

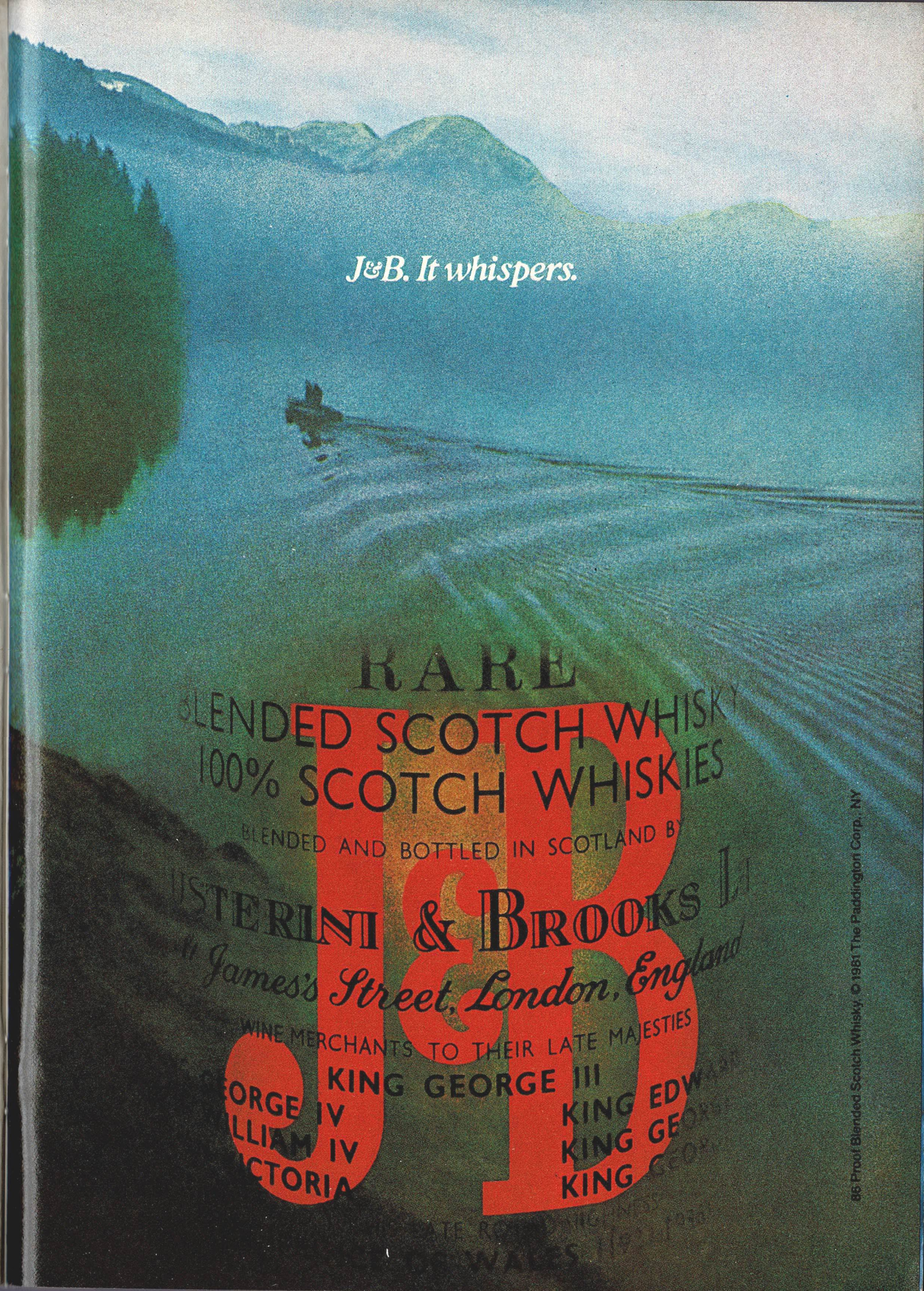
Falling asleep that night, I had his suggestion on my mind and carried it as a continuous thought the next day. My boyfriend had always impressed me with his imagination and oftentimes he had told me he thought about me all day, but never had I realized that he was tying the two together for us.

Basically, his fantasy was a simple one: he applied situations that he read in books and saw on television and made us the hero and heroine.

Arriving home a little more than an hour before he was expected, I sat down at the typewriter and began listing situations that both he and I could play, for example, hooker and client. He had mentioned that sometimes he wanted to play the subordinate role and sometimes he needed to feel dominant. I came up with two dozen situations that would give both of us a chance to play either side. I cut and folded each fantasy and placed them in a jar to be randomly picked. Just the thought of playing these roles made me start to feel the tingle I had missed. This solution was obviously what we needed.

While waiting, I took a warm bath and put on my robe and slippers. I was sitting in the living room when my boyfriend got home, and I told him that I wanted him to decide what I would wear. I then walked over to the candy jar. He was curious as I sat down and placed the jar in front of him. With only a few seconds to choose, he pulled out a neatly folded slip of paper and

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read, "Male teacher/female pupil." Putting both my hands on his face I kissed him briefly and said that I would be right out with my math book. I turned briefly just before leaving the room and saw a big smile on his face as he stared at the slip of paper.

In the bedroom I picked out clothes that would make me look like a sex-crazed sixteen-year-old. I found this exciting because this gave me a chance to go back in time to the naughty little girl I never was or allowed myself to dream I could be. In my short shorts, baggy T-shirt (with nothing underneath), ankle socks, and saddle shoes, I entered the living room as a sixteen-year-old girl supposedly ready to be tutored in math but having only one statistic on my mind—eight inches.

With lips smacking and bubbles popping, I sat down on the couch with my teacher, knowing that he too had had ideas while I was getting ready. After about a half hour of vigorous multiplication and division drills, I suggested we take a break so I could rest my tired little mind. Throughout this session he was playing a formal teacher, interested only in improving my mind. The whole time I could feel my crotch getting hotter and hotter wondering if my teacher noticed my fully erect nipples underneath my T-shirt. Seeing that he was paying more attention to the math than to me during our drills, I stretched back in a deep yawn, so he had no choice but to acknowledge the hard points of my breasts. Still acting childish, I asked him why he had placed a notebook over his lap, knowing full well that he was hiding a bulge underneath.

By this time both of us were very hot, so I asked him if teachers ever got taught. He turned to me and said that there was always room for improvement in our lives. Wasting no time, I pulled off my T-shirt, exposing my large and firm breasts. I knew he wouldn't be able to resist. Sliding over closer to him and wrapping an arm around his neck, I slid my left hand down his pants and asked him if the teacher would like to be taught something now. My excitement drove me to an aggressiveness that surprised both of us. I pulled down his pants and began kissing his love muscle. When he came, I took all of his love nectar as it exploded like never before in my mouth. I then got up and dropped my shorts, lay down on the couch with my legs spread wide, and pulled my teacher down on my steaming love tunnel. Like no time before he was lapping away at my clit, sending shivers like earthquakes throughout my entire body.

No more teacher, no more pupil. I wanted *him* inside me as I grabbed his hair and pulled him up to meet my needs. For fifteen minutes we both met each other's thrusts with an excitement neither one of us had felt before. When his cannon shot off in my pussy, I screamed with joy and we both lay there in each other's arms, trembling. After a few minutes of rest with loving kisses, we relived the entire situation. We knew just exactly what we both needed.

Our roles give us a chance to be many different kinds of people and still have each other. (Tonight he is a realtor trying to sell me a house!)—*Name and address withheld*

### Woman of few words

I am thirty-two years old, and my wife of ten years is a beautiful thirty-one. Our sex life has always been good, but in the last year it has become tremendous. The events of last Saturday night are perfect for the "Forum" section of your magazine.

Late that evening I was lying in bed reading. She came in, fresh from her shower, wearing an old, nondescript robe. She had a strange gleam in her eye. As she sat by me on the bed she uttered one, simple sentence that summed up everything that she desired. She said, "I want to be your slave." She didn't have to say it twice. As it turned out, it was the last thing she said for several hours. My first command was simple and direct: "Go put on the leather!" She knew that I meant the special outfit we had picked up in San Francisco on a trip. We had chosen it together for just such occasions. It has a black leather cincher that laces up the back. The tighter it is laced, the more it pushes up to display her firm thirty-six-inch breasts and pushes down to protrude her firm ass. Trailing from the cincher are thin garter straps that hold up black, sheer nylons. Over the garters is a small bikini brief of the sheerest material. The beautiful crowning touch is a tight leather half-bra. The leather caresses every curve and offers her tits for my pleasure. The nipples remain uncovered and she needs only to think of this outfit and what it means to make her nipples stick out long and hard.

She came back into the bedroom, exactly as I had commanded. She still wore the same old robe, but we both knew what was under it. My next command was what she had waited for. "Strip!" I told her. With that, she started the movements that she knew would make my blood boil and my cock hard as steel. Slowly she moved about the room letting me enjoy each movement. Even through the robe I could see her ass quiver and her massive breasts sway with each step. As she glided around the room, she slowly unzipped her robe, giving me brief glimpses of her now burning flesh. She turned her back to me and dropped the robe, giving me the first look at the leather, now framing her tight ass that was soon to be all mine. She slapped her ass cheek with her hand, and left a handprint, a mark of her self-abuse. She then slipped off her bikinis, and I knew that now hidden only by her position was her wet, tight pussy, her muff trimmed to show off her cunt lips. She then turned to face me, showing every curve framed in lovely black. Her cunt was so wet that her



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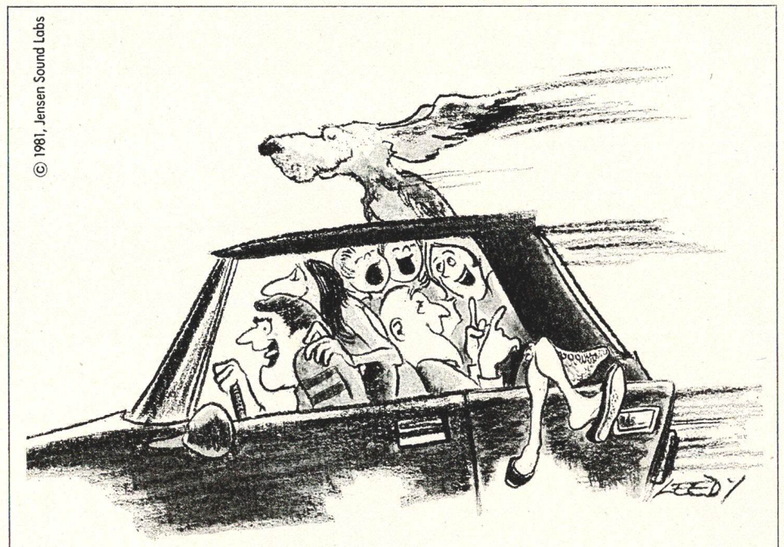
juices were already starting to run down her slender legs. Her tits were swollen with excitement and her nipples were as hard as erasers. The other thing in the room having grown was my fully erect cock, throbbing with sexual energy and already dripping with lubrication soon to be used. Again came a command: "Fuck yourself." She knew that a favorite thrill of mine was to play voyeur. She went to the dresser and removed a large vibrator and turned it on. It hummed obscenely as she ran it over her body, first stimulating her turgid nipples, then trailing it down her abdomen to where it came to rest at the entrance to her pleasure pot. With one push she shoved it into her soaking-wet pussy. She worked it in and out, sometimes hard and fast, then slow and easy, pulling it out to run it over her hard clitoris. As her tempo increased, she ran the entire length in and out, using her other hand to pinch her nipples. Her hand seemed just a blur as she came with a shudder and a flood of pussy juice flowed over her nylons. Now that she had enjoyed herself, it was my turn to use and abuse her body for my pleasure.

I jumped up and threw her forcefully on the bed. She assumed a position on hands and knees, not moving a muscle. She knew that any hesitation would only make it harder on her tender flesh. Using ropes tied to the corners of the bed, I first tied her ankles each to a lower corner, spreading her legs so that her still-wet pussy was completely exposed to me. I then tied a rope to each wrist and had her sit up and reach as high as she could so that I fastened her hands high over her head to the top of the headboard. Because of her helplessness, I could now take as long as I wanted to satisfy my desires. I ran my hands over her body, stroking her outstretched arms, her sensuous legs, and finally her uplifted breasts and fully open cunt. Without warning I slapped her ass with my palm, bringing her out of her reverie and reminding her of who was in charge. With both my hands I reached around and squeezed her nipples, rubbing just the tips between thumb and forefinger. I rubbed and pulled them slowly, then harder and faster until I could feel her near orgasm. With enough pressure causing her to scream she spent herself making a puddle of juices on the bed, enjoying her orgasm without my touching her cunt. While she recovered from her ecstasy, I started stroking her cunt with one, two, and then three fingers. Finally, because of her tremendous lubrication, I was able to slowly work my entire hand into her snatch. Slowly I stroked my hand in and out with only a minimum of movement needed to keep her stretched pussy at a fevered pitch. Moistening the index finger of my free hand with her juices, I stuck my digit deep into her ass hole. Now both her openings were filled with firm, slippery loving. Only a few more strokes brought her to yet another orgasm, making her scream with both pleasure and pain, her cunt and ass completely filled, and from the sweet loving her cunt had received.

I then released her and had her turn onto her back, exhausted from the attention she had received. Now she knew it was time for her to speak. "Please," she begged, "come on my tits, shoot your load on my nipples." From the hours of anticipation it didn't take but a few strokes on my bursting cock to send torrents of come splashing onto her heaving tits. As my come flooded across her melons, she greedily massaged it into her flesh and the leather, wiping the excess from her bra and hungrily licking her fingers clean. As a final tribute to the night's loving, she sucked my softening pecker until it was clean and dry. With that we fell into each other's arms and slept until morning, knowing that we would repeat this night anytime she would ask to be my slave.—*Name and address withheld*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### Ship to shore

I am writing this story because I have read *Penthouse* for the past ten years and have never seen a story on tugboaters. We usually push barges, and we carry fifteen men. We stay on board for a month at a time, which can make a person's sex life very deprived.

On a recent trip we were held up for a couple of days because a bridge had collapsed into a channel we had to go through. So on the night they were going to blow up the bridge to remove it, the captain and I decided to go to town and drink a beer to celebrate.

As it would be another twenty-four hours before we could move, we put the skiff in the water and went to a small town just below the bridge. We stopped at the first bar we came to. After a couple of beers, I was at the bar trying to put the make on this sexy little barmaid, because I'd been on the boat for about twenty-five days and my dick was harder than Chinese arithmetic. When I noticed that it had gotten late and the captain, the girl, and I were shitfaced, we closed the bar and left.

Well, Bess turned me and the captain on to a hit of speed, which fired us all up. She took us up to her little place in the country, and there we smoked a couple of joints and drank more beer. As we were leaving to return to the riverfront, the captain went to the john and Bess and I, left outside, proceeded to kiss and pet. Finally I couldn't help it. It had been too long without any pussy and the beer, joints, and speed really loosened me up. So I whispered in Bess's ear, "I want to fuck you now!" She asked me where and I pointed to her car, but she said it wasn't big enough. Well, I just laid her down on the ground and started taking her clothes off.

She had some of the tightest pussy I've

CONTINUED ON PAGE 192

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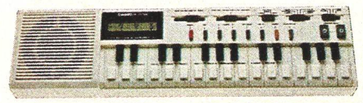

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# PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International, Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

### POW/MIA concern

As a Vietnam armor and infantry comvet closely involved with issues regarding my fellow vets, I'd like to congratulate you on publishing both the excerpt from J. C. Pollock's outstanding nonfiction novel *Mission: MIA* and the interview with retired Lt. Col. James ("Bo") Gritz (March 1982).

Having kept informed on the POW/MIA issue through the National League of Families, Project Freedom, and other contacts, I'm convinced, as are my friends and associates, that U.S. servicemen still languish in prisons or slave labor camps in Southeast Asia. The hundreds of verified live-sighting reports plus other collaborative data form a body of incontrovertible evidence to support this fact.

Those vets with whom I've discussed this situation would be willing, as would I, to saddle up, go back, and do our damnedest to rescue as many of those men as possible—or die trying. It's a damned shame our government has not as yet done *everything* in its power to achieve a full and final accounting of our POW/MIAs.

I had the honor of interviewing retired LTC Gritz last April, when he still thought his mission was "on," and I found his further thoughts, contained in your interview, both enlightening and straightforward. His continuing dedication to those warriors whom our government has bureaucratically neglected mirrors the active concerns of not only the wives and families of those men and the Special Forces but also of the thousands of Vietnam vets and concerned citizens.

Only a full and final accounting of our POW/MIAs will signal the close of the final chapter of the Vietnam War and allow it the distinction of having "an honorable end."

*P.S.:* Information from my sources leads me to believe that a team very much like the one in *Mission: MIA* will mount a rescue mission in the next several months. I hope and pray they're successful.—*John B. Dwyer, Editor/Publisher of* Perimeter (National Vietnam Veteran's Newsletter), *Dayton, Ohio*

I served as a warrant officer helicopter pilot for two tours of duty in Vietnam. I read your interview with Bo Gritz and feel very strongly that we owe it to our fellow comrades-in-arms to see to it that they are freed and compensated for their imprisonment.

I must thank *Penthouse* for your commitment to us Vietnam veterans in our struggle to be received back into society. I remember your pledge of many years ago about running the "Vietnam Veterans Adviser" column until some positive steps were taken to help reconstruct our lives. You have consistently kept your promise, and it has been an inspiration to me to keep trying to overcome the forces that have played me a cruel hand after my service in Vietnam. I agree 100 percent with your editorials and articles dealing with the war and its aftermath. The Vietnam servicemen were betrayed during the war by the politicians, and they continue to be cheated and lied to by politicians.

Please continue your service to us. You are a bright beacon in the night.—*Douglas Hoyt, Sausalito, Calif.*

I wish to compliment *Penthouse* on your outstanding educational service in publishing "Mission MIA" and the interview with Lieutenant Colonel Gritz. How very appalling it is to be an American represented by politicians that are "taking the lives" of these tortured soldiers. What beauty could ever exist for these people again? I wish to send them a break in the gloom. I, for one, would train with the anger of one who fights for something he loves: the loss of humanity. The tragedy of this war cannot be forgotten by shirking the care we owe these men. Their families deserve definitive proof of the status of their loved ones.

The present situation in El Salvador has the same ring that Vietnam had so many years ago. It horrifies me to think that we may be on the brink of another unjust war when we have yet to lay to rest the last one.—*Vincent Mangin, North Plainfield, N.J.*

Thank you very much for the outstanding book excerpt "Mission MIA," by J. C. Pollock, and a special thanks to reporter Ben Bradlee, Jr. for his outstanding interview with "Bo" Gritz. You have always been a great magazine, but this March 1982 issue was the best! Thanks for the great work!—*Morgan Moffatt, Pasadena, Calif.*

I just finished reading the interview with "Bo" Gritz that appeared in your March 1982 issue. I was amazed to hear that there could still be POWs left in Vietnam. I think that the government should take this matter more seriously than it obviously does. What would the American people think if, all of a sudden, POWs started coming home without the aid of the American government?—*Steve Mires, Nelsonville, Ohio*

Concerning Ben Bradlee, Jr.'s interview of Lt. Col. "Bo" Gritz, please inform Lieutenant Colonel Gritz that, along with God, the mothers, the wives who remain true, and the Special Forces, there are at least fifty ready, willing, and able bodies in this rural southern community who would leave tonight on any rescue attempt to free MIAs or any other Americans held against their will, regardless of what country is detaining them.

We're out here and we care, but we don't know how we can be of genuine assistance.—*Robert L. Dyer, Jacksonville, Fla.*

You are to be commended for running J. C. Pollock's "Mission MIA" along with the interview with "Bo" Gritz. For a complete understanding of the MIA experience and the reasons why Hanoi would continue to hold American servicemen in captivity, one has only to hark back to the French experience in Indochina from 1945 to 1954. During these nine years of combat, thousands of French military personnel were captured by the Communists. All were supposedly released at the end of the hostilities. Yet over the ensuing years, small groups of French POWs continued to be released in return for French aid and technical assistance. In 1969—fifteen years after the end of hostilities—the Communists released a small group of Spanish nationals who had served in the French Foreign Legion. As late as February 1976, the Vietnamese "sold" France the remains of thirty-two MIAs and indicated to French officials they had the remains of more than 300 French MIAs, which they would consider releasing for proper compensation.

In addition, there is the strange case of convicted collaborator Bobby Garwood. For years the Vietnamese Communists insisted there were no live Americans in Vietnam, and these sentiments were echoed by the saps in the U.S. State Department. Then, in March 1974, Garwood pops up alive and well, saying he wants to return to the U.S.

There is no doubt that Hanoi is holding Americans in captivity despite its proclamations to the contrary. Interestingly enough, they are still holding some Frenchmen from the first Indochina conflict of three decades ago.—*A U.S. naval officer (name withheld), San Francisco, Calif.*

*Editor's note:* Lieutenant Colonel Gritz suggests that those interested in aiding the cause of retrieving our prisoners-of-war in Vietnam contact: Congressman Robert K. Dornan, Chairman, POW/MIA Task Force, 332 Cannon House Office, Washington, D.C. 20515

### Space exploration

There's a kind of paralysis creeping through America that's threatening to cripple our capability to participate in the future exploration of space. Dr. Mark R.

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Chartrand's "Advise & Dissent" ("Why We Must Explore Outer Space") in your February 1982 issue provides an excellent example of what's wrong with American efforts in space—subsidy fever has created a sacred cow known as "the space program." Although I strongly agree with Dr. Chartrand about the importance and benefits of space exploration, I disagree just as strongly with his vision of how we should go about it. There was no "steamboat program," no "railroad program," nor any "flying-machine program." If we are to achieve comparable results in space, it will have to be with comparable means. Free enterprise, not government subsidies, built America's technological greatness.

It's shocking to see how enervated by a subsidy fever space research in the U.S. has become. Private industry could well charge admission to spectators, build hotels and restaurants, sell media rights, and provide advertising space on vehicles to pay part of the cost of launching a spacecraft, landing a shuttle, or running a busy spaceport. The same enthusiasm that brings spectators can also bring in investors. Space exploration is a growth industry, with billions of dollars waiting to be invested by millions of people eager to get in on the ground floor of what could be the IBM or Exxon of the future. A space business could count on spin-offs to generate revenue from earthside applications as well as on spaceborne profits. As a business opportunity, therefore, space has limitless potential.

For the past two decades the aerospace industry has reaped enormous profits from the operations of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, America's civil service, not civilian, space programs. People like Dr. Chartrand and organizations like the National Space Institute ought to stop wasting so much valuable time, talent, and money lobbying for higher NASA appropriations and mooching government grants when they should be working to get space research off the tit and able to support itself.—*Bob Falk, New York, N.Y.*

Dr. Chartrand replies:

*I'll begin by agreeing wholeheartedly that space has limitless potential for business. And let me dispose of one minor point: neither the NSI nor I derive any money from the government; NSI is supported by the contributions of more than 10,000 members nationwide, who agree with my first sentence but also see a proper role for government investment in our future.*

*Mr. Falk seems to be making the argument that all government spending is bad, regardless of size or purpose. Surely we can be more discriminating than that. Yes, I personally believe in a diminished role for the federal government in general; yes, there have been some industry abuses and overruns. Yet NASA is widely regarded as the most capable and well run of agencies.*

*There is nothing wrong with occasional shake-ups to improve performance and promote revision of or recommitment to goals. But to expect private industry to take over all of the space program, or to fund it by charging admission, is simply unrealistic. Airports don't run on admission fees to the observation deck!*

*Actually, it is simplistic to think of just one space program; we really have three, or four, if you count the military. These three could be called operations, science, and applications. I would readily agree that NASA should not be involved in running the first of these, which is the Shuttle system. The Postal Service, so called, is a prime example of why not. When the Shuttle becomes operational, someone else should run the "bus company."*

*As for the other two efforts, science research is undertaken by many companies, but not one can afford the high costs of space-science exploration. Such basic science must be done for its own sake—because we want to explore, because we are interested in our cosmic origins, because we are a great nation and owe it to ourselves. Sometimes such pure research even leads to applications, but not by intent.*

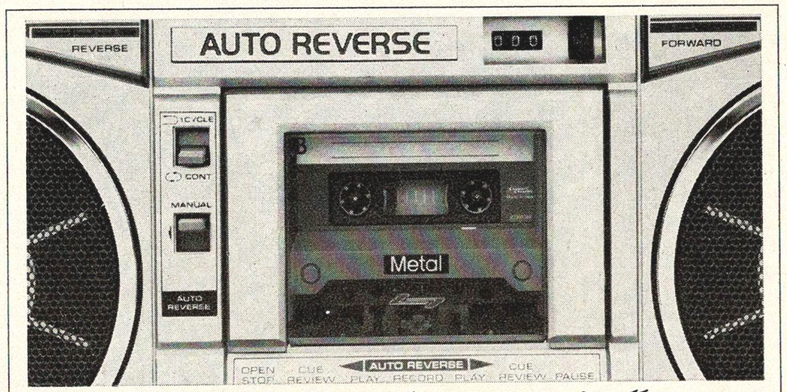
*In the exploitation of the space environment, as much as possible should be done by the private sector. But they cannot do everything. A case in point: in the 1960s NASA decided to get out of research and development of future communications-satellite technologies, assuming that the recently instituted Communications Satellite Corporation would do the work. Well, they didn't, mostly because the costs were beyond what a lone company could invest in long lead time, high-risk R&D. Several years later we learned our mistake, and NASA now undertakes some of this important work. In other applications areas, the costs, lead times, and risk are so high that government subsidy is necessary. But it should be thought of as an investment.*

*Mr. Falk is wrong when he says that there was no "railroad program" or "flying - machine program." They weren't called that, but they existed. They resulted in the finest aviation industry and, for a time, the finest railroad system in the world.*

*The historical record is eloquent: government investment in these industries has long been considered an important instrument of national defense, foreign policy, and domestic economic well-being.*

*Example: land grants to railroads in the 1800s amounted to about 131 million acres. Result: the land values soared, new cities sprang up, industries were revolutionized by not having to be near waterways, and the government coffers recovered the investment ten times over from reduced rates on government shipments.*

*Example: in 1817, New York State invested $7 million to build the Erie Canal.*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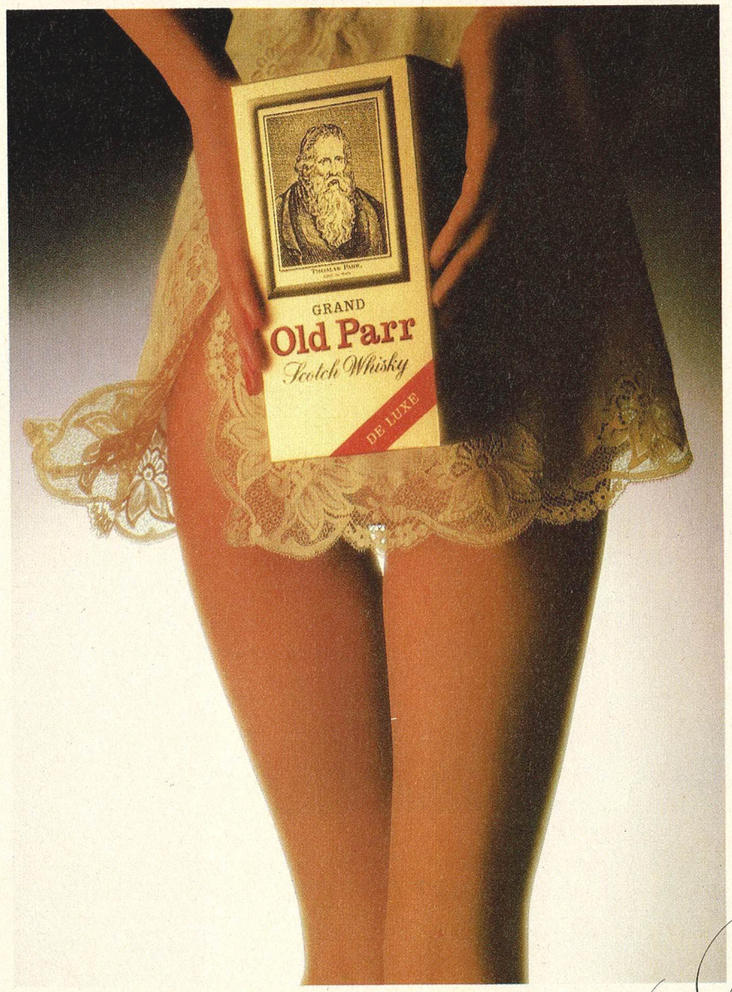


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*Result: the state got back its costs in tolls in a few years, New York City and environs became the most prosperous port on the East Coast, and the Midwest was opened to settlement and trade, not to mention the funds flowing to the government from taxes on industry.*

*Example: the National Advisory Committee on Aeronautics was established to do basic research and development for the aviation industry; government subsidies on mail and other items got the aviation industry going, enabling it to respond to the summons of a world war. Result: you can fly anywhere in the world on the most capable, safe, and comfortable aircraft made.*

*All these government expenditures were investments, from which industry and the general public benefited. They brought back to the Treasury more than they cost.*

*The space program is the same kind of effort. In its twenty-two-year history, NASA has spent less in total than this year's Department of Defense request! It is heartening to see that the administration has submitted to Congress a 1983 NASA budget request that actually shows real growth, 4 percent, for the first time in years, yet is still only 0.88 percent of the federal total.*

*For NASA not to continue to spend properly at this level is to throw away our prior years' investments in space technology. As a great nation, we cannot afford to do that.*

### Slamdancing

After reading Robert Keating's "Slamdancing in a Fast City" (February 1982), I am thoroughly convinced of the quality of your magazine, literary and otherwise. A faithful reader for years, I have found the fiction, interviews, and essays not only interesting but educational and expressive as well. But until now you have confined yourself to issues and topics dealing solely with adults, which is why I met Keating's article with much cheer.

One of the most ignored problems in society today is teenage deterioration, and Keating deals with a special group that seems to exemplify the extreme result of continual deterioration. More material dealing with this is necessary, especially if it is to be presented in as effective a way as Keating managed. His unusual but appropriate mix of subjective and objective views gave me an unexpectedly clear understanding of the seriousness of the situation. I am definitely looking forward to more of Keating's writings in your quality magazine.—*Ted Terasaki, Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.*

### Suggestion

I'd like to congratulate you on being the greatest magazine on the newsstand. You seem to have a knack for exploring your readers' fantasies and unfolding them in your pages. In one of your recent magazines, you did a bit on female wrestling, and by doing so I think you have definitely touched on the most exciting and erotic

CONTINUED ON PAGE 182

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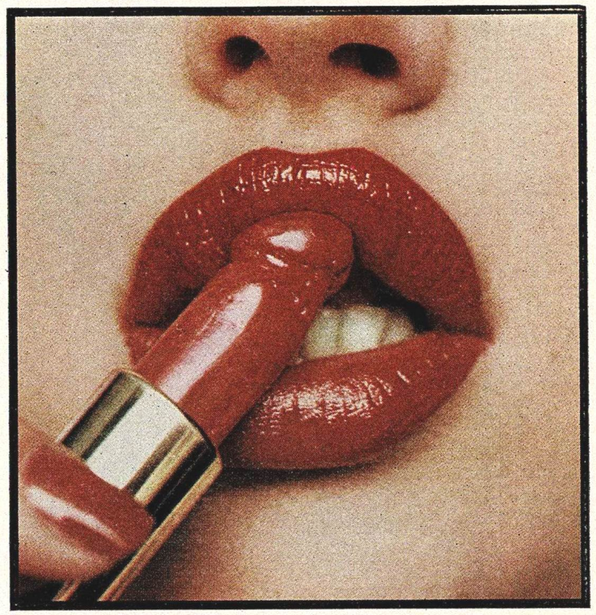
LETTER OF THE MONTH



*I'm a twenty-seven-year-old female model. I'm recently divorced and had been dating a thirty-seven-year-old banker. My boyfriend went on golf trips about twice a month, so I joined a local country club to take some lessons to surprise him. I put my name on the list for instructions and waited for the new pro to call when he was ready to start the lessons.*

*My boyfriend was out of town the following Friday when the phone rang. It was the golf pro, asking to see if I was free the next day. I told him I could be there around noon, and he said that was fine. He had a very sexy voice, and I wondered what he looked like and whether he was married or not.*

*It was very warm the next day, so I threw on a very revealing top and pair of short shorts. I arrived at the club and was surprised to find only about ten cars in the parking lot. I walked into the pro shop and found the sexiest hunk of man I've ever seen in my life. He was sitting in a lounge chair, reading some book. I didn't say anything for a few seconds and just feasted my eyes on this handsome hunk. He looked to be in his early forties, with brown hair, blue eyes, and a beautiful five-foot-ten-inch frame. He was clad in a white golf shirt, with the top three buttons open, revealing a muscular chest with thick, curly body hair. He had on a pair of light-brown tennis shorts, and I couldn't help but notice the huge bulge in them. This bulge was so big it looked like he had a softball in his shorts. He had the face of Cary Grant and beautifully tanned, muscular arms and legs. Just the sight of this man made my inflamed crotch wet with desire. I coughed or something and he looked up at me and our eyes met. I think both of us knew instantly that we'd be in bed shortly. Our eyes never left one another as we walked toward each other. When we reached each other, he said, "Hi, you must be Sharon. I'm Richard, the new golf pro," and reached out to shake my hand.*

*My first lesson didn't go too well because neither one of us could concentrate on golf. I never believed in love at first sight until now. I wanted him to show me how he swings his "club" so badly I seriously thought about raping him right there on the golf course. I almost fainted when he asked if I knew a good place to "wine and dine," and if I would like to join him for dinner. Naturally I said yes and gave him my phone number and address.*

*When my doorbell rang that evening my heart instantly jumped about six inches, and when I opened the door to see that wonderful hunk of man, I almost melted in his arms instinctively. I asked him if he'd like a drink, and he said, "Sure, I'll have a scotch and soda if you've got it." While I was mixing the drinks we couldn't keep our eyes off one another. I'd never really been a crotch watcher, but I couldn't help noticing the outline in his pants. When I walked over to him with the drinks, instead of taking his drink he took both of them out of my hands, stood up, took me in his arms, and asked if I'd like to dance to the soft music I had on the stereo. I'd never been with a man who made me feel so feminine. We held each other closer with every move, and then, all of a sudden, our eyes met and both of us knew there was no holding back. We kissed passionately for about five minutes, and then I led him to the bedroom, where we started undressing each other. When both of us were completely nude, we just stood back and admired each other's body. I'd never seen a man that had a body like he had, perfect in every aspect, especially his gorgeous cock.*

*I'd never had oral sex before, but when he started licking on my red-hot pussy I moved around so I could focus my attention on his*

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*beautiful dick. I started licking and sucking on it for all I was worth.*

*After I had had two wonderful orgasms, he got up and said, "I haven't been with a woman for two weeks and I'm gonna make love to you until you beg me to stop!" He got on top of me and I carefully placed the head of his tool at the entrance of my inflamed snatch. When he slowly entered me I cried in pain, because I felt like a virgin again. After about five minutes the pleasure quickly overtook the pain and we began going at each other like crazy. I'd never dreamed a man could give me the pleasure I was receiving. He fucked me passionately for at least two hours, and I had half a dozen orgasms. He had a couple and still kept banging away. How sublime!*

*The next day he moved into my apartment with me, and I've been in heaven ever since.*

*I'm glad I decided to try golf or I never would have met this wonderful man. I love it when we go to a restaurant or he picks me up at work and all the other women around just stare at him in amazement. I love to watch friends drool over my new lover, and you can bet I don't let anybody get their hands on my favorite "club."*—R.B.

Isn't it wonderful to finally find the guy that you know is "it" for you? Congratulations on your discovery. Love at first sight may be possible, but I feel a lot stronger about lust at first sight. As far as golf pros go, well, I myself prefer the long, lean body of a tennis pro who really knows his "racket." Any way you like it, sporting men are usually pretty good players.

NEW TRICKS FOR AN OLD DOG

*I'm really bothered by the fact that I'm unable to get an erection with any woman other than my wife. Every so often I get the urge to get a strange piece of ass. But after getting a willing partner and going through a lot of foreplay, which almost always includes eating a good, juicy cunt, I'm still unable to fuck, because my cock just won't get hard. These women are able to bring me off by sucking, but even during this I'm unable to get a hard-on. One woman told me that I can do more for her with my tongue than a lot of guys can do with their cocks. I still feel defeated, because I want to fuck in the worst way.*

*This problem has occurred a few times with my wife, but I usually can get a hard-on long enough to penetrate and I'm always always able to come. I really enjoy eating pussy if it's good and clean and sweet-smelling. But I'd just love to eat pussy and then fuck the juices out of that freshly eaten cunt.*

*Do you think my deep religious background is so deeply embedded in my subconscious that my cock knows it is not supposed to fuck anyone other than my wife and will therefore not get hard? I'm very careful picking out partners, because I don't want to pick up a social disease and bring it home. All my partners are either married or very recently widowed.*—J.N.

I think you're right about your religious upbringing's affecting your ability to have an erection. Habit is also involved, because after years of marriage and sex with your wife you are trained to respond to her with an erection. When this problem arises, or doesn't arise, if you'll pardon the pun, with lovers of mine who are married, I always tell them to decide if they are really into fooling around with other women or if they are out to prove they can still screw around like some young, horny stud.

Why don't you think about it? If your various lovers really turned you on, your cock would be the first to let you know, I guarantee.

Also, don't worry so much about getting a hard-on. Relax. Get into those delicious pussies you say you crave. Make your partner hit the ceiling with orgasm after orgasm. Her pleasure will do wonders for yours.

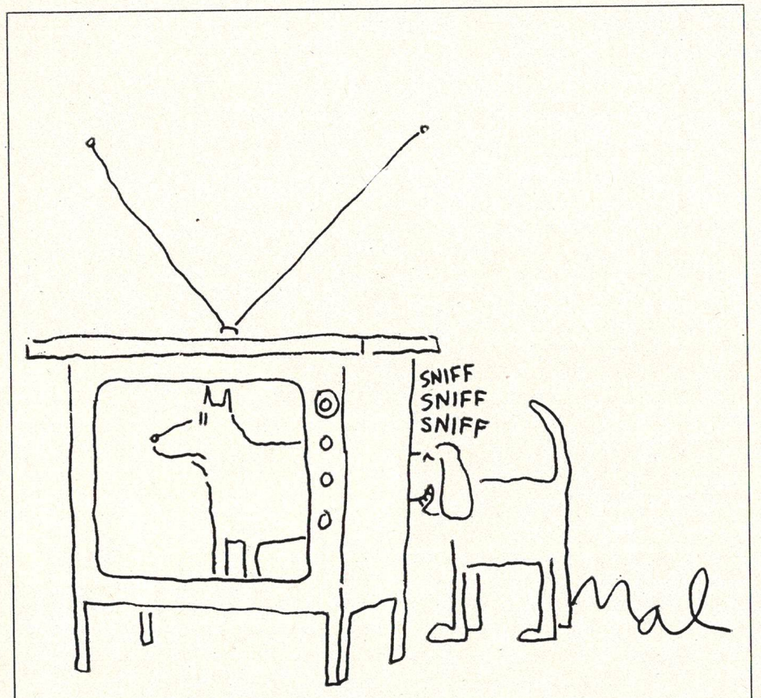
TOO MUCH OF A GOOD FLING

*I've got a problem that most men would love to have, but it is truly a problem. I'm thirty-four and am recently divorced, after twelve years of marriage. My ex-wife and I had a satisfying sexual relationship and knew each other's moods and desires without having to tell each other.*

*About eight months ago I met a young woman, twenty-four, who is now screwing me to death. After being used to having sex three or four times a week, and being happy with that, I now find myself getting laid twice a day, every day, by this young nymph. I've told her that I cannot keep up with that pace and am not always in the mood for sex, but she doesn't know how to take no for an answer. She gives fantastic head and even blows me while I'm sleeping, watching TV, or just sitting around listening to records. I'm honestly getting turned off by her actions. I want to be the one to make the first move, but how can I when she is always on her knees, her mouth on my cock, blowing me?*

*Every so often I have to go home and recharge my batteries so that I can enjoy fucking as much as she does. The first time I left I got super horny in two days. I made a beeline to her apartment only to find her in bed with another man, fucking up a storm. I waited until they were through and acted very nice about the whole thing. I didn't get that upset, because I don't love her. She felt awful, though, and told me she was sorry.*

*It seems she thinks I have more feelings for her than I do, and so she thought she was "cheating" on me. But whenever I try to tell her I would rather not be blown every minute, she just doesn't understand. She only knows what she wants to do.*—D.K.







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Your young nymph obviously has placed all her emotions in her cunt. That is, she thinks that's how to express her feelings about you. She's also pretty horny herself. Since you don't love her and she doesn't seem to want to discuss the problems, I don't see why you just don't move on. Your previously satisfactory sex life with your ex proves that you're capable of communicating and getting along with a lover. Getting laid twice a day does not compensate for the lack of a meaningful and fun-loving relationship. It can be a real bore.

A JOHN IN THE JOHN

*Any sailor who cannot satisfy a woman in one good lovemaking session is a disgrace to the navy and does not deserve to wear dress blues. He could even tarnish our record of being the best lovers on or under the seas. I'm a twenty-one-year-old sailor and have been told that I'm well built and attractive. I graduated from boot camp about eight months ago and would like to relate an experience I had that I will always remember.*

*After nine weeks without sex, my cock was aching. I had tried fervently to seduce a gorgeous young lady named Karen in a hotel lounge in Chicago, but then she told me she had to get up early the next morning for work. The next morning, however, I decided to pay her a visit at the small greasy-spoon bar-restaurant where she told me she worked. She's a gorgeous brunette, by the way, with a 36-24-35 body that couldn't be beat.*

*I entered the greasy spoon and sat at the counter, waiting for Karen to finish cleaning a table. She seemed shocked to see me sitting at the counter but recovered quickly and gave me a fantastic smile that started the blood rushing to my cock. Karen told me she'd really enjoyed our conversation and dancing the previous night. I replied that I had enjoyed her company as well, even though the night had ended in complete frustration for me. I ordered a cup of coffee, as I had a slight hangover, and excused myself to use the head to try to wake myself up.*

*About a minute later, while I was in the head, I heard a soft knock on the door. I opened it to find Karen standing there with a mischievous smile on her face. She quickly stepped inside and closed and locked the door behind her. I immediately reached for her and gently kissed her. I kissed her again, longer and more passionately. It was clear that she wanted me as much as I wanted her. She deftly started undressing me, starting with my shirt and working down. In no time I was naked and my mast was standing at attention. I grabbed her buttocks and pulled her to me. We kissed again and she started sinking ever so slowly down to my love stick, kissing and licking all the way. She finally got down to my cock and began teasing me with small licks and bites. I couldn't stand it any longer and she knew it, so she took all of me into her mouth and deep-throated me. It felt so fantastic after nine weeks! I was in seventh heaven. Embarrassingly, though, I came in about three minutes. I shot my load into her lovely mouth. I was satisfied more than I thought possible.*

*She wanted me then and there, not seeming to care about losing her job. I practically ripped her clothes off, leaving her white garter belt and stockings on. Gently, I laid her down on a bench and started to lick and suck on her aching breasts. She couldn't stand it and begged me to sink my hot rod into her, but I wasn't through yet. I slowly worked my way down her body to her soaked box. She was going wild as I gently nibbled on her love bone, and she had orgasm after orgasm after orgasm.*

*By this time my prick was harder than ever, and with one massive stroke I pushed my prick in up to my balls. She seemed insatiable. She wanted more and more. She had three orgasms, and fifteen minutes later we had our last one together. It was as if my entire insides were pushing to get out through my cock.*

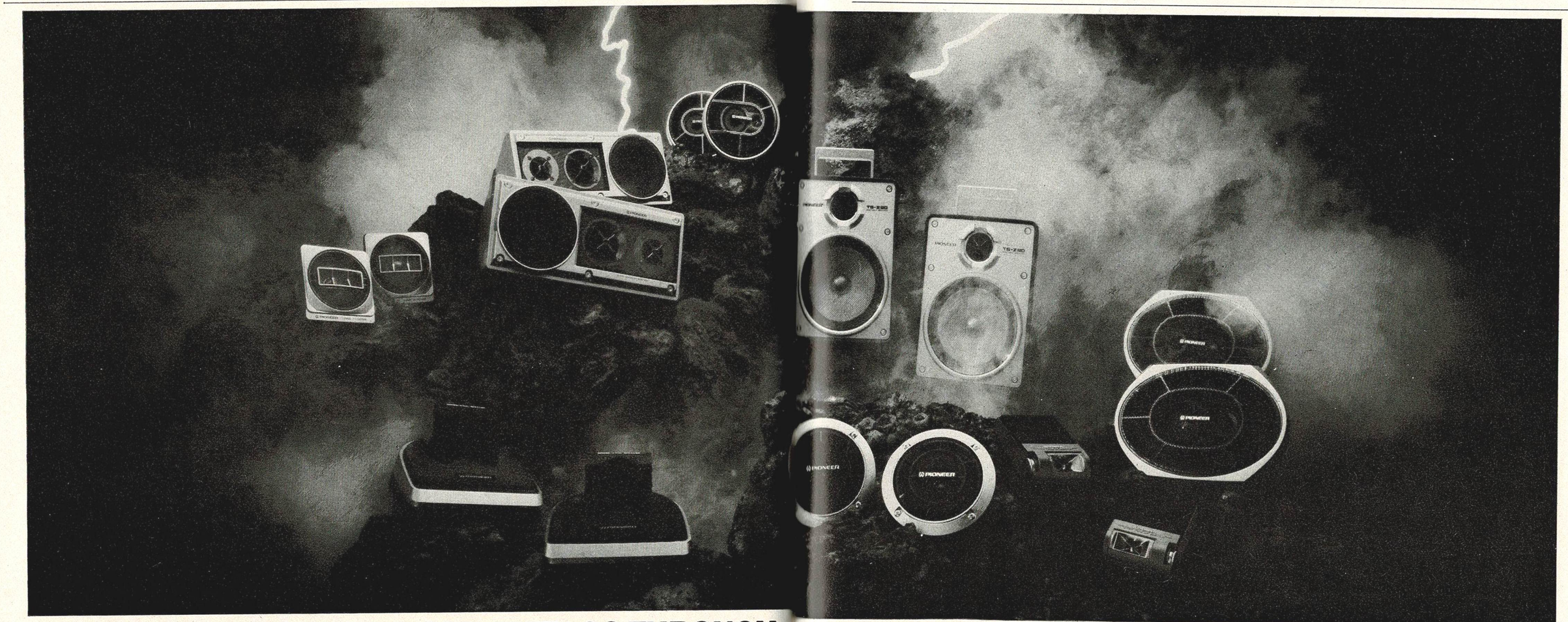
*We had two more months together before I was transferred 1,200 miles away. They were the best two months of my life.*—P.Y.

Well done, sailor. Sounds like you're in shipshape, because the average staying time of an American male is just two minutes. You are pretty lucky no one wanted to use the head while you were spending all that time in there screwing. How convenient for you (and your friend Karen) that there was a bench in there for you, or for any other customer who enjoys an occasional fuck in the john!

COITAL COLLECTING

*I have discovered a new hobby. No one I've talked to had ever heard of it before. It came about by pure accident. I had a few guests over for drinks one evening, and about one hour into the party I went to the bathroom. I noticed hairs on the toilet bowl. It looked gross, so I cleaned them off with a tissue and went out. As I left, one of my guests, a young lady who had come with one of my guests, was about to enter. It was then that I noticed I had left my ring on the basin when I washed my hands. When the beautiful stranger came out, I retrieved my ring and noticed a curly hair where I had cleaned moments before. It could only have been hers. On an impulse I picked it up and put it in the cabinet for safekeeping.*

*I went to it the next day and found it strangely erotic. I put it in a clear plastic coin envelope and labeled it with a coded name and the date.*

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*I more and more began to notice hairs on toilet seats and picked up several of different colors. They didn't have an attraction, though, because I didn't know whose they were. It was not practical to sit and watch the can and rush in after every woman, so I came up with a more direct approach. The following works well.*

*I invited a blond beauty to another gathering at my place. Midway through the festivities I caught her alone. "I have an unusual hobby," I said, "and you could add a very valuable item to it if you would." "Oh, what's that?" she said. "Well, in the bathroom medicine cabinet there is a small envelope and a pair of cuticle scissors. The envelope is just big enough for one short, curly hair." Her eyes widened. "You're kidding!" she said. "I'm not. Would you consider a contribution?" "I'll think about it."*

*Well, later, when I checked, the envelope contained one beautiful, curly blond hair. I got the same erotic sensation, and I immediately threw away all the unidentified hairs.*

*It went on from there. Most ladies I've asked have contributed. I started to collect in categories such as colors or nationalities. I got some friends interested and they had their own ideas.*

*One guy collects from those ladies he takes to bed, and he has quite a collection. Another collects only those he removes himself with his teeth. The latest is to have a closeup photo of the place of origin of each, as it were.*

*I'm more interested in quality rather than quantity but I collect all of the above when I can. I still have a long way to go, though. I have no sample from a black lady, and there are many nationalities I'm missing. I have no red or white and only two from Indians.*

*Have you heard of this hobby before? Do you think it's weird?*—L.R.

How splendid to hear of someone with the imagination to invent such an unusual hobby! You should get a lot of satisfaction in filling up the gaps in your collection. Unfortunately I cannot contribute to your remarkable collection of pubic hair, as I have just shaved my pussy clean. Sorry to disappoint you.

GETTING IT OFF YOUR CHEST

*I am a twenty-one-year-old male who doesn't have so much a problem as an oddity. My last girl friend was cock-crazy. It was as if I didn't exist above the waist. At the time I wasn't complaining. I was a college freshman and everything new was a blast. I was with her for two years, and when it finally ended I was a bit exhausted.*

*Now I have a new girl friend who is a bit more exploratory. On our first night together, after a little teasing, she started Frenching my stiffening cock. Nothing happened. In fact, I actually stopped getting hard. My new girl friend was a bit puzzled, but I explained about my former girl friend's obsession. Forever resourceful, she was determined to find a suitable alternative for her oral attentions. She started trying out those bizarre places one would think would tickle: earlobes, toes, navel. This woman was getting frantic. Finally she reached my nipples. The second her mouth enveloped my left nipple, my cock sprang to attention. When her tongue flicked the hardening point, I almost came right there.*

*Now, whenever she wants me hard, she goes straight for the chest. I'm not complaining, but I just feel odd. I've heard of guys with sensitive nipples before, but even more so than their cocks? What makes it worse is that my girl friend loves to tease me in public. A hand on my chest looks rather innocent to most people, but to me it's like a hand massaging the crotch. I get so stiff I have to put my hands in my front pockets so that no one will notice.*

*Is my condition rare? Will my cock ever respond to touch the way my nipples do now? What kind of protection, short of chest armor, can I get to fend off my girl friend's sometimes embarrassing but ever, I'll admit, exciting teasing?*—T.S.

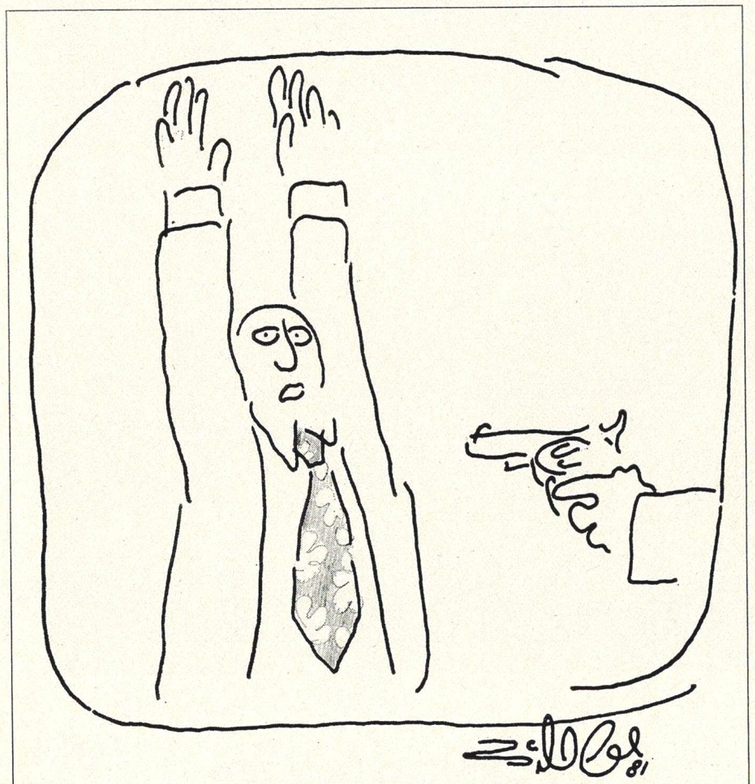
"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may," said the poet. Today that translates into "What are you complaining about?" There's nothing abnormal about sensitive nipples. You have a lot of nerve endings under there, and they can be very erotic. Don't overlook a man's nipples. I've cured more than one guy of impotence by spending lots of time licking and caressing his chest. When the nipples are erect, the penis is sure to follow. I knew a man once whose nipples were so excitable he could only wear shirts made of very smooth fabrics. Anything with any texture would get him so hard so quickly he'd have to run to the bathroom to jerk off.

As for your girl friend, if it really bothers you that she's so affectionate in public, just tell her to please stop. It's a case of mind over matter. Most men wouldn't complain about it.

DUNE BOOGIE

*Early one morning one day recently, I was walking along the shore with my head in the clouds when I saw this breathtaking blonde walking toward me. As we passed we gave each other a cordial good morning. I kept watching her as she passed by and I just couldn't get her out of my mind. About ten minutes later, I got this eerie feeling that I was being followed. I turned around and there she was. We smiled at each other and got into a conversation. Her name was Suzie and she said she didn't live far from where we were. She invited me to her house for breakfast.*

*We got to the small beach house and she told me she wanted to take a shower before preparing what she promised would be a feast. I sat down on the sofa*



*"And now, an opposing view from the gun lobby . . ."*

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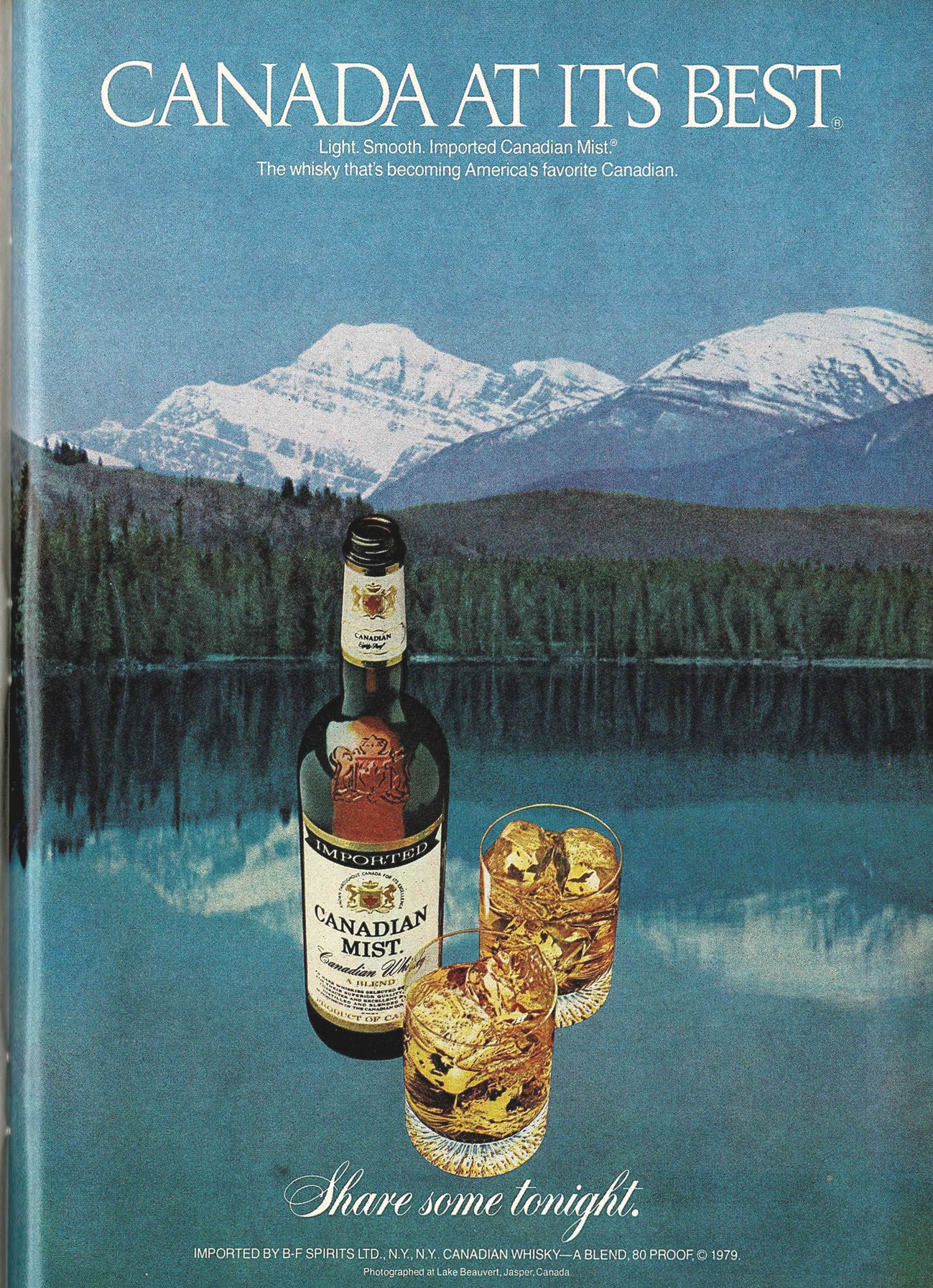


*Share some tonight.*

IMPORTED BY B-F SPIRITS LTD., N.Y., N.Y.. CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND, 80 PROOF. © 1979.

Photographed at Lake Beauvert, Jasper, Canada

*and flipped through a magazine. The next thing I knew, Suzie was behind me, Frenching my ears and nibbling on my neck while her hands stretched around to reach my crotch. She came in front of me and knelt down, totally naked. Her whole body glistening with readiness, she took my throbbing member out of its confines and deep-throated me as I never have been before. Just as I was getting ready to see sky rockets she quit and told me to strip. I wasted no time, and as soon as I got my pants down Suzie grabbed my awaiting member and thrust it as far as it would go into her hot, juicy pussy. She gave me a ride like I had never experienced before and thought existed only in fantasies. We both exploded with gushes of love juice.*

*I was just thinking it was over when there was a knock on the sliding glass door. It was Suzie's sister, Lorie, and her friend Carrie, and they had been watching us in silence and wanted to get in on the sexual fun.*

*I didn't even have a chance to blink before Suzie and Carrie were caressing my member and deep-throating me. I just couldn't get enough of the hottest, juiciest pussy my tongue has ever wandered through. As Lorie's hot, dripping pussy exploded into my waiting mouth, I blew the largest load I can remember into Lorie's mouth. When we were through, everyone was quite sore.*

*You may think the story ends there, but to my amazement Suzie turned out to be a shipyard worker at the dock where my cruiser was stationed. I'm in the navy, you know. When I later saw her on the ship, we started talking and recalling our prior meeting, and she confided that she was horny enough to burst and wanted to do it somewhere she had never done it before. Why not in my berthing space aboard the ship? This was my greatest fantasy.*

*I sleep in a small berthing space, and luckily no one else was on board at the time. We climbed in and fucked in every position possible and then had the most enticing and frantic sixty-nine action imaginable. It was very cramped in the bunk, but every minute was worth the discomfort. This was the most exciting event of my sexual career, because someone could have walked in and found us having wild sex.*

*I still see Suzie whenever the ship is in port, and we still do it on board whenever possible. The only thing I'm sorry about is that Lorie and Carrie don't join us anymore.*—J.N.

Well, you prove that the navy certainly is an adventure, but why did you and the blond woman bother to go back to her beach house? Next time you're lucky enough to meet such a lovely, hit the beach and go for it. The sun, the sand, and the sound of the waves are so sensuous. At least, I've found them to be that way. Eating pussy, however, can get a little gritty in the sand.

STAGTIME

*About six months ago I accepted a position with a very elite firm. However, the atmosphere in the office was quite cold and competitive. There was only one coworker with whom I felt comfortable. His name was Curt, and he seemed to get along with everyone. I resisted getting too friendly with him since he has a reputation as a womanizer. I am married and have never cheated on my wife in our five years together. I didn't want my association with Curt to stir up any scandals that would hurt my marriage.*

*One Friday afternoon Curt approached me about going out on the town that evening. Without thinking, I mentioned that my wife was visiting her mother for the weekend. Curt then would not take no for an answer. "Well, just this once," I said, "but I'm not going to cheat on my wife."*

*Well, after we hit the third bar, my resistance was somewhat weakened. Temptation then reared its beautiful head. Two very classy, sensuous, well-dressed women approached our table and asked if they could join us. They were in their mid-twenties, and looked like professional models. Although they kept making suggestive comments, Curt kept the conversation on a respectable level. But the*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 178

LEADERS HAVE TASTE
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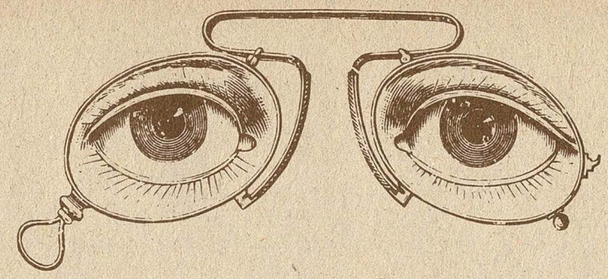


# VIEW FROM THE TOP

## THE NEW WAR HERO

BY EMILY PRAGER

The American military is revitalizing, coming back in force. I'm pretty excited about it. I love a man in uniform. Last time you could ogle a soldier in good conscience was 1964, almost twenty years ago. But we'll soon be able to again. Billions of dollars of defense appropriations assures us a change in American perspective toward our armed forces. President "Hellcats-of-the-Navy" Reagan is no dummy where the media are concerned. I venture to say he'll be modeling the uniforms himself, if it comes to that. And it might.

In the 1950s, the heyday of the American soldier, dozens of war movies were made about the stirring pasts and futures of those who saved our country for democracy. There were films about World War II and coming back from it, about the Korean War and coming back from it, about the Berlin air drop and denazification, about the Strategic Air Command and its courageous fliers, about military schools and military problems that never failed to pluck our heartstrings and stir our interest. John Wayne comes to mind. In those days a man could love an airplane or a ship more than a woman and we never questioned his intentions. In those days, you didn't have sex with your wife, you had babies. You didn't have an actor in the White House, you had a general.

The Vietnam War finished all that. Nightly news reports replaced military-movie propaganda and "Sergeant Bilko." Whereas Elvis Presley had once made his draft stint seem sexy, now Muhammad Ali refused to be drafted on any account. Mention of the military was box-office death. The armed forces were no longer bankable.

A perusal of prime-time television for the years 1969–1972 shows only one military-oriented (if you can call it that) program on the air: "Hogan's Heroes." This smarmy sitcom, based on *Stalag 17*, stayed on from 1965 to 1970, through the worst years of the Vietnam War, perhaps because it was about incarcerated American soldiers making the best of a trapped-rat situation. It's telling that the show disappeared in 1970, just about the time we no longer felt there was anything about our conflict in Vietnam that could be salvaged. The military vanished from the airwaves for the next two years only to reappear in 1972 in a completely different guise. The nonviolent, smart-aleck, undisciplined, liberal-hearted *M*A*S*H* unit, born from the movie of the same name, heralded an entirely new post-Vietnam attitude toward the military. A soldier had to outsmart his superiors in order to do well by them. Honor no longer came with the uniform; it came in spite of it.

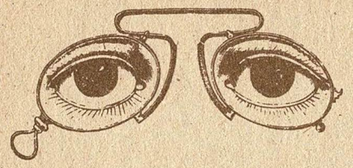
Perry Realo

The soldier as victim is a theme that emerged in most books published around the end of the Vietnam War. *Friendly Fire*, *Dispatches*, *Dog Soldiers*—these and more portrayed the American armed forces as caught in a lie and therefore forced to become liars in order to survive it. Napalmed children, Vietnam vets pursued by furies, and the last flight out of Saigon proved there was something rotten in America, and that something was the corpse of the American military-leadership ideal. Except in book form, Vietnam was verboten in medialand.

Then, in the late 1970s, the Vietnam movies began to appear, and with them a new sexy concept of the American soldier as antihero. In *Coming Home*, *The Deer Hunter*, and *Apocalypse Now*, American soldiers were once again presented as angry young men with great big testicles, besotted with moral conflicts, admittedly, but hot, really hot. Great detail and loving admiration was focused on the advanced technological weaponry used in Vietnam. The stars of *Apocalypse Now* were as much the helicopters as the men. The sound of the thundering blades made your heart beat as formation bombing had once done. Our men were so macho they could water-ski during a firefight. We left the theaters somehow relieved. Finally there was something positive to say about Vietnam. The message had subtly changed: it wasn't that we were impotent in Vietnam but rather that we were too powerful. Our technology was too advanced. We rained bombs on a cloud of butterflies. We overdid it. Against a group of squatting bamboo farmers, we couldn't win. Clearly, we were too civilized.

Now, in the 1980s, the military is coming back. Reagan tells us we've got problems. We've go no morals, no direction. We're too loose. What we need is discipline, a sense of honor and integrity, a strong backbone—the kind of things young men used to learn during their two-year stints in the draft. And speaking of the draft, we need that too. We need a random pool of intelligence filtering through our forces. We need something. The pathetic Iranian rescue attempt taught us that. We need a good standing army, if only to provide jobs for the unemployed. We need movies about the military, if only to provide jobs for our young, macho male stars.

We need the Right Stuff. And so we have *Stripes* and *Private Benjamin*, two silly comedies that point out the positive side of discipline. We need *From Here to Eternity* on TV to remind us of the romance of an earlier military age. And we need *Taps* and *Gallipoli* to show us that some military leaders may be jerks but young men just adore that mili-



tary stuff and nothing will stop them from seeking it out except a well-placed bullet.

But what we really need is something for our resurgent military to do. You can't go on dramatizing past wars and present basic training forever. And you can't get billions of dollars for defense just to beef up an army. That's why President Reagan and General Haig have come up with a brand-new threatening conflict that should hold us for a good fifty years to come. I am speaking, of course, of Limited Nuclear War.

It's weird, isn't it, how once you're aware of this concept it then exists on its own? Before Reagan and Haig, there was Nuclear War, and that meant devastation, the end of everything. But now there's suddenly Limited Nuclear War, which seems like being a little pregnant to me. But don't worry, they add. We won't fight it here but in Europe, probably Germany. Okay. That's a lot better, unless some Europeans feel they're getting the short end of the deal and decide to go beyond the limited part. Or something.

Fortunately, there are a lot of films, TV movies, and books between us and that telling moment in time. This Limited Nuclear War, this national oxymoron, is exactly the grist our American creative mill has needed. Already we've had the TV movie *World War III*, starring Cathy Lee Crosby. A video classic that blames the Russians. And there'll be more.

Look for an entirely new soldier in the '80s: a guy who's really bright, because you've got to be really bright to run the complex computers that run our advanced technological weaponry. A lot of our personnel can't learn to run them, it seems. You ever try to set one of those fancy digital watches? Okay. So look for a soldier who's a computer whiz, who, for some reason, doesn't want to go into show business. A soldier who thinks the Vietnam War was an isolated incident, a mistake we shouldn't have to pay for one second longer. Look for a soldier who's fed up with the planet as we know it, who's building shelters, stocking food, moving his family to areas with the least projected fallout. Look for postnuclear programming and after-blast publishing. But forget about El Salvador. It's a diversionary tactic with low box-office potential. Limited Nuclear War is the military media wave of the future. Limited Nuclear War is bankable.

Movie Star News

Bill Murray in *Stripes*: getting back to basic training.

# SCENES

**AN OFF- SEASON**

Try to figure out theater trends. Just the other day the dopesters were telling us that Broadway was slowly turning into an exclusive showcase for big stars and lavish musicals. What with the astronomical costs of production, Broadway producers could no longer afford to gamble on modest little shows with no-name casts. And Off-Broadway? Well, Off-Broadway was dead, of course.

That was yesterday. Today, everybody's chewing his cigar out of the other side of his mouth.

Actually, the Broadway part of the prediction seems to be coming true. Only nobody thought all those expensive, star-tuned extravaganzas would turn out to be such bombs. With the exception of a few spectacles like *Nicholas Nickleby* and *Dreamgirls*, and certain magnetic attractions like Katharine Hepburn, most of this season's star-drawn vehicles arrived with flat tires. Among the stranded were Rex Harrison, Anne Bancroft, Faye Dunaway, Claudette Colbert, Nicol Williamson, Joanne Woodward, Suzanne Pleshette, and Cher.

But that's the bad news. The good news is that a lot of shows clicked this season, and they were the modest little productions nobody thought had a chance. Some of them came to Broadway from humble showcase productions. Others stayed Off-Broadway but expanded into full, commercial runs. The main thing is that there's currently a lot of action coming from that quarter of the theater that the uptowners had called "dead."

Always a live wire, the Manhattan Theater Club infused some sparks into the season with a couple of key transfers. First, MTC moved an entertaining and civilized show called ***Mass Appeal*** to Broadway. The two-character play features Milo O'Shea as a veteran parish priest who enjoys his creature comforts and has come to regard his priestly duties as mechanical chores to be handled with more skill than passion. Michael O'Keefe plays a rebellious seminarian whose firebrand idealism unsettles the older priest and eventually inspires that charming old fox to rethink his whole act.

Martha Swope

*Crimes*: growing up crazy.

Later in the season, a second MTC production, Beth Henley's ***Crimes of the Heart***, also moved to Broadway after winning the Pulitzer Prize for drama. An enchanting, antic comedy about growing up crazy in Mississippi, the show chronicles the domestic adventures of three sisters, played by Mia Dillon, Marybeth Hurt, and Patricia Mackay. For all their comic eccentricities—one sister shoots her husband out of boredom—the three women are warm-blooded creatures, conscientiously drawn by Henley to show the pains of achieving one's independent identity in a small southern town.

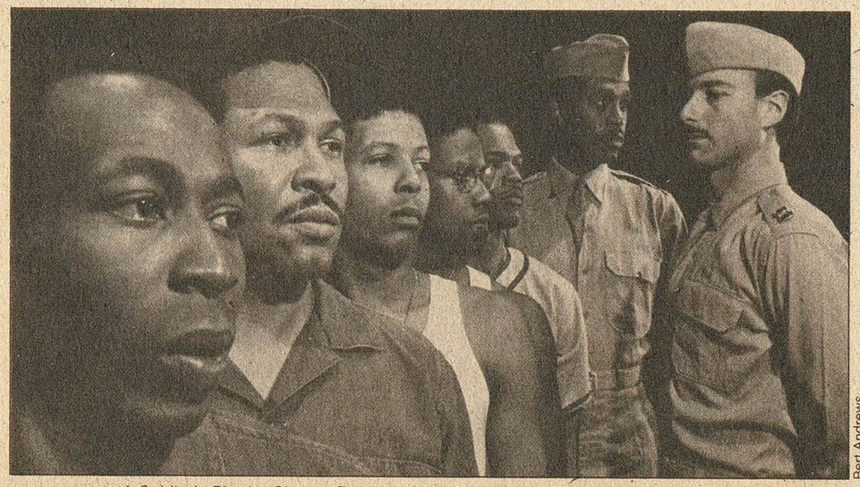
Another winning production for the Manhattan Theater Club, ***Sally & Marsha*** offers a warm and witty study of the friendship between two women with absolutely nothing in common but their need for friendship. Bernadette Peters plays a naive country bumpkin who moves to New York and tries to mother it, while Christine Baranski takes the role of her newfound friend across the hall, a woman of truly epic neurotic parts. In her bittersweet comedy, playwright Sybille Pearson makes their unlikely friendship both hilarious and touching.

The musical counterpart of these small-scaled but totally endearing plays is a rollicking rockabilly musical called ***Pump Boys & Dinettes***, which moved to Broadway from a midnight cabaret setting. Jim Wann and his band wrote most of the thigh-slapping songs in this lovably goofy show, remarkable for its high spirits and almost total lack of staging pretensions. Supported only by some aw-shucks narration from Wann, the show manages to carry off the conceit that the boys in the band are pump-jockeys in a gas station on a southern highway. The "Dinettes," natch, are the cute girl singers, pretending to be waitresses at a nearby diner. Damned cute little oddball.

Another friendly musical, ***Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat***, also proved buoyant enough to float uptown from a downtown house. An early work by Tim Rice and Andrew Lloyd Webber, this pop rendering of the familiar Gospel story about the insightful Joseph and his dumb brothers literally jumps with upbeat musical numbers written in a variety of clever pastiche styles.

Transferability to Broadway isn't a show's only measure of success. Several productions that began either as Off-Off-Broadway showcases or in small commercial houses got hot and connected with longer commercial runs. Once ***Key Exchange*** got rolling, it wound up clear across the country with a West Coast production. A first play for Kevin Wade, this wise little romantic comedy currently stars Ben Masters, Priscilla Lopez, and Mark Blum as three friends who meet in Central Park. They ride their bicycles onstage to rendezvous once a week in the park for a heart-to-heart chat about being young, single, and screwed up. Although gently satirical about the mores of the urban singles set, the play takes a sensitive view of pretty young people and their difficulties in committing themselves to other pretty young people.

One of Off-Broadway's most prestigious older companies, the Negro Ensemble Company (you can tell from the name just how old and venerable it is), has a real hit on its hands with ***A Soldier's Play***. Charles Fuller's heavy-duty drama takes place on a southern army base during World War II and addresses the issue of self-hatred and self-destructiveness among blacks. Fuller uses a military investigation into the murder of a black NCO to argue that self-respect is denied to blacks so long as a white society makes second-class citizens of them.



Bert Andrews

*A Soldier's Play* by Charles Fuller: murder investigation of second-class citizens.

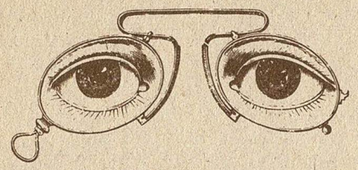
Susan Cook

*Pump Boys*: thigh-slapping songs and rockabilly high spirits.

***Cloud 9*** is another solid Off-Broadway hit that seems to prove there's life beyond Broadway. In addition to being a saucy metaphor for the fall of the British Empire, Caryl Churchill's eccentric comedy is a giddy sexual adventure spanning a hundred years' worth of adultery, incest, pederasty, sadomasochism, and other clever inventions of civilized man. Tommy Tune's insouciant production, which has the actors shrugging their sexual identities off and on like topcoats, contributes hugely to the success of this sassy show.

And speaking of sexual scrambling . . . Harvey Fierstein has won a lot of hearts with ***Torch Song Trilogy***. This popular number features the author as a lovable drag queen named Arnold, whose tempestuous, often uproarious domestic affairs are chronicled in three separate but interrelated plays. The first one has him falling madly in love with a shallow charmer he picks up in a bar; the middle play finds Arnold taking exquisite revenge on his faithless lover, who has married—a girl, yet; and the last one reunites the lovers in a friendship that is warmly believable and occasionally unpredictable.

All these sexual high jinks would undoubtedly scandalize Sister Mary Ignatius, the inspired creation of Christopher Durang in his maliciously funny caricature, ***Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All for You***. Elizabeth Franz is a hoot as a pushy nun who thinks that all life's troubles, Lord, can be resolved by a literal reading of the grade-school catechism. Durang's



palpable schoolboy rage at the Catholic clergy gives his toothy satire its lethal bite.

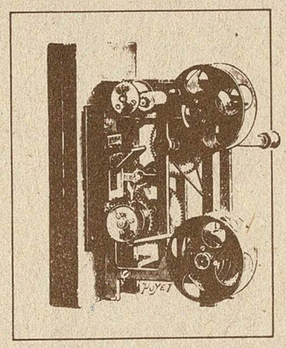
The late Harry Chapin delivered a much gentler, even affectionate spoof on religious excess in ***Cotton Patch Gospel***, which is still running at one of Off-Broadway's newest and nicest houses, the lovely Lamb's Theatre. This retelling (in down-home country idiom) of the Gospel life of Jesus Christ has a severe case of the cutesies, what with all the labored jokes about slippery-tongued evangelist ministers and yahoo southern businessmen. But the Chapin songs are pleasing specimens of their kind, and they are decently delivered here.

There was so much action Off-Broadway this year that one hit show, William Finn's ***March of the Falsettos***, had to close before it was ready to die a natural death. The victim of a booking crunch at one theater, and unable to find another free theater to take it in, *Falsettos* ended life with an outraged squawk. (It has subsequently found new life in a national road-show tour.) Just for the record, Finn's blithely charming songs sing the adventures of a sweet neurotic named Marvin who yearns for a "normal" domestic arrangement with his wife, child, *and* male lover. I mention this because, things being so volatile Off-Broadway these days, Marvin might just find his way back home before the season is out.—*Marilyn Stasio*

Susan Cook

Franz as Sister Mary Ignatius.

# FILMS



## STAGE BUSINESS

Lightning flashes. Thunder. Wind and rain. A curious creaking of the old mill wheel. Suddenly, through the French doors lunges a dead man's face, livid, streaked with blood and the dirt from a freshly dug grave.

Where are you? Are you in the middle of the high-school play ("3 m, 2 f, 1 set, all rights reserved")? Or are you in the middle of a slightly grown-up version of the same, Ira Levin's forever running ***Deathtrap***, now a movie, and still almost pure theatrical hokum?

But hokum of a fairly high order. There's spirited acting. There's a stunning single setting, a handsome living room/study beneath a quaint old windmill in Long Island's fashionable East Hampton. And there's the kind of intelligent, energetic direction that Sidney Lumet seems capable of bringing to anything—to this, as to last year's excellent *Prince of the City* or any other project that might genuinely occupy his mind. I don't really like *Deathtrap.* But I like and admire much of the spirit that has gone into it. I only wish more of that spirit had been able to come out of it at the end.

When mystery dramatist Sidney Bruhl (Michael Caine), after four failures on Broadway, tells his wife (Dyan Cannon) that he intends to murder the most promising student (Christopher Reeve) in his playwriting seminar so as to steal the young man's first play, he sets in motion a plot so absurdly complicated it could happen only on a stage. Onstage is where the movie version has the sense to keep it. Its style is not so much "theater" as "theater appreciation," with a delight in each pose, each carefully plotted turn of fortune—which a movie camera under fewer artificial restrictions could see through in a minute. *Deathtrap* will astonish you for exactly as long as you mean to be astonished. As a collaborative effort—between you, Lumet, and the fine cast, all indulging that creaky little play—it adds up most of the time to a kind of innocent, idle fun.

But at a certain point, as with all ways of aggressively wasting time, the idleness begins taking its toll. Each new plot gimmick becomes less a revelation and more a burden, until, in the last half hour, when surprises spring fast and furious, you may feel that the trap has been set for you. In the end *Deathtrap* is film, not theater. Its outrageous contrivances must stand or fall in a movie and not onstage. They fall, in rather a bunch. But they'll teach you something about the limits of theatrics along the way.

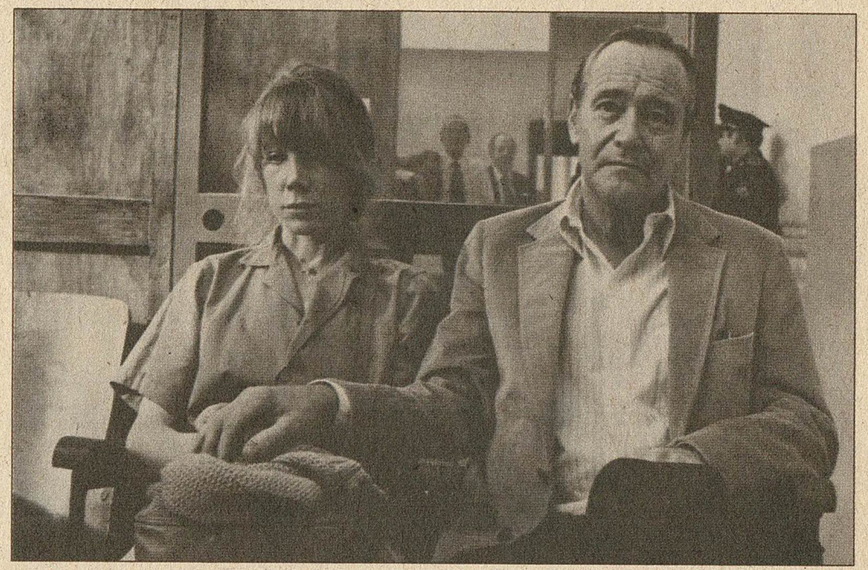
Reeve and Caine in *Deathtrap*: theatrical hokum of a high order.

Along a very different way, about as far as you can take filmed theater from the likes of *Deathtrap,* there is a beautiful new Russian movie worth searching out. In ***An Unfinished Piece for Player Piano*** Nikita Mikhalkov has adapted a play that Anton Chekhov wrote in his early twenties, in 1881, and didn't manage to get produced onstage. Perhaps for a reason. The description I've read of Chekhov's *Platonov,* which includes multiple sexual betrayals and the murder of its protagonist, sounds a little like a sobersided *Deathtrap.* Mikhalkov has taken from it some characters, some speeches, a time and place, but no murders. The result is a gentle, pensive comedy—not the original Chekhov, but infinitely Chekhovian. Mikhalkov has made a name for himself among American audiences in recent years with *A Slave of Love* and *Oblomov.* I think *An Unfinished Piece* is not only his best work but the best movie in some time.

If you know any of the great Chekhov plays, the situation will be familiar. A group of people, educated, idle, gather at the country estate of Anna Petrovna, a beautiful, aristocratic, but no longer solvent widow. They include Petrin, the businessman who now supports her; the local doctor Trieletsky, more interested in flirtation than in medicine; assorted uncles and cousins; and her stepson Sergei and his new wife, Sophia—who, like Anna Petrovna herself, was once in love with the schoolteacher Platonov.

Platonov, at age thirty-five, married, a father, a somewhat plump bundle of unanswered idealism and unfulfilled promise, is the center of the drama. A proper Chekhov protagonist, he is in mourning for his life. But his mourning, like everyone else's, smacks more of nostalgia than of despair. Consolation lies everywhere—in friends, in food, in his silly-sweet wife, in the lassitude of the summer's day that is the film's time span and its principal subject as well.

I'd recommend *An Unfinished Piece* for its good humor, its wisdom, its ready sadness, the relaxed brilliance of its ensemble acting, above all for its atmosphere and mood. How to play Chekhov always seems a challenge in the theater—at least, in the New York theater. But in Mikhalkov's cinema, it is as natural as easy breathing. The present moment, poised between past and future, between expectation and regret, extends before the camera with a density possible only to film—or perhaps to our own recollection of lazy hours memorable long after they have passed. Change, revolutionary change, will come; at some level that is always Chekhov's message. But "will come" implies "not yet." And this calm before the storm is the richest, most poignant, time of all.



*Missing* with Sissy Spacek and Jack Lemmon: the politics of Costa-Gavras.

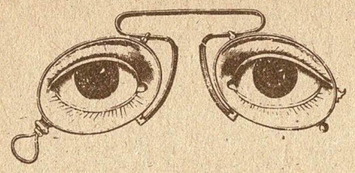
Anthropological film, a specialized passion in the universities, has never really made it into commercial movie theaters—for which we should often be grateful. You need not yet pay to see an hour on the hospitality patterns of Central Asia goat herders or the eye-contact avoidance rituals of Manhattan subway riders. No doubt their day is coming. Meanwhile, consider briefly three movies not untouched by the social scientist's concerns. I'll approach them in order of descending idiocy.

Enough intelligent people take Jean-Jacques Annaud's ***Quest for Fire*** seriously to suggest the folly of dismissing it out of hand. Nevertheless, here goes. It is a very solemn, painstakingly "realistic," ponderously silly movie about life 80,000 years ago, when nobody had matches and everyone communicated in a language invented for them by anthropologist Desmond Morris and novelist Anthony Burgess, who are not, to my knowledge, cavemen. Inevitably, the primitive-man movie involves us in the shock of recognition, discovering through the magic of cinema when and how our prehistoric ancestors began adopting the techniques and customs we find so comfortable today. Thus we see not only the first fire made from twirling a dry twig (rather than from an ember passed within the tribe through generations), but also the first frontal sex, the first female orgasm (cause and effect), and the first feeding of a peanut to an elephant. Actually, it's not an elephant. It's a woolly mastodon. And it isn't a peanut either. But the gesture is the same, and the mastodon does seem grateful. All the men look suitably Neanderthal, as if fresh from display in the natural-history museum. But the only woman of consequence (Ika—played by Rae Dawn Chong, Tommy Chong's daughter) could, with a change of hairstyle and slightly less body paint, look like 1982 Vogue or Cosmopolitan.

*An Unfinished Piece for Player Piano*: calm before the storm.

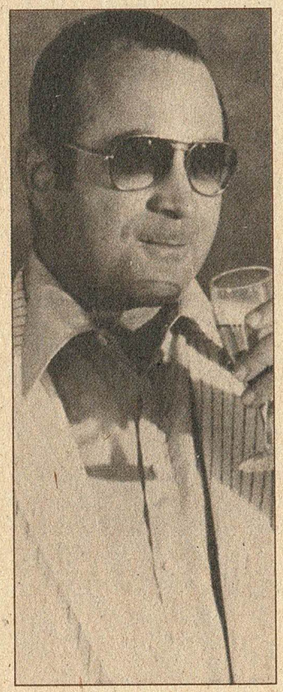
Costa-Gavras's ***Missing*** deals, not too explicitly, with an event in the 1973 coup against the Allende government in Chile. A young American living with his wife (Sissy Spacek) in Santiago disappears during the coup, and his father (Jack Lemmon) flies down to find him. After a long and frustrating search they learn the boy was killed, possibly with the collusion of American officials on the scene. The story, which is true, is instant drama, and thus ripe for the political cinema of Costa-Gavras. If you've seen his previous films—most notably *State of Siege*—you will recognize the formula. It involves a certain measure of pious opportunism in taking over an event with its audience responses ready-made. Behind the political verisimilitude, I can think of no more blatantly good-guys-versus-bad-guys cinema than that of Costa-Gavras. The bad guys are always us, or those who govern us and, in the eyes of proper-thinking liberals, put us in the wrong. This may bolster our proper thinking, but it impoverishes film. I can't help feeling that the deepest crime here is a crime against the expressive power of the movies.

Until John Mackenzie's ***The Long Good Friday*** knots itself up in more plot than it can untie—something about a vendetta



# WORDS

against the London underworld by the Irish Republican Army—it works as a very good fictional study of a successful mobster, his empire, his ambitions, his anxieties. Mackenzie comes out of a school of understated realism in British filmmaking, and he is able, quite without sentimentalizing him, to generate considerable sympathy for a hood who would as soon strangle you as drink to your health—on his yacht, with imported champagne. Harold Shand speaks a street language that needs some translating (nothing unusual; there have been films of English lowlife that actually came



Bob Hoskins as the gangster.

with subtitles), but his character connects with the complex energies of our own great gangsters, from Scarface on down.

Bob Hoskins, a superb actor, plays Harold Shand. In bed with his girlfriend (Helen Mirren) he shows up short, stocky, hairy, and balding—and thus provides a hero whom a man can relate to after all the bare, tapered chests in recent films.—*Roger Greenspun*

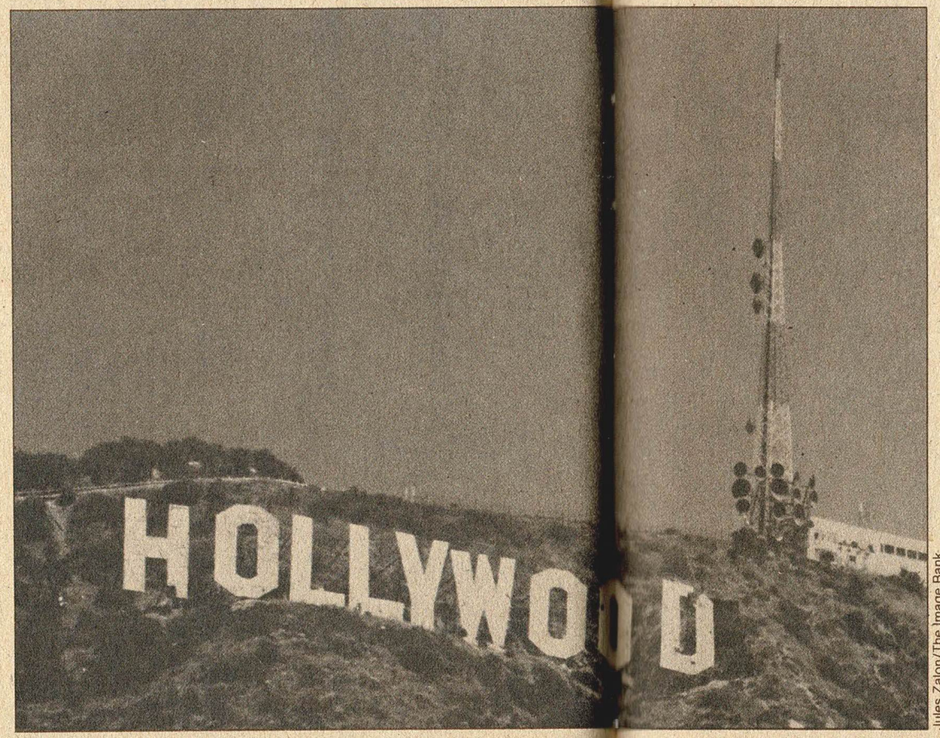
**CALIFORNIA DREAMING**

The trouble with Southern California is that nobody, outside maybe Rona Barrett, takes it very seriously. Living there has long functioned as one of America's favorite sick jokes, a metaphor for all that's gone wrong with society—or *could,* if you'd only give it enough space.

For that reason, the Coast has never really flourished as a literary mecca. Not that people there aren't writing; they are: screenplays, sitcoms, computer game programs, real-estate deals. Everyone with a portable typewriter, it seems, is working for Norman Lear, or wants to. Which leaves the task of writing *about* it to novelists, whose imaginations are currently working overtime.

A current spate of these books tends to glorify Southern California and serves to "mellow" its rep as the land of ilk and money. The best of the lot is perhaps Patricia Geary's ***Living in Ether*** (Harper & Row), a send-up of what transpires when worlds—this one and the Hereafter—collide. Geary's smoothly written farce spins wildly around Deirdre Gage, a young Hollywood medium, who assists her clients by getting in touch with the not yet lost spirits and sensibilities that continue to haunt them. The result is a loony six-day excursion into the unknown, during which she explores her mystical past, plumbs her sexuality, and fuses both with an erotic, neurotic flirtation with death. The best thing about the novel is the offhanded way in which Deirdre narrates each subsequent adventure. She's a sassy, capricious character, full of life, who exploits subliminal dreams and confronts each of her fantasies with wistful determination.

If Deirdre Gage represents *esprit,* then Sophie Lubin, Eve Babitz's paean to ***L.A. Woman*** (Linden), spells the death of desire. Not that we should panic, but who wants to take that train twice if you don't really have to? Still, the book, told through a tangle of flashbacks, is schizzy, flapperish, and provocative, a swift, kaleidoscopic tour of L.A. as seen through




Jules Zalon/The Image Bank

the eyes of one of its slightly harebrained but refreshingly candid natives.

Equally irreverent, though more poignant by far, is ***Days Without Weather*** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), by Cecil Brown, about the plight of black entertainers in Hollywood. It's full of rich, beguiling scenes and sly humor, but while entertaining, it unleashes a subtle backhand that continues to sting well after the laughter fades.

***Who Killed Sal Mineo?*** (Wyndham), by Susan Braudy, plumbs the dark reaches of celebrity and imaginatively probes the violent circumstances surrounding the murder of one of Hollywood's more venerated screen legends. Braudy's approach is fiction, although the shock effect is real enough. In this version, pop-journalist Sara Martin tackles the murder investigation and becomes unwittingly enmeshed in the dangerously erotic maelstrom that was Mineo's personal life. Particularly interesting is the manner in which she bridges the gay and heterosexual coordinates that bound Mineo to his environment while he walked a sexual tightrope above an adoring public.

Hollywood, on the other hand, takes it on the chin in several yarns devoted solely to exploiting its bitter-'n'-nasty legends. ***Bijou Dreams*** (Crown), by Jack Warner, Jr., lacks any of the cinematic punch that fueled so many of his father's blockbuster films. He has fashioned a behind-the-scenes melodrama out of characters who shamelessly overact (the protagonist is ironically named Ham) and whose antics eventually peter out like the flickering frames of a nickelodeon.

The same goes for ***The Big Girls*** (Doubleday), by Nancy Holmes, about a trio of sybarites who scour the globe (via Hollywood, of course) in search of fame, romance, and the elusive orgasm. They don't find it.

Only Monique van Vooren's ***Night Sanctuary*** (Summit) manages to capture the deviant glamour of show biz without sinking too far into the slime. Her saga of three beauties sleeping their way to the top covers it all: stars, scandal, sex, extravagant locales, a revolving plot—all the right and unsavory ingredients tantamount to sure bestsellerdom.

If you can wend through the maze of subplots, there's a taut mystery in ***Heart Payments*** (Viking), by Gerald Jay Goldberg. Set against the backdrop of the art world of Southern California, the story offers some exciting moments in relating the pursuit of a stolen Rembrandt, but the mystery itself—the whereabouts of the painting—is never resolved.

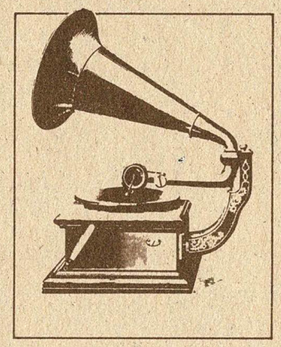
Wide World Photos

Sal Mineo: sexual tightrope.

There's no mystery whatsoever to the grim reality of ***'Ludes*** (Marek), Ben Stein's shocking foray into the nightmare of drug addiction. This real-life rise and fall of a securities shark is equal in language and impact to *What Makes Sammy Run?* without the laughs. Its patsy, Lenny Brown, moves from New York to L.A., where he instantly catapults to fortune. But the top is not without its pitfalls, and when the rug is yanked out from beneath him, Brown cushions the fall with the help of Quaaludes. Thus, he initiates a reliance on the drug from which he never recovers. Stein's reconstruction of the events precipitating Lenny's downfall is handled with skill and sensitivity. He shatters the illusions of overnight success and lays bare the stark futility of California dreaming.—*Bob Spitz*

Vooren: the right ingredients.

# SOUNDS



**THE HARD TRUTH**

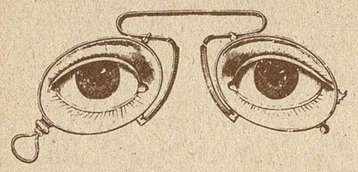
These are the worst of times for record companies and the best of times for people who like jazz. Ten years ago rock and pop records were selling practically as fast as the companies could manufacture them, but records by the giants of jazz—Louis Armstrong, Lester Young, Duke Ellington, Charlie Parker—were hard to find. Today the reverse is true. Sales of pop and rock records are in a slump, partly because manufacturing costs are skyrocketing and the public can't afford more expensive albums and singles, partly because of home taping. Yet the record companies are deluging us with jazz.

Let's be realistic about this: jazz comes cheap. Back in the 1920s, when American record companies began recording jazz, musicians were frequently paid with a bottle of booze or a flat, nominal fee. Royalties? Forget it. Musicians have grown more sophisticated business-wise, but the very nature of jazz—its spontaneity, its high standards of musicianship—still make it a bargain from a record company's standpoint.

Rock musicians often spend months in the studio, recording one instrument at a time, then painstakingly mixing the results. And time in a modern recording studio runs to hundreds of dollars an hour. Jazz musicians walk into the studio ready to get down to business. They rarely take more than a day or two to record an entire album, with another day for mixing. And most jazz records don't cost *anything* to record. They're reissues of performances, some of them classics, that were recorded and put out years ago. The original records have long been out of print, and the master tapes have been languishing in company vaults.

But there's another, deeper reason for the onrushing torrent of jazz releases. Historically, jazz has been most popular when the American economy has been most precarious. The Depression years of the 1930s were also the swing era, when jazz musicians like Benny Goodman were pop stars. The deep recession that followed the Korean War found jazz pianist Nat ("King") Cole riding high as a pop crooner and another jazz pianist, Dave Brubeck, milking a lucrative new college market. And the more the current recession cuts into rock and pop record sales (even the biggest stars are selling a fraction of the millions they sold five years ago), the more jazz flourishes. For the first time in the music's history, you can walk into a decently stocked record store and find almost all the jazz masterpieces, from Louis Armstrong's fledgling flights with King Oliver to the latest thrashings and rumblings of the avant-garde. Jazz is substantial; people value it in hard times because it's the funky truth.

The first major American record company to realize that jazz classics shouldn't be going in and out of print as fast as the most disposable pop was Fantasy, the Berkeley-based outfit that made a mint in the late sixties with Creedence Clearwater Revival. At the beginning of the seventies, Fantasy hired veteran jazz producer Orrin Keepnews and started buying up the catalogs of some of the most important modern jazz labels—independent firms, most of them one-man operations, that recorded classics by musicians like Charlie Parker, Miles Davis, and Thelonious Monk and later, during the rocking sixties, went under. Keepnews had produced quite a few of those classics for Riverside records. Fantasy gobbled up Riv-

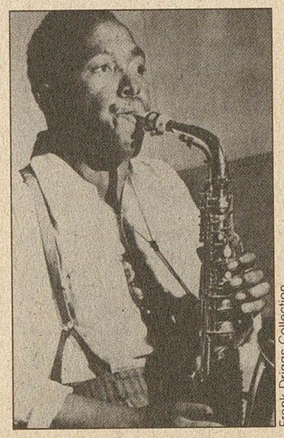


erside and then Prestige, which had been Riverside's chief competitor throughout the fifties. And almost immediately the company began releasing the material they'd acquired in the form of twofers—double albums selling "two fer" the price of one-and-a-half LPs. There are now more than a hundred twofers in the Fantasy catalog (some carry a Prestige or Milestone label logo), and they are bargains as well as the standards by which most other jazz reissues are now judged. Some are essential modern-jazz masterworks—Miles Davis's *Tallest Trees* and *Collectors' Items, The Greatest Jazz Concert Ever* (with Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Bud Powell, Charlie Mingus, and Max Roach), Thelonious Monk's *Brilliance,* to name a few. Others are concept albums, like the brand-new and thoroughly delightful *Giants of the Blues Tenor Sax,* a collection of atmospheric tenor-and-organ-combo slow burns that is the ultimate in late-night listening.

During the mid-seventies, Columbia's jazz-minded president, Bruce Lundvall, started building a balanced jazz catalog at that company. He made new records by Dexter Gordon, expatriate Cuban saxophonist Paquito D'Rivera, punk-jazz guitar innovator James ("Blood") Ulmer, and others, and he oversaw a reissue program that yielded gems like *The Lester Young Story* (five two-record sets) and Charlie Parker's *One Night at Birdland.* Earlier this year, Lundvall left Columbia to start his own jazz label, Musician, distributed by Elektra. Musician's first releases include *One Night in Washington,* a smoking, previously unheard Charlie Parker concert with incredibly clear sound, and the newly recorded *The Griffith Park Collection,* on which pop-fusion mercenaries Stanley Clarke, Chick Corea, Freddie Hubbard, and Lenny White join saxophone virtuoso Joe Henderson and prove they can still play honest jazz when they feel like it.

Europeans took jazz seriously in its earliest years, and the European branches of major American record labels are often more scrupulous about keeping great jazz on the market than their parent companies. MCA, which owns the catalogs of the old Decca and ABC labels, recently took advantage of this by translating the essays on the back of French MCA's "Jazz Heritage Series" albums into English and putting the albums out here. Unlike Columbia and RCA, which have managed to keep at least some of their jazz classics available over the years, Decca let its jazz treasures gather dust for more than a decade. Now *fifty* albums of Decca jazz classics are available, many of them for the first time in fifteen or twenty years.

There are ten LPs by Louis Armstrong alone, including *Young Louis/The Side Man* and *Back in New York,* containing some of his most spectacular work. The swing bands of Fletcher Henderson, Earl Hines, Jimmie Lunceford, Chick Webb, and Lionel Hampton are well represented. But there are some terrific albums in the series by artists who aren't quite as well known. *Jumpin' at the Savoy* collects the best work of the hard-swinging Savoy Sultans, who made Harlem's Savoy dance hall "the home of happy feet" in the 1930s. *The Early Bird Charlie Parker,* featuring Jay McShann's 1940s orchestra, boasts both Parker's earliest blues solos and rocking music by a nonpareil Kansas City band. There's more great Kansas City boogie and blues on



Frank Driggs Collection

Parker: classical jazz.

L.F.I./Retna

Louis Armstrong: jazz reissues take over as rock music sales slump.

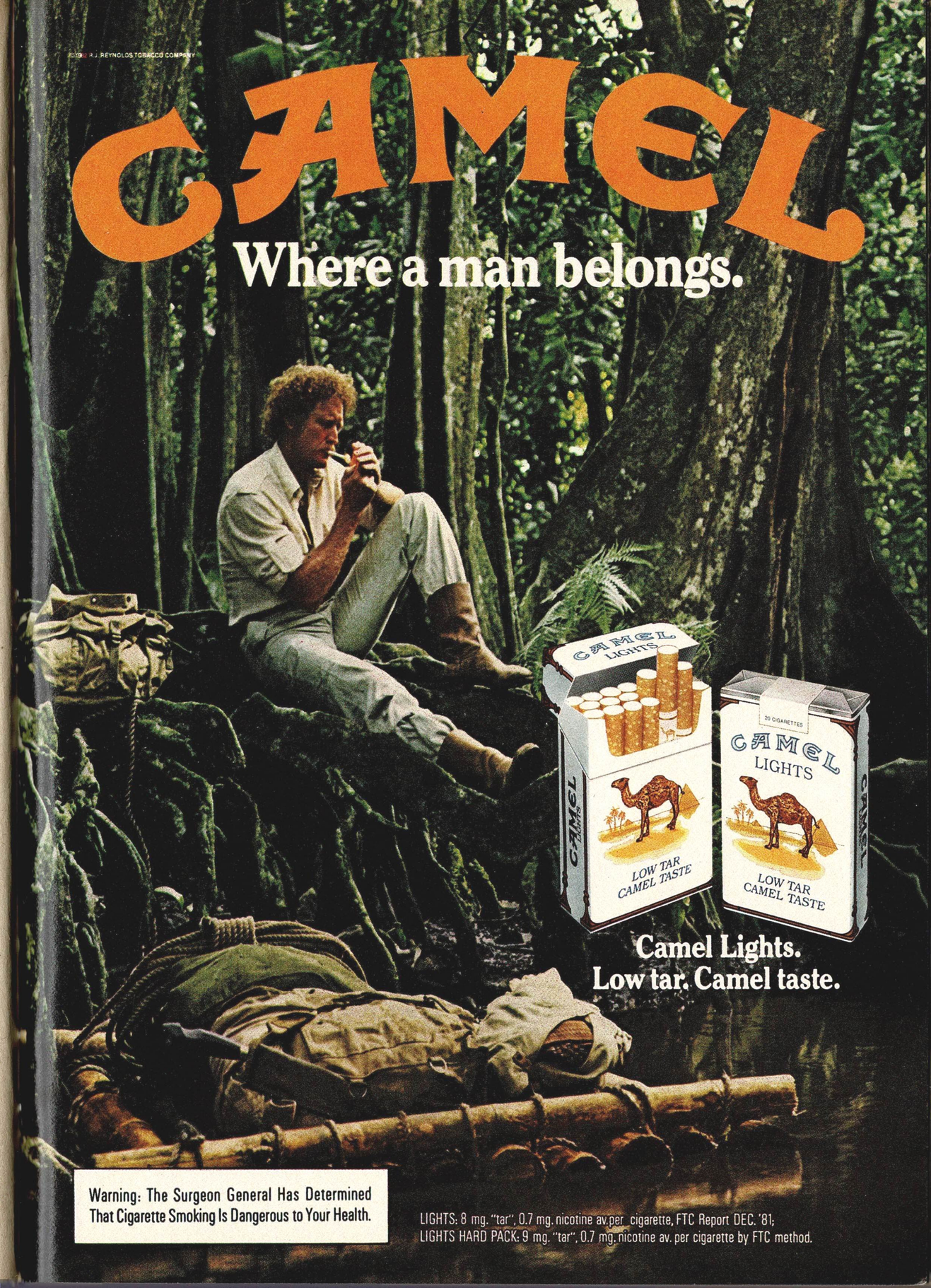
*Early Big Joe,* by Joe Turner, blues shouter supreme. And check out *Gospel Train* by Sister Rosetta Tharpe, a guitar-toting sanctified singer whose 1940s recordings inspired Elvis Presley, Carl Perkins, and other early rock-'n'-rollers.

Another worthy European-connected venture is the release of some fine albums from Germany's Enja label by America's Polygram classics. Polygram handles the prestigious Deutsche Grammophon classical line, and the sound on the Enjas is of comparable quality. The best Enja stuff so far is a series of live albums from the early sixties by bassist Charles Mingus and saxophone firebrand Eric Dolphy—*Mingus in Europe,* Volumes I and II, and Dolphy's *Berlin Concerts* and *Stockholm Session.* Mingus's 1956 album *Pithecanthropus Erectus,* the intense, driven record that virtually invented free jazz, was recently reissued by Atlantic, which has been plowing profits from its recent run of rock hits into some admirable new "Jazzlore" and "Atlantic Deluxe" sets. Jazzlore's *Joe Turner: The Boss of the Blues* is Kansas City jazz-blues at its best, and Atlantic Deluxe has just released a five-record album documenting the unique genius of Ray Charles, with his soul, big-band, and small-group jazz and bluesy country-and-western stylings given equal play.

Arista records has mined the catalog of the independent Savoy label for a series of jazz reissues that includes *Bird/ The Savoy Recordings (Master Takes),* the *definitive* collection by the most brilliant soloist in jazz history. EMI/UA records is still dredging up amazing, previously unreleased albums from the holdings of the Blue Note label—check out Dexter Gordon's *Clubhouse,* Ike Quebec's *Congo Lament,* and Weather Report saxophonist Wayne Shorter's *Etcetera,* a moody, lyrical 1965 set that was inexplicably shelved at the time and is probably the best album Shorter ever made.

Independent labels have traditionally been the messengers of new jazz developments, stepping in where the more conservative "majors" fear to tread. There are still plenty of independent jazz labels around, and they're still recording the cutting edge of the music—you can find the best recent work by Cecil Taylor, Anthony Braxton, and Max Roach on Hat Hut, a company based in upstate New York. But only the major labels can get their albums into every nook and cranny of the American heartland, and today, for the first time ever, every major label is involved in an active jazz program. Given the on-again, off-again nature of the big boys' involvement in jazz and the economic realities behind the current jazz boom, it would be foolish to imagine this situation continuing forever. So if you like jazz, invest soon. You may never have a chance like this again.—*Robert Palmer*

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# GETTING STUNG

BY ALAN DERSHOWITZ

Law enforcement has gone Hollywood, staging elaborate "sting" operations with cops posing as everything from porn stars to Arab princes. It's getting so that you can't tell the good guys from the bad guys—and *that,* writes a noted constitutional expert, is the problem.

PAINTING BY DON PUNCHATZ

The 1960s arrived late in St. Albans, Vt. It had been an old railroad town until the early 1960s, when the Central Vermont Railway shut down the last of its repair yards. Though Union Carbide still assembles flashlights there, "it's been going downhill since they've closed the yards," remarked an aide in the mayor's office. Situated near the east shore of Lake Champlain and twenty-five miles north of the University of Vermont, the town of 7,300 began to develop an unlikely business to replace railroading. It became a center of the drug trade for the surrounding area. It began slowly, with a few rural communes in the countryside of Franklin County, to which New York radicals brought their counterculture. St. Albans's proximity to the Canadian border—coupled with its tiny and largely nonfunctioning police force—made that 100-acre town an ideal place to conduct the small drug trade supporting the few local communes. But soon the word traveled south to New York, east to Boston, and even west to California: St. Albans was a haven for druggies.

The drugs were mainly those of the white counterculture: marijuana, hashish, LSD, and speed. The young people who used them sported long hair and bedraggled clothing. They began to arrive by the busload, often with no place to stay and no work to do. Taylor Park and Main Street became their homes and their trading centers. The welfare office became a meeting place, as hundreds of transplanted city folk signed up to collect the limited resources of the rural dole. The entire face of the town was changing, and there was little the locals could do.

It was like the town of Hamlin in the fairy tale, except that instead of rats, St. Albans had druggies. But the townsfolk were as concerned about the plague being spread by their unwanted guests as the townsfolk of Hamlin had been.

A pied piper was needed to rid St. Albans of its druggies, and just as things reached the point of desperation in 1973, he arrived. His name was Paul Lawrence. He was in his late twenties and looked like many of the kids who had recently come to town. But he was a narc—an undercover policeman whose specialty was setting up drug deals and then arresting the dealers. Some people regard that as entrapment, but the town fathers of St. Albans were not in a mood to worry about legal or ethical niceties. They wanted action.

As Mayor Melvin Kaye later recalled in a newspaper interview: "The laws seemed to be much more in favor of those accused, and the law-enforcement officers had both hands tied behind their backs. The city council was alarmed. The taxpayers were demanding action."

And action they got. In a secret meeting, the city council voted to hire Paul Lawrence as an undercover narcotics agent. For $8,000, he agreed to set up an ongoing drug scam. Within months, he promised, he would make St. Albans as free of druggies as the Pied Piper had made Hamlin free of rats.

Lawrence set to work immediately. He blended into the drug subculture and began to ask where he could make a score. He spread the word that he was willing to pay top dollar for drugs—far more than the prevailing price in town. There were some nibbles, and a few bites. Before long he made his move. Twenty-seven hippies were swept up in a series of drug raids and charged with the sale of heroin, cocaine, and LSD. It was more than the city council had anticipated. No one had even suspected that there was a heroin trade in town. But Lawrence produced the proof: the powder he had bought from the dealers and kept in his apartment was sent to the New York State Police Laboratory in Albany and the results came back: high-grade heroin.

The defendants claimed they had been framed. All denied selling drugs to Lawrence, and some denied even meeting him. But the cry of "frame-up" is the typical response of the arrested drug dealer, and convictions were quickly secured on the basis of Lawrence's testimony and the evidence of the drugs he produced.

> The scam as a technique of law enforcement is now out of control. Every prosecutor, undercover investigator, and policeman is free to conduct any scam as he sees fit without fear of judicial rebuke.

The half-life of a narc in a given community is extremely short: generally when an undercover agent surfaces to testify, his effectiveness is over. The word quickly spreads around town and nobody in the drug culture will have anything to do with him. But Lawrence managed to continue his scam for several more months, moving around to different groups, changing his cover, raising the price he was willing to pay. Eventually Lawrence's drug scams produced 600 arrests and 240 convictions. His job completed, Lawrence moved to a different town in another Vermont county to ply his trade. The town of St. Albans was rid of its drug problem, its hippie problem, and its welfare problem.

But like the town of Hamlin, its real problem was just beginning: claims persisted that Lawrence had framed his arrestees—that he had made up cases, especially heroin cases. One woman swore she had been framed because she refused to sleep with him. The two defense attorneys in St. Albans who had handled most of the drug cases became convinced that something was wrong: never had they heard so many claims of frame-up; never had there been so many arrests on heroin charges; never had a single narc, working alone, secured so many convictions. The lawyers arranged for several of their clients to take lie-detector tests. Asked whether they had ever sold drugs to Lawrence, they said no. The polygraph expert said they were telling the truth. The lawyers then brought a formal complaint before the state attorney general's office and requested a full investigation. The town of St. Albans, they claimed, had substituted one form of railroading for another.

In the meantime, Lawrence was beginning to make cases at his new job. One of the policemen with whom he was assigned to work became suspicious. Patrick Leahy—then county prosecutor and now United States senator from Vermont—also smelled a rat. Leahy decided that something had to be done to find out, once and for all, whether Lawrence was an honest cop who was getting a bad rap from angry drug dealers, or a lying cop who was making up cases against innocent hippies. But how could they test him without his realizing he was being tested? Suddenly, Leahy had an idea. It was as obvious as it was poetic: Leahy would set up his own scam, not unlike the ones used by Lawrence. The bait would be dangled. If Lawrence didn't bite, he would prove his innocence. If he did bite, he would trap himself.

A new undercover agent was needed for this scam, one whose face wasn't known to Lawrence. They went all the way to Brooklyn, N.Y., and came up with Michael Schwartz—alias "the Rabbi." Schwartz, like Lawrence, was an undercover narc. He worked out of the Brooklyn district attorney's office. But in Vermont he was introduced around as a major-league drug dealer. His mug shot and ersatz record were smuggled into the police files of the city where Lawrence was working, and Lawrence was assigned to try to make a case against the Rabbi.

The Rabbi, in the meantime, was wired for sound by prosecutor Leahy's office and placed under constant surveillance. He set up office on a park bench near city hall and waited.

Lawrence spotted him on the bench. He drove by several times in his car to be certain it was really the Rabbi. Having concluded it was, Lawrence went directly to the police station, where he filled out an arrest warrant and affidavit swearing that he had just made a heroin buy from the Rabbi. Lawrence had not even stopped to speak to Schwartz, as the tape and surveillance would prove, yet was claiming he had bought heroin from him.

The jig was up. Lawrence was arrested and convicted on charges growing out of the false buy. He was sentenced to a term of three to eight years in prison.

After an extended investigation, seven-

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ty-one of those people who had been convicted of drug crimes on the basis of Lawrence's testimony were granted full pardons by Vermont Governor Thomas P. Salmon. It turned out, not unexpectedly, that some of Lawrence's cases had been good: they were supported by police evidence independent of Lawrence's testimony and drugs. Cries of entrapment by these defendants fell on deaf ears. But everyone whose conviction rested on Lawrence's uncorroborated word was freed.

Lawrence lost his job and went to prison. The phony entrapper had been caught in a real trap much like the ones he had used and pretended to use. It was poetic—but was it justice?

### The Question of Entrapment

The remarkable case of Paul Lawrence raises troubling questions about the whole range of law-enforcement techniques that rely on "the scam" (also referred to as "the sting")—the government-agent-disguised-as-criminal sent out as bait to lure once and future criminals into committing crimes in the presence of the agent (or a recording device).

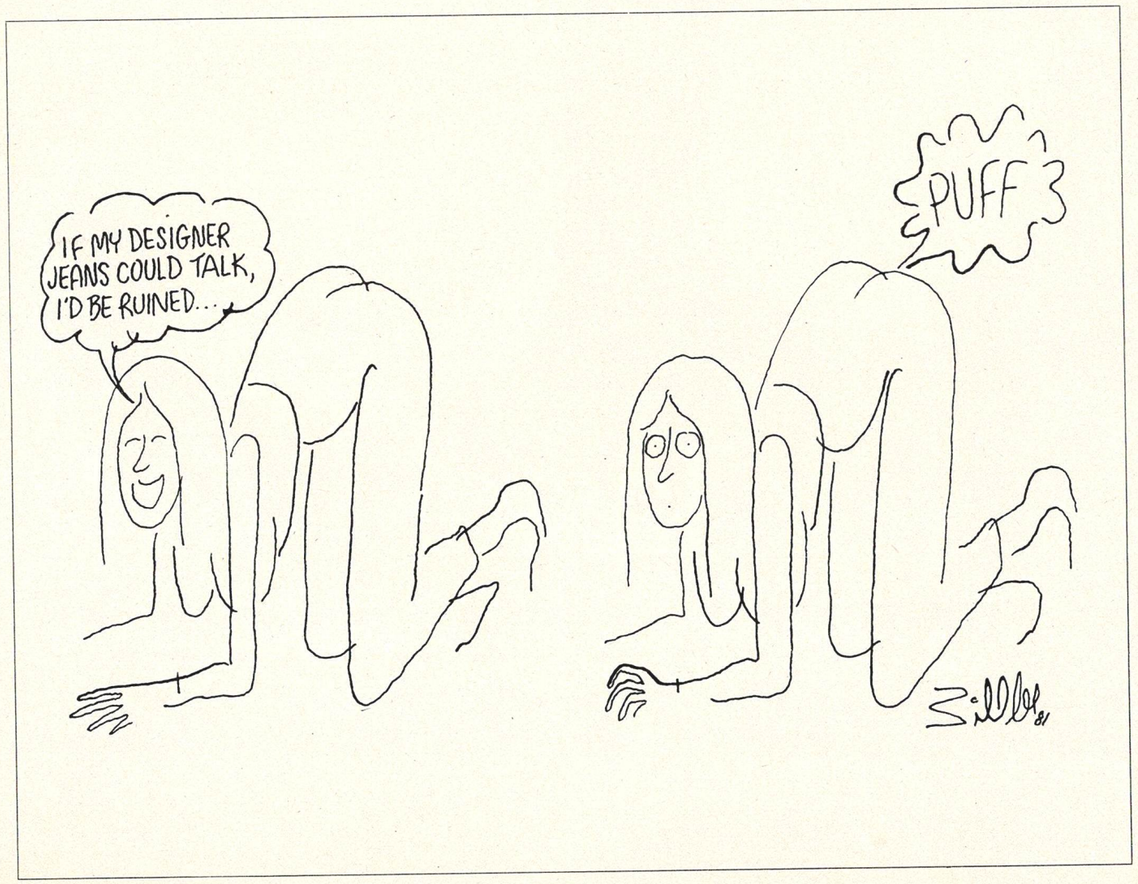
It was a scam that made it possible for the bad guy, Paul Lawrence, to do his dirty work. But it was also a scam that made it possible for the good guy, prosecutor Leahy, to trap and expose the bad guy. The Lawrence case presents, in a nutshell, most of the arguments for and against the scam as a technique of law enforcement. It demonstrates why prosecutors and police insist that it is an invaluable tool for catching criminals who would otherwise escape detection and continue to prey on the public. How else, they ask, could the secret crimes of a crooked cop, or a crooked politician, be detected? The Lawrence case also shows why many concerned citizens regard the law-enforcement scam as unlawful entrapment, and want it stopped. They argue that the abuses uncovered in the Lawrence case, and in others like it, are inevitable once law-enforcement authorities are permitted to act like crooks in an effort to lure suspects into committing catchable crimes.

The issue is as important as any now being debated in the area of law enforcement, since the scam is quickly becoming a major prosecutional technique on both the national and local level. The FBI alone acknowledges that it is currently operating more than eighty scams. And nearly every major city—and many not so major ones—is conducting ongoing scams.

Abscam was, of course, the most famous and highly publicized federal scam. The Justice Department secretly televised congressmen and senators as they met with someone pretending to represent a wealthy Arab sheik seeking to buy asylum in the United States. Bribes were offered. Some of the public officials turned them down (including my former student, Senator Larry Pressler of South Dakota), but others willingly accepted them. The latter were indicted, convicted, and sentenced to prison.

The most controversial of the Abscam cases involved Sen. Harrison Williams, a Democrat from New Jersey. Williams, who was not a target of the original scam, learned of the existence of the sheik and his money. The senator's personal lawyer initiated contact with the sheik's American representative—a con man named Melvin Weinberg, who was working undercover for the government—and inquired about the possibility of a joint business venture. Several surreptitiously videotaped meetings were arranged among Williams, the sheik, Weinberg, and others.

I have seen some of the tapes, and they are quite remarkable. They show a somewhat aloof senator bragging about his considerable power and influence in Washington (and if that were a crime, our prisons would be full of public officials and private executives!). Williams seemed prepared to barter this power and influence for a $100-million loan from the sheik to finance a potentially profitable titanium mine in which the senator had a hidden interest. But the government agents were not satisfied with this; they wanted Williams to agree specifically that in exchange for financing by the sheik, he would use his office to obtain government contracts for the venture. Williams was



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plainly reluctant to commit himself. He would "try"—that was the most he originally would say. But the agents told him that trying would not be enough: in order to obtain the financing he would have to promise to get the contracts. Government prosecutors had instructed the agents to get him to speak the words that would constitute a crime.

At one point, Weinberg coached Williams about exactly what he should say to the sheik: "You gotta tell him how important you are, who you are, what you can do, and you tell in no uncertain terms." Then he read Williams his lines: "Without me there is no deal. I'm the man. I'm the man who's gonna open the doors. I'm the man who's gonna do this and use my influence, and I guarantee this." He urged Williams to "mention names." Having given the senator a script that would seal his conviction, he assured him that it was "all bullshit."

After considerable hemming and hawing, Williams finally spoke the words the government wanted to hear. When asked whether he'd be able to secure government contracts if the sheik agreed to finance the mining venture, Williams said, "No problem . . . it will come to pass." And he mentioned a name: "I'll talk to the president of the United States about it, and, you know, in a personal way, and get him as enthusiastic and excited, because we know what our country needs."

Another videotaped interview illustrates the danger of the scripted scam. At one point, Williams—like the other congressmen and senator—was offered money in return for assisting the sheik with his immigration problems. Williams categorically rejected the offer, then began to explain why he was turning the money down. Before Williams could complete his explanation, another undercover agent burst into the room and told the sheik that there was an important phone call for him. The sheik excused himself and the conversation ended.

Williams contends that the government agents, monitoring the conversation from an adjoining room, deliberately cut off his explanation because they feared that he would say something on videotape that would help him when he was brought to trial on the titanium case—something that would support his defense that he intended to remain on the lawful side of the fuzzy line between criminal bribery and routine influence peddling. The government asserts that the interruption was part of the original script and did not prejudice the case for Williams. The judge and jury believed the government, and Williams was convicted of bribery and sentenced to three years in prison. His case is now pending on appeal.

Other less publicized scams have been even more imaginative than Abscam. A few examples:

• In an operation called MIPORN—for Miami Pornography—federal agents went into the porn business for several years, and bought hundreds of films and other allegedly obscene material from suppliers. Eventually, the FBI arrested fifty-five people in Miami, New York, Los Angeles, Cleveland, and half a dozen other cities.

• The New York City police went even further. Not only did they run a porn bookstore in Times Square for eight months, they actually commissioned and financed the production of an obscene movie. A policewoman helped to direct the on-camera sex acts of the participants to make sure they were sufficiently explicit to meet the legal definition of obscenity. (When the film's existence was leaked to the press, the police first denied it and then dropped the scam, as well as another one involving the operation—by the police department—of a house of prostitution.)

• The Los Angeles Police Department placed the following ad in a local paper: "Sexy hostesses needed for gambling junket. Entails foreign travel. . . ." A phone number was given, and those calling were invited to a party and told: "It's to your advantage to be liked by the men." The men at the party were undercover police, and fifty-four women were arrested for trying too hard to be liked by the men.

• In Washington, D.C., the FBI set up a mammoth fencing operation in an abandoned warehouse. They spread the word

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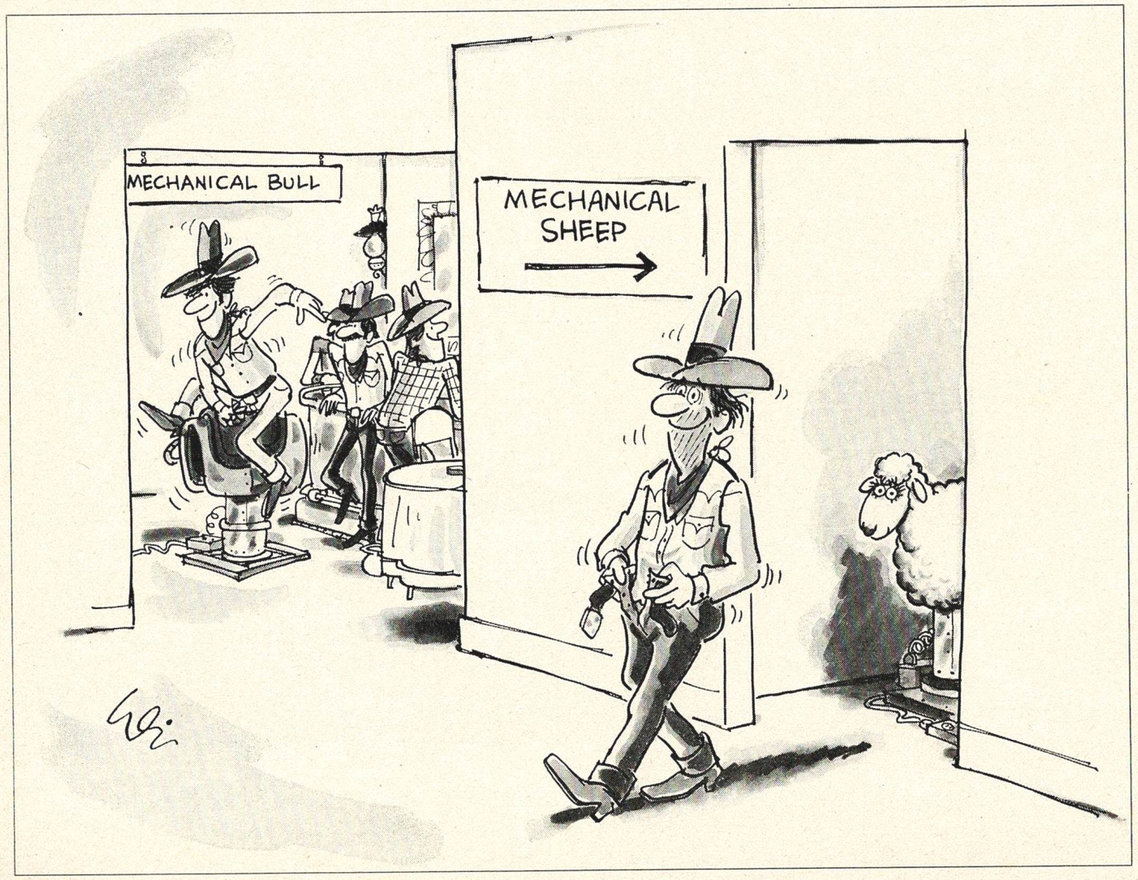

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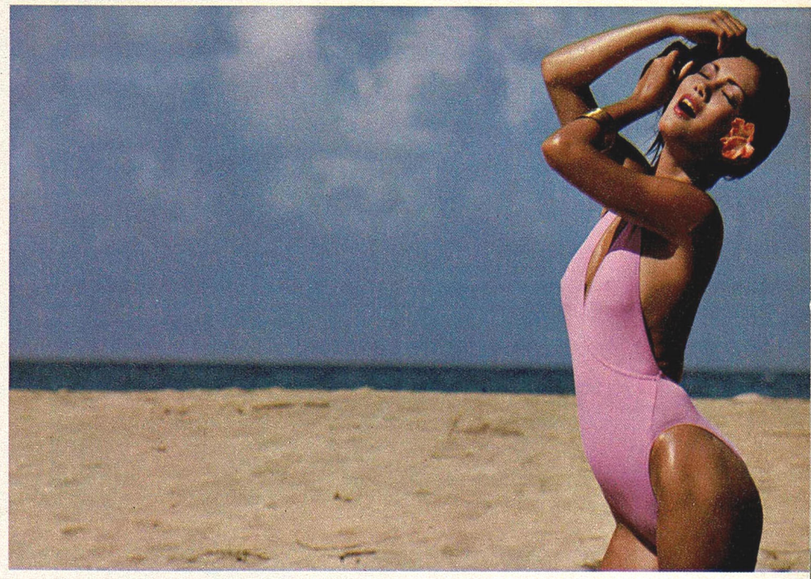
# PET OF THE YEAR PLAY-OFF

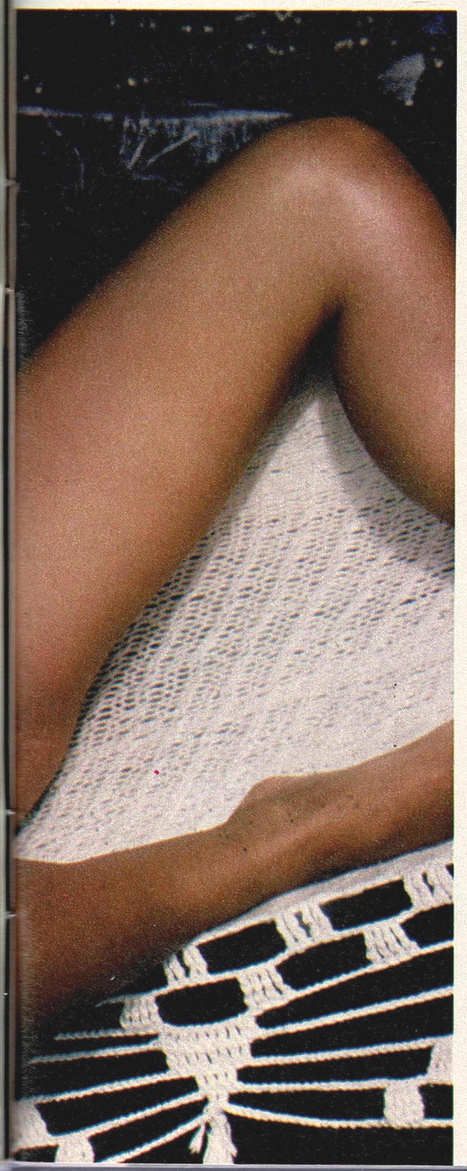
Normally, we're progressive. But in June we relish living in the past, scrutinizing with a certain sweet nostalgia the sexy ladies who've recently adorned our pages, picking from that caressable cluster five ripe contenders for our highest accolade: the title of Penthouse Pet of the Year. However, we leave to our discerning readers the far tougher task of determining which of the comely contenders pictured here best embodies the ideas of feminine charm and fabulous formation that our Pet of Pets must possess. Feel free to dawdle over such splendid choices, then send the name of your favorite to the New York or London office of *Penthouse*. After that, we'll be living for the future, waiting breathlessly for the winner's crowning moment.

## SUZEÉ PAI
## January 1981

Spectacular 34-23-34-inch Suzeé, an exotic blend of French and Chinese superlatives, is actually refreshingly all-American in her interests. A native Philadelphian, she loves attending the Eagles and the Phillies hometown games. When Suzeé first appeared as Pet of the Month, she claimed her biggest fantasy was to spend some time with Burt Reynolds. Amazingly enough, she's since appeared with Reynolds in the recent film *Sharkey's Machine,* proving, she informs us, that when you wish upon a star, your dreams come true. When you're a dream girl like Suzeé, they ought to!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAT HILL





# CORINNE ALPHEN

## August 1981

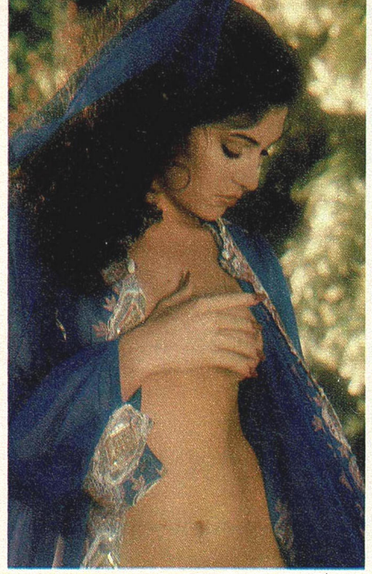
Twice a Pet of the Month, charismatic Corinne is several times over a shooting film starlet. She's been sighted shining opposite Rock Hudson in *The Starmaker,* among others. And she'll sizzle this summer when *Brainwave*, starring Tony Curtis, is released, and again this fall in *Night People*. Her biggest thrill, though, was playing the lead in an Off-Off-Broadway production of the Tennessee Williams classic *Baby Doll*. Candidly, Corinne admits she likes her lovemaking "wet, wild, and hard"–a very easy order to fill!

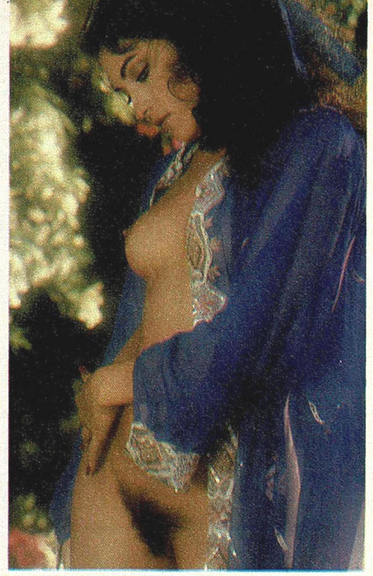
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

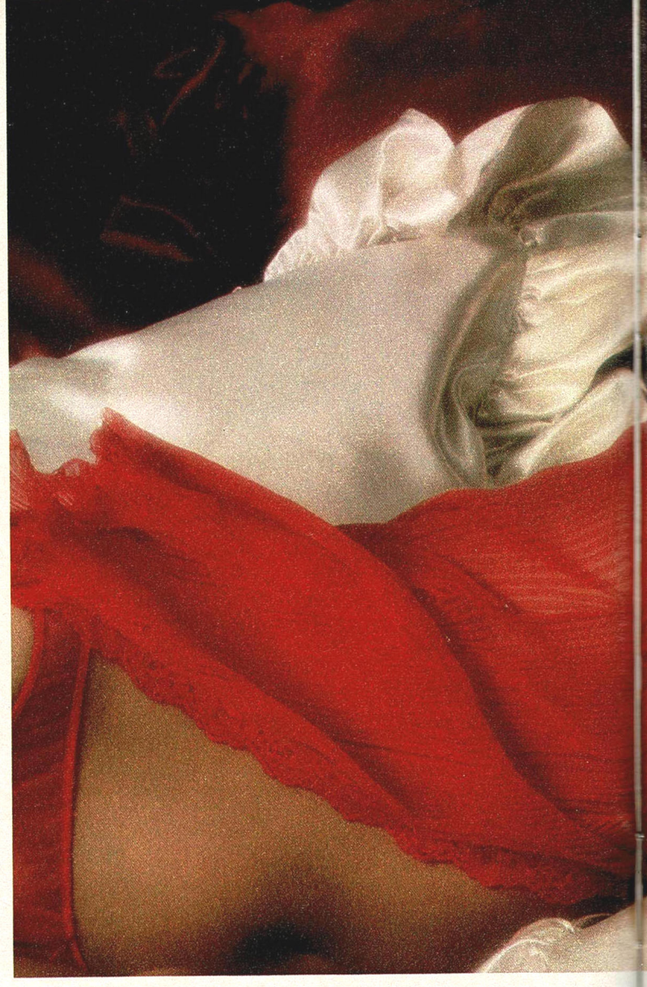
# AVA MONET
## December 1980

Ava's festive coloring and decorative 36-23-36-inch packaging wrapped her in so much attention that she decided to seek her fortune outside sleepy Boise, Idaho–a town that left her "restless as a hot potato." Now twenty-three, Ava studies acting in West Hollywood. When she's not auditioning or disco skating, our raven-haired beauty thrives on sexual encounters with men who are even more strong-willed than she is. In bed, she says, she never pretends–feels full disclosure is important. We'd call her full disclosure a boon to mankind!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER







# CODY CARMACK
## May 1981

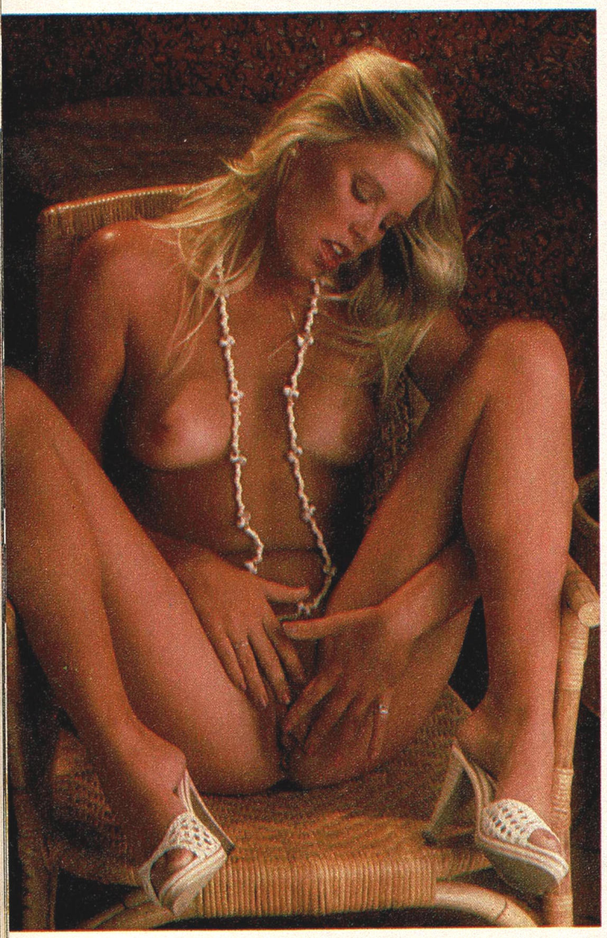
Cody, who lives and loves in the sunny climate of Austin, captured the heart of Texas first before going nationwide with *Penthouse*. "Men were always telling me I was sexy," she laughs. "Now I have pictures to prove it!" Just twenty, but wise beyond her years, Cody loves dating U.T. professors and "teaching them a thing or two. I'm very proud of my breasts," she admits. "Whenever I touch them, they always stand up for me!" And so, comely Cody, will we!

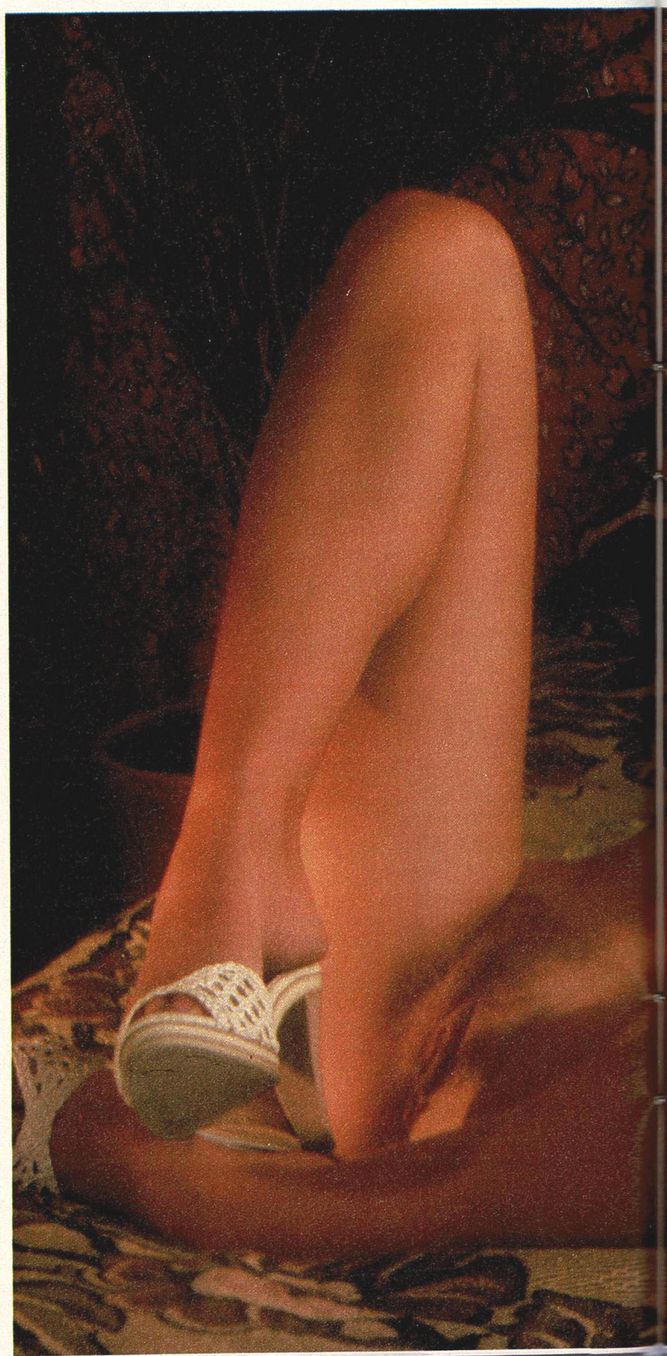
PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. E. BARNES AND DONNA BARNES

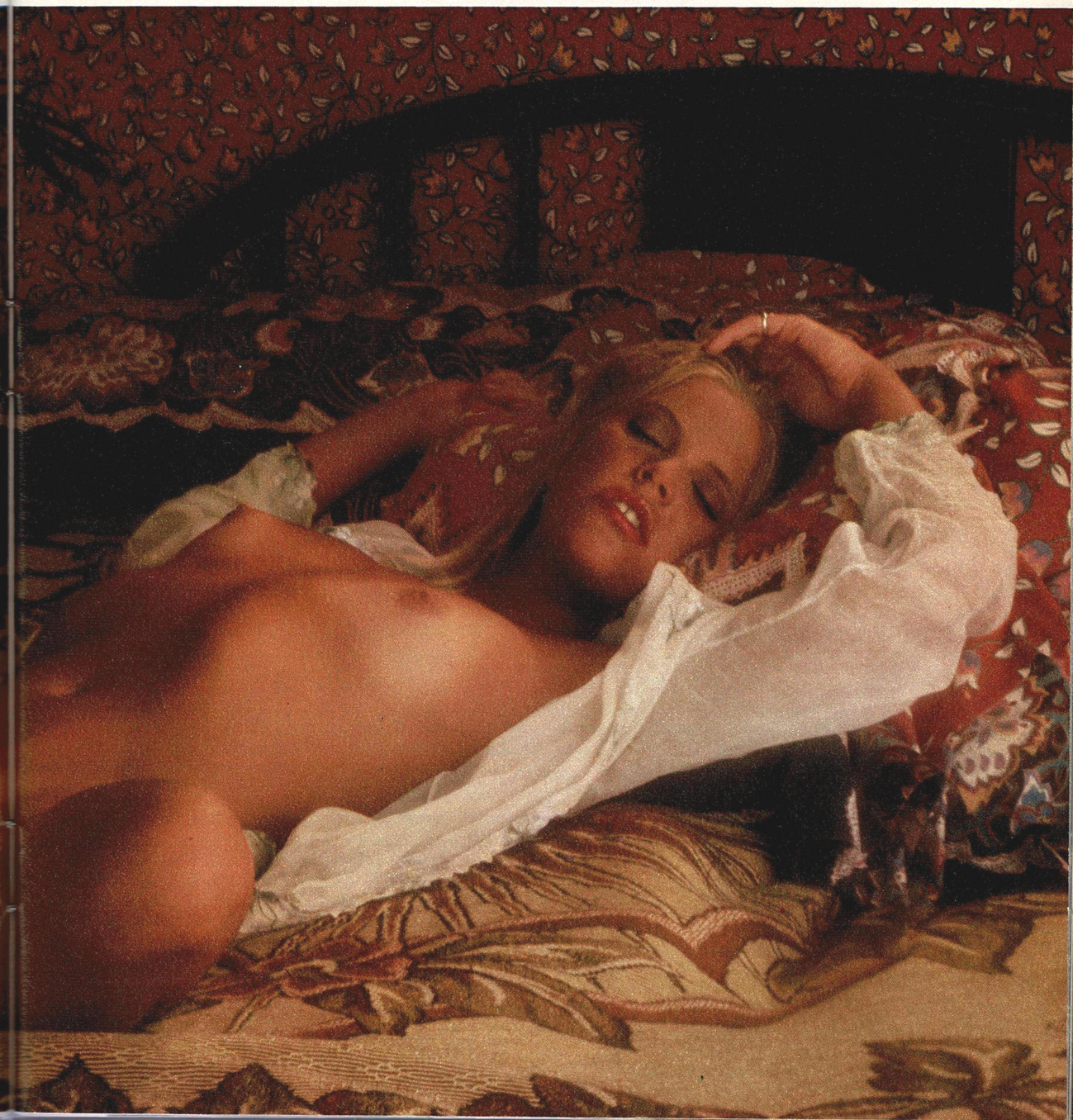
# KRISTEN KNUTSEN
## October 1980

How swede it is, we sighed, when our five-foot-four, 35-23-35-inch Nordic knockout first appeared here! (She's done so twice since, in pictorials with her boyfriend, Tommy.) A winsome water nymph who works at a Hawaiian boat marina, Kristen admits she's a bigger fan of hedonism than of Calvinism. Even spends her coffee breaks having fun—making love in a schooner docked at the pier, which rocks along with Kristen and her lucky first mate. Personally, we'd rock along with Kristen just about anywhere.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN COPELAND







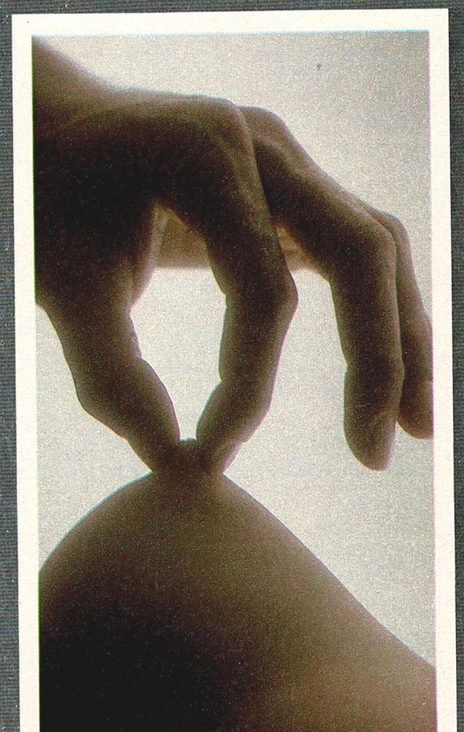
Ten male prostitutes give you tips on

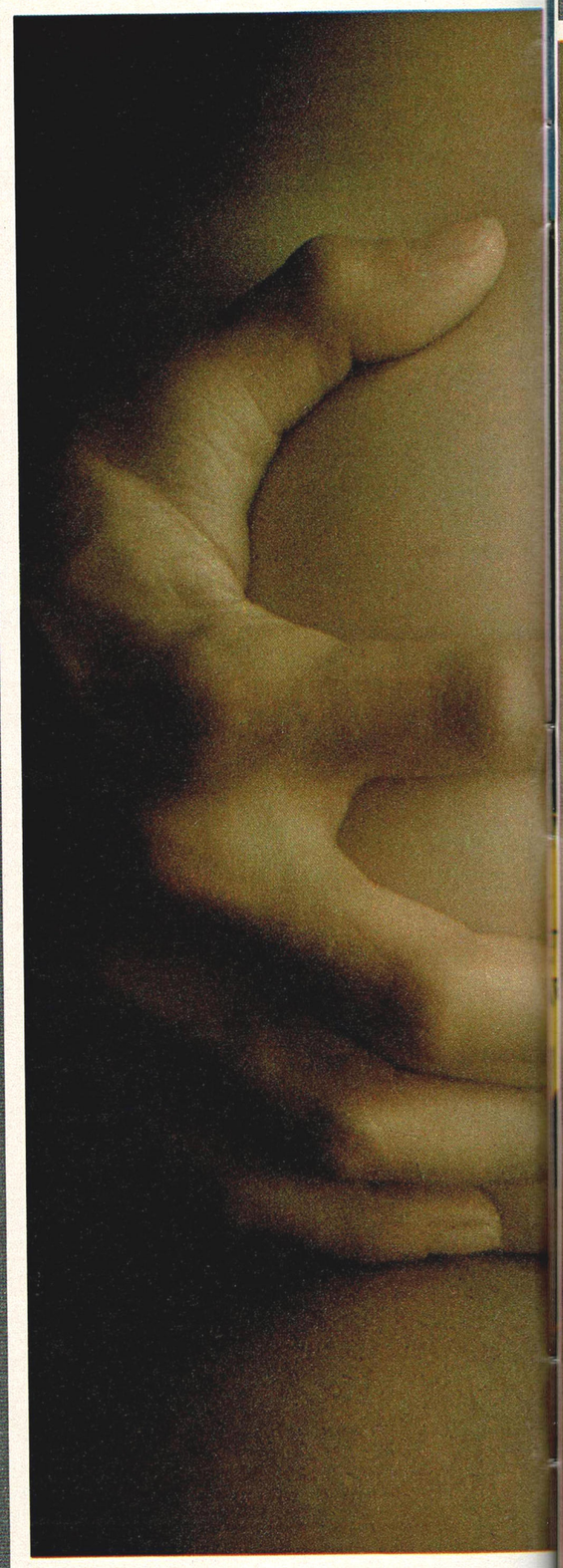
# HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A WOMAN

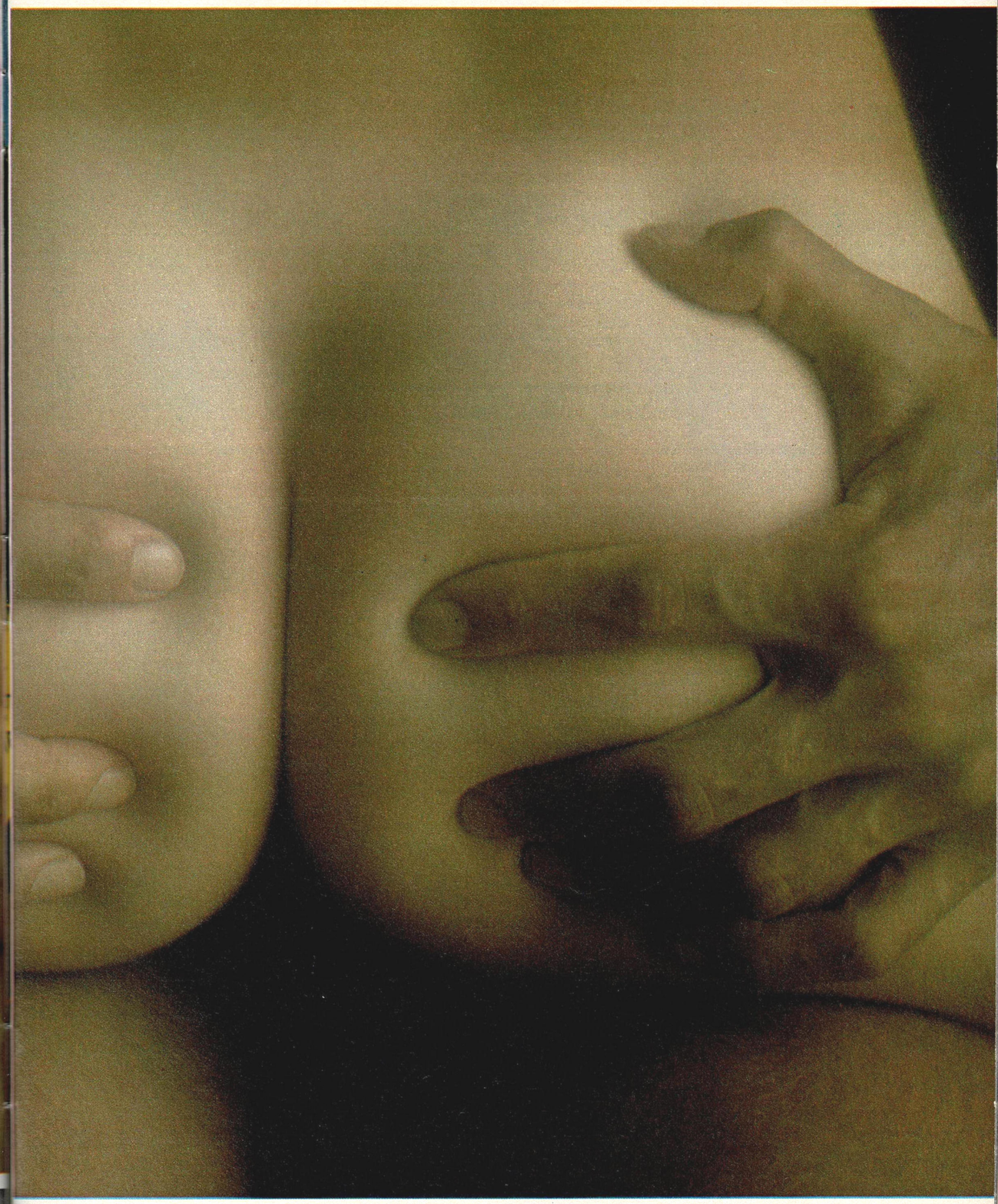
BY MICHAEL MORGENSTERN

During law school, I used to play tennis twice a week with a friend named Roger from Columbus, Ohio. The one thing that always surprised me about him—aside from his great backhand—was how much money he seemed to have. While I was usually strapped for cash, he couldn't seem to spend it fast enough. All I could do was make tuition payments. Roger, on the other hand, dressed well, drove a

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER







Porsche, and always had a beautiful woman on his arm.

I had no reason to assume he was privately wealthy, and as far as I knew, he didn't have a part-time job. The great mystery of those days was: where did Roger's money come from? One night, in the middle of second-year exams, I found out.

It was about two in the morning and we'd been going over cases since the previous morning. When we finally called it quits, we adjourned to a local bar. Maybe the exam pressure was getting to him. Maybe he wanted to titillate or impress me. Maybe he just needed to get it off his chest.

Whatever the reason, Roger announced over scotch on the rocks that he *did* have a part-time job. He was paying his way through law school by selling himself. Roger was a gigolo.

I'd never thought much about gigolos before. I guess I'd assumed they drove Corvettes, wore gold chains and silk shirts, slicked their hair, and reeked of cheap cologne. I didn't picture them going to law school, or playing tennis—or coming from Columbus, Ohio.

"I never thought gigolos were for real," I said. "You *see* streetwalkers any day of the week, but gigolos aren't visible. At least, you don't know they're gigolos."

"Gigolos aren't really the same as female prostitutes," said Roger. "Women are looking for different things from sex than men are. A man will go out and buy sex for a night. A woman would rather 'keep' a man. She might start paying his bills, taking care of him—he'll start paying her back with sex. Of course, there are gigolos who serve women on a one-time basis, but most of them are really just kept men."

When I finally recovered from his announcement, I was consumed with curiosity. How long? How often? How much? But most of all, why?

"I got into the 'profession' sort of by chance," Roger told me. "It started with one of the women partners at the law firm where I worked as a law clerk last summer. About forty-five, honey-colored hair. You know, sexy. I've always had a thing for older women.

"We worked late one night and she invited me to dinner. We drank two bottles of wine, she invited me back to her apartment, one thing led to another, and we ended up breaking the basic rule of good office politics. When I got home the next morning, I found three hundred-dollar bills in my pants pocket. Before too long she introduced me to a few of her friends. I had a fancier client list than the firm."

Why?

"Obviously, the money's terrific. I mean, even lawyers don't make that much. But the money wouldn't be enough if it didn't make me feel so good. That's right, it makes *me* feel good.

"Most of these women are really unhappy. They're married to stiffs. They're never really satisfied—sexually, I mean. They come to me for that satisfaction: the attention, the affection, you know, all that stuff that they can't find anywhere else. I get off on that."

Roger is still a friend. But his profession has changed. He's now practicing law in Chicago. Last time I talked to him he said, "We just had our third child." Roger's been happily married to the same woman for six years.

Roger's story led me to other men who make their living in the same line of work. What was it like to give women pleasure as a profession? I wanted to know. Was there anything to learn from gigolos about making love?

A very successful twenty-five-year-old "callboy" in Chicago told me, "The real trick is to make a woman feel good about herself. When a woman comes to me, I try to make her feel like the most beautiful, the sexiest woman in the world. Some of my clients are getting on in years—twenty, thirty, even forty years older than me. That can be pretty awkward, especially in bed. But after a few minutes, I get them relaxed, feeling special. That's the way they want to feel. And the less attractive they are, the more they want to feel that way.

> A woman may have the exact same fantasy every night for ten years and still be ashamed to say something to her husband about it. That's when they call my agency.

"I start out with something nice and simple, something like 'You smell terrific,' or 'Your nipples are really beautiful.' Pretty soon I can get into something a little heavier. I tell her, 'This really turns me on.' 'You're lovely.' 'I don't want this to stop.' That sort of stuff. It puts her at ease, makes her relax. It can be a long night if she stays uptight.

"At first she probably doesn't really believe me. She's saying to herself, 'Oh, it's just for the money.' You can see that on her face. But after a while I can usually get her to enjoy herself. Sooner or later, these women let themselves believe me because they really want to believe me.

"Sometimes, even I believe me. In fact, most of the time, I can really get into it. You know, it's not just an act anymore. Suddenly I *do* think she's beautiful. I really *like* being with women. I enjoy their company. I like just talking, spending time with them. I bet that's one reason women find me sexy—because I'm really into them, in a lot of ways."

Sean, one of New York City's most sought-after and well-paid professionals, works for an agency and specializes in fulfilling women's fantasies.

"You wouldn't believe what some women think about when they're having sex," Sean told me. "The person who's down there [pointing between his legs] is almost never the person who's up here [pointing to his head]. A husband or lover is down there, but up here is some college professor she had, some soap-opera hero, a famous jock. It's usually the same fantasy over and over, with maybe one or two little things different; it becomes a habit. And she *has* to think about it to get an orgasm."

I asked him for some examples.

"Domination fantasies are big. You know, some guy she saw on the street or the tube that day shows up in her bedroom late at night when she's alone. He rips her clothes off, maybe ties her to the bed, forces her to give him a blowjob and call him 'sir,' makes her beg for more. That's pretty standard.

"A woman may have the exact same fantasy every night for ten years and still be ashamed to say something to her husband about it. She's afraid he wouldn't approve. I don't know, maybe they're right. But if I were them, I'd go ahead and tell him, then ask him to join in the fun. If he's not willing, if he really doesn't approve—well, that's a different problem.

"That's when they call my agency. The agency gets the whole story, details and all, and passes it on to me so I know what to do, what part I'm supposed to play. One of the advantages of working for an agency is that a client isn't afraid of me. She knows I'm not some sort of weirdo. She also knows I won't think *she's* some kind of weirdo, I won't laugh at the wrong time. After all, I do this for a living. She figures I must have seen weirder things in my work—and I usually have.

"I don't think most people really understand what it means to someone to finally live out a fantasy like that, one that's been bugging them every night for thirty years. It's a real kick for me just seeing the pleasure it gives them. Sometimes it's a once-in-a-lifetime thing."

I asked Sean if any fantasy was particularly memorable.

He hesitated. "There was this lady who had this fantasy about being a college cheerleader. In her fantasy, she waits around after a game for two or three of the players. They come out and surprise her in some dark corner near the field. They haven't showered and they're still wearing their grimy, sweaty uniforms.

"She really had the details down. She must have gone over it a thousand times in her head. She isn't wearing panties. She lifts her skirt, and one by one they go down on her while she's standing there. Then—she's still got her cheerleader's outfit on, and they're still in their uniforms—she has sex with them, one right after the other.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 108

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# ELECTROSHOCK: THE HORROR CONTINUES

BY DAVID RORVIK

It was the early 1960s. Before the hippies. A young man from New York moved to California and, oblivious of the horror that was about to befall him, decided to "drop out" before it was fashionable. Back East, at the age of twenty-two, he had graduated from the highly regarded Wharton School of Finance. He'd done a stint in the army and then had returned to New York, where he worked successfully in real estate. His father, who had thrived in the Manhattan garment industry, was proud of him. So was the young man's mother.

All that changed after Leonard Frank moved to California. It was there that his parents, with a compliant psychiatrist, had him forcibly committed to a mental hospital and subjected to *eighty-five* shock treatments, fifty of them insulin shock, thirty-five electric. It took nearly a dozen years for Frank, with large parts of his memory permanently obliterated by the shock, to find out what had happened to him. In the mid-1970s his attorney finally obtained his medical records from the California hospitals where he had been incarcerated and "treated." Those records are at once horrifying and illuminating, for they shed particularly bright light on the punitive and coercive nature of shock "therapy," which is today enjoying a resurgence, owing in part to the failure of so many drug therapies and in part to its endorsement by the American Psychiatric Association Task Force—an endorsement that flies in the face of forty years of documented brain damage, barbaric abuse, fraudulent claims, willful obfuscation, and outright cover-up of the adverse and sometimes fatal results of shock treatment.

Leonard Frank, on his own for the first time, after a few months in California lost

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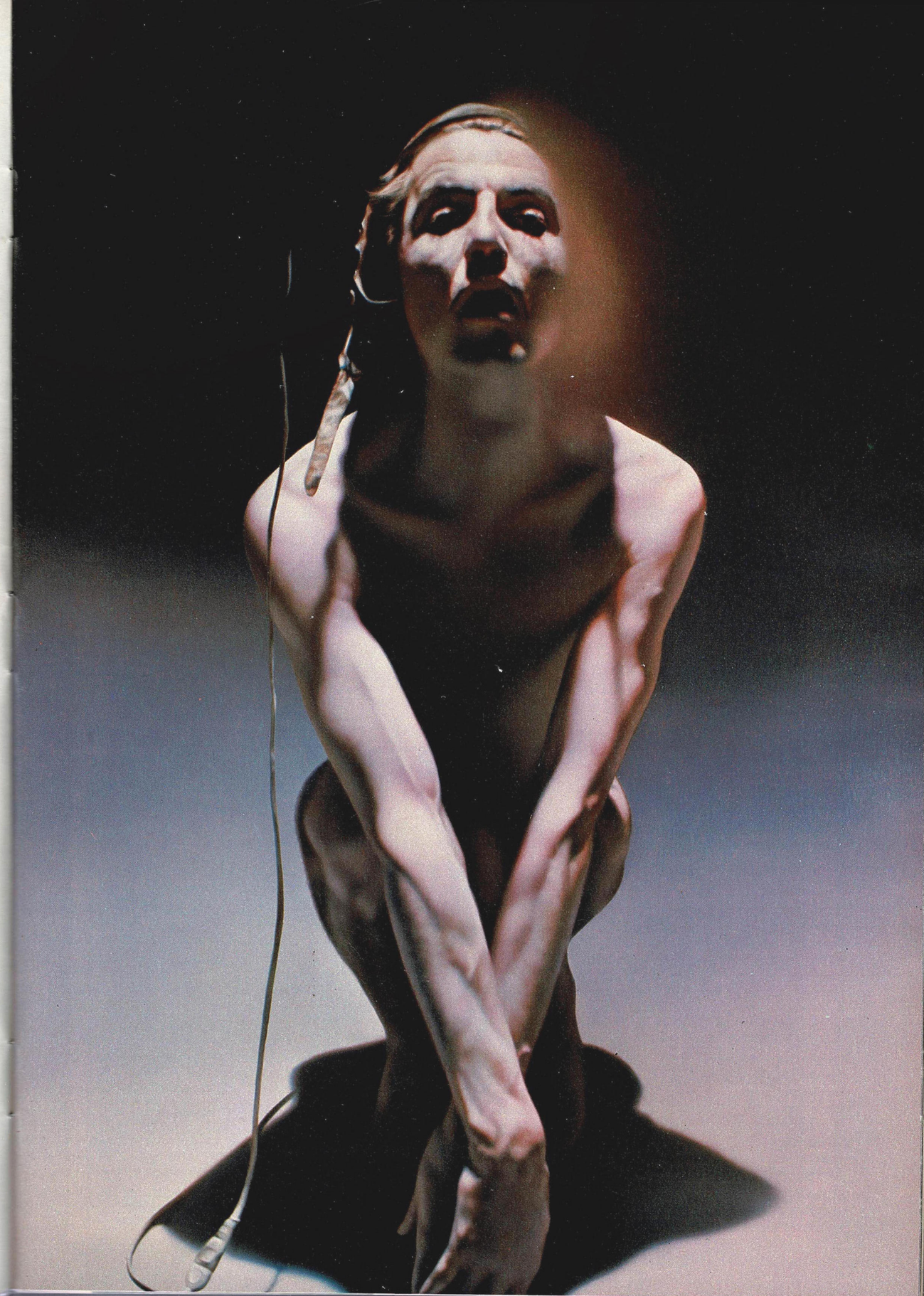

his job in real estate and began reading all the writers, statesmen, and philosophers his business-oriented education had excluded. Possessed of a keen and inquiring mind, he longed for some meaning in life deeper and more abiding than anything he could discern in the lives of his acquisitive, social-climbing parents. He also began studying religion, determined to discover his religious roots, roots that had been obscured in his parents' home. He grew a beard and became a vegetarian.

The elder Franks, on a visit to California, were shocked to find their son not working, indeed, not wanting to work. To them there could be only one explanation for their son's behavior, for the beard that deeply troubled them and for the new eating habits. Their son was "insane" or headed that way. The fact that the beard was no different from those in style in the Russian and Polish Jewish ghettos from which the elder Mr. Frank's family had emigrated years earlier was lost on them. They urged their son to see a psychiatrist. When he refused to "follow through" with the recommended therapy, they went to see one themselves.

The transcripts of Leonard Frank's subsequent institutionalization make it evident that he was held prisoner and subjected to mind-destructive techniques for no other reason than his deviation from the norms and expectations of his parents. The certificate of the medical examiners, recommending commitment, establishes his "illness" thus: "Reportedly has been showing progressive personality changes. . . . Grew withdrawn and asocial, couldn't or wouldn't work, and spent most of his time reading or doing nothing. Grew a beard, ate only vegetarian food, and lived life of a beatnik. . . ."

In the hospital, records show a near psychotic preoccupation on the part of psychiatrists and staff with Frank's "big black bushy beard." They discuss it obsessively while putting him into insulin coma and then shocking him while he is unconscious, hoping that he will soon become more "cooperative" and agree to shave the beard off, an act that would, the doctors apparently perceived, satisfy the parents that their son was getting better. Frank continued to refuse, however, and so the psychiatrists escalated the shock treatments to one a day in order "to have him a little more confused and clouded at this time if we are to remove the beard [ourselves]. . . ." With the beard finally gone and Frank too addled to care, the doctors began to discern light at the end of the tunnel, one of them holding out hope that he might "make a reasonable adjustment to life."

When it was all over, Frank told me, one of his psychiatrists took him aside and made it very clear that if he gave his parents any more "trouble," he would be grabbed and locked up again. Frank's reaction was basically to hide out for six years, during which time he tried desperately to make sense of things through the shattered lens of a broken memory. (As a form of assault, if not torture, shock is nearly ideal in that it usually covers its own tracks by inducing retrograde amnesia in its victims.) Though nothing in the two years preceding the last shock treatment has ever come back to him, save through the testimony of others, Frank ultimately recaptured a sense of what it was he wanted in life—the pursuit of ideals. The "cure" his parents and doctors hoped for was not to be.

Today Leonard Frank is surrounded by the books his parents distrusted. His beard, if anything, is bushier than before. Moreover, out of his experience he has become one of the nation's most articulate and effective anti-shock crusaders and helped to form several organizations devoted to curbing shock and psychiatric abuse. He has also edited a meticulously documented book called *The History of Shock Treatment.*

Because shock victims remember little if anything of their hospital experiences, it is necessary to examine cases like Frank's, in which patients have, often after long battles with themselves and the law, obtained their psychiatric records. Though such cases may thus seem "dated," there is no evidence to suggest that the abuses they reveal have in any way abated. Shock, as we shall see, is in some respects more dangerous today than it was ten to thirty years ago.

> Some doctors are ready to use shock treatment on patients for everything from bad skin to cancer pains.

Jonika Upton, like Leonard Frank, obtained her psychiatric records in the mid-seventies. She knew there was a three-year "blank" in her life. She wanted to know what had happened. The records she obtained revealed that her father had had her committed at age seventeen to a private mental hospital in New Mexico, the Nazareth Sanatorium. It is glaringly obvious from these records that she was given shock because of superior intelligence, high spirit, and youthful rebelliousness. Her parents became distressed shortly after she started college in San Francisco because she sometimes assumed a British accent and "walked about with Proust under her arm." They told the psychiatrists that she had taken up "with a bad crowd," including a twenty-two-year-old artist boyfriend "whom we suspected of being a homosexual."

At the beginning of her incarceration at Nazareth, Jonika was described as "pleasant" and "alert and cooperative," though she "made it plain that she doesn't like it here." As treatment "progressed," Jonika fought valiantly, amazing the staff with her mental and physical ability to resist a series of shock treatments, insulin comas, and druggings with major tranquilizers that were, by the staff's own admission, far more "intensive" than normal. Still, she could not resist forever, and in time the "treatments" began to take their toll. The staff was occasionally encouraged by the disappearance of the British accent and by sporadic shows of "insight," as when the patient thanked the staff for its services. *Real* insight, meanwhile, was viewed as sarcasm and continued "illness," as when Jonika, even after she'd had forty electroshock treatments, was able to remark "that she knew of only one good way to get out of this place and that would be to 'start curling her hair'" and thus become the daughter her parents wanted.

"Relapses" like that one resulted in continued treatments until Jonika was described as running about naked, incoherent, masturbating openly, frequently having to be placed "in restraints" or tied to her bed, and "incontinent most of the time." Amazingly, this was still her condition a few days before the doctors decided to release her. If there was slight improvement in the last day or two, it can only have been because shock was discontinued. One of the nurse's entries two days before Jonika's release tersely notes: "Has her accent," but psychiatrist John W. Myers, then Nazareth's medical director, chose not to mention that stubborn fact when he wrote another psychiatrist: "Miss Jonika Upton left the Sanatorium yesterday in company with her parents. I had a nice talk with the parents before they saw her. The Sisters and Nurses report that she did not seem to recognize them when she first saw them. They did remark, however, that her appearance was good—that her hairdo was beautiful."

Later, in response to an obviously complaining letter from Jonika's father, concerned over his daughter's severe memory impairment, Dr. Myers helpfully suggested, "Keep your fingers crossed and hope for the best."

Years later, Jonika testified about her ordeal before the San Francisco Mental Health Advisory Board: "After four months' incarceration and countless shock 'treatments,' I was returned to my parents. The psychiatrists had done a good job, and they were very pleased. I didn't yell at them anymore—I just cried all the time—and this was considered a great improvement. . . . Sixteen years later, my mind is still a complete blank for the three-year period before and including my 'hospitalization.'"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 150



MALCOLM McDOWELL
AS

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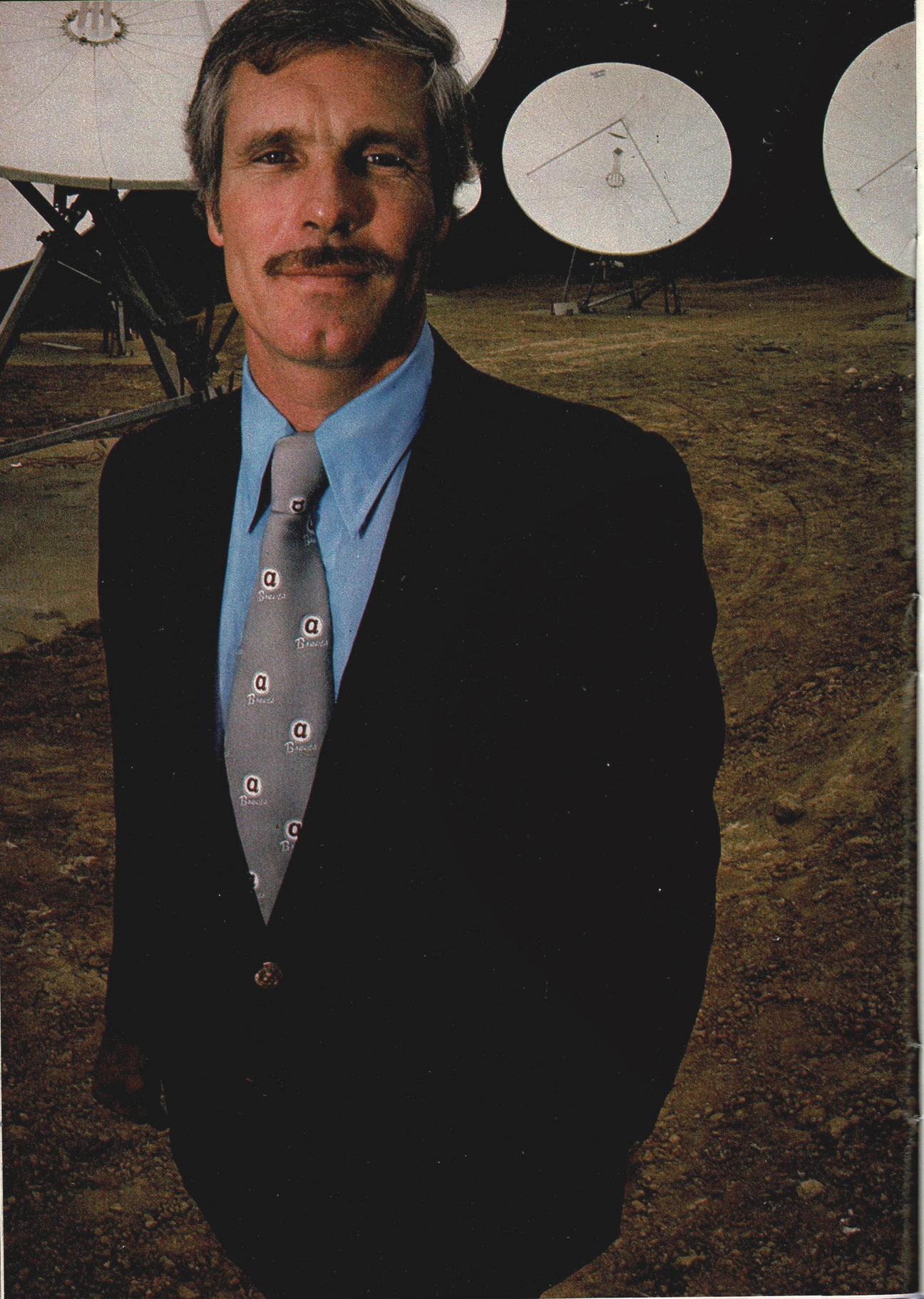



"The emphasis on sex and violence on all the networks is like the latter days of the Roman Empire, when the moral fabric broke down and the nation collapsed."

# TED TURNER

America has finally arrived at a consensus about Robert Edward Turner III: there's nothing like him anywhere on the planet. Flamboyant, egocentric, messianic, funny, brave, boorish, volatile, fiercely combative, and awesomely voluble, Ted Turner had been defying the establishment ever since he was barred from his college fraternity for burning down its homecoming float.

Twenty-five years later, at the age of forty-three, Turner is roasting much larger game. Harnessing the physical energy that won him an America's Cup and the mental acumen that built his Atlanta-based television and sports empire, the "Mouth of the South" has mounted a one-man verbal assault on the commercial television establishment. In hundreds of speeches, Turner passionately pounds home his indictment: that the programming of the three networks (he calls them "nitworks") has been responsible for everything from the rise in the crime and the divorce rates to the decline of the work ethic and the gross national product.

While network executives laugh off such charges, they long ago learned not to take Turner lightly. In 1976 he transformed a floundering Atlanta television station into a nationwide force by hitting on the idea of beaming its programming via RCA satellite. Today, Turner's WTBS "superstation" is the most watched non-network channel in America, serving more than 17 million cable subscribers in forty-eight states. Turner's boldest stroke, however, came nearly two years ago. Though he knew virtually nothing about broadcast journalism, he poured half of his $100-million fortune into launching the nation's first twenty-four-hour-a-day network devoted entirely to news. With typical understatement, he called his Cable News Network (CNN) "the most significant achievement in the annals of journalism." Skeptics disdainfully dubbed it "Turner's Folly" and predicted that CNN would never survive.

Yet once again Turner confounded the nay-sayers. Though CNN has yet to reach the financial break-even point, it currently reaches some 11 million homes and has signed up more than 150 national advertisers. What's more, CNN's journalistic performance has won plaudits even from the professionals along New York's Broadcast Row. When Pope John Paul II was shot last summer, CNN scooped the three networks by airing exclusive film footage of the scene in St. Peter's Square. For decades, the network-news presidents equipped their Manhattan offices with three wall screens to monitor their own and their rivals' newscasts. Now each office contains a fourth screen, labeled CNN—and it glows round the clock.

In a different sort of compliment to CNN, CBS officials recently met with Turner in an unsuccessful effort to purchase his news service. ABC chose a more combative tack. In partnership with Westinghouse Broadcasting, the network announced plans for a twenty-four-hour cable news "headline service" to compete head-to-head with the more in-depth CNN. Undaunted, Turner quickly counterattacked. On New Year's Eve, he launched his own headline service, called CNN 2, gleefully describing the move as a "preemptive strike" against ABC-Westinghouse. Whether cable television's audience and advertisers will support three different news networks is highly questionable. But however the battle comes out, Ted Turner has already shaken up—perhaps even revolutionized—the television news industry.

For all his success, Turner might have become just another Hollywood-handsome playboy had it not been for one traumatic event. When Ted was twenty-four, his father committed suicide, leaving behind a billboard business nearly $6 million in debt. Suddenly Turner, who had been booted out of Brown University for entertaining a coed in his dorm room, confronted a harrowing early-life crisis. Not only did he nurse his father's company back to fiscal health, but he went on to purchase the Atlanta Braves baseball team and Hawks basketball team. In 1977 Turner skippered his ocean-racing yacht—fittingly named *Courageous*—to vic-

PHOTOGRAPH BY KEZA/LIAISON AGENCY

tory in the prestigious America's Cup championship. At his nationally televised, postrace news conference, the uproariously drunken Turner abruptly slid from view beneath a table.

That exhibition scandalized staid Newport but delighted southerners, who regard Turner as a kind of folk-heroic cross between Robert E. Lee and Rhett Butler. When the owner of the Braves and Hawks attends a home game, the show quickly switches to the stands. Chomping on chaws of tobacco, whooping "Awwwwriiight!" at his players, Turner draws as many autograph requests as any jock superstar. The game's finale invariably finds him out on the field or court, pumping the hands of the winners like some overexcited schoolboy.

Turner's brain cavity houses a remarkable array of contradictions. Though he has bid vast sums for baseball free agents, he always flies tourist class, cuts his own hair, and maintains the wardrobe of a welfare recipient. He will browbeat a subordinate like some civilian General Patton, then turn around and quietly help the employee meet a son's college tuition. Visitors to his office discover a wall-sized display of sailing trophies and a desk sign that advises: "Either Lead, Follow, or Get Out of the Way." But behind the sign looms a pile of well-thumbed books on such heavy issues as population control and nuclear disarmament. Despite his reputation for womanizing, Turner is a warmly loving father to his five children, one of whom he named Rhett. He and his attractive second wife spend their weekends at a 5,200-acre South Carolina plantation that teems with fowl.

Behind Turner's swashbuckling facade dwells an astute intelligence honed by exhaustive self-education. "When I was a boy, I always did my homework in about two hours," he boasts. "And then I read. I read the history of the world and the history of warfare. I can tell you what happened in almost every battle in every war since the dawn of recorded time." Turner also memorized copious passages from the likes of Shakespeare, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Pericles, and Aesop. He will spout them at the slightest invitation, then abruptly switch to quoting passages from poems he himself wrote as a teenager.

Most of Turner's awesome energies, however, are channeled into playing David to broadcasting's Goliaths. When Cable News Network's Washington reporters were excluded from the White House's television-pool coverage, Turner retaliated by lodging an antitrust suit against the Reagan administration and all three networks. He has also brought his crusade against television violence to the nation's capital, appearing at congressional hearings to present videotaped evidence of the networks' sins.

To interview "Captain Outrageous" in his home port, *Penthouse* sent *Newsweek* senior writer Harry Waters—the author of a *Newsweek* cover story about Turner—to Atlanta for some lengthy give-and-take with the city's favorite son. Says Waters: "Interviewing Ted Turner is like playing twenty-five games of Pac Man at once. You know you can't possibly win, but the experience is always exhilarating."

***Penthouse:*** You are calling for a congressional investigation of television network programming. Why?

**Turner:** When the television stations were given out thirty years ago—and the three networks were given, free of charge, those stations in the major markets—a proviso of the charter stated that the networks should serve the public interest. If it can be proven that they have not served the public interest, then they should be stripped of those licenses. I think an investigation would show that they have *not* served the public interest.

I think television has had a tremendous effect on America's basic values because so many people spend so much time watching that idiot box. And I think the networks have been irresponsible with the great control they have over the minds of the American people.

***Penthouse:*** How have our values changed under television's influence?

**Turner:** For one thing, the programs have stressed materialism as the way to happiness, particularly during the last ten years. When television first started, there were a lot of high-quality programs. In the fifties and sixties the comedy programs starred the likes of Groucho Marx and Jack Benny. There were entertainment programs like the GE Theater and Loretta Young and "Leave It to Beaver," "Our Miss Brooks," "My Little Margie," "Father Knows Best." These were good, all-family shows that reflected the basic values. They emphasized a good, strong family life, a good, strong work ethic, frugality, patriotism, the worth of those people who serve our society, such as schoolteachers and police. These are the kinds of values that make a society great. They have been present in every successful society.

***Penthouse:*** Are you saying that the networks are antifamily and antipatriotic?

**Turner:** Oh, absolutely. For instance, the prime-time programs today are shows like "The Incredible Hulk" and "Charlie's Angels" and "Dallas." A survey showed that last year only *one* out of the sixty or more prime-time programs had a mother as a central character, who stayed home and took care of her family—that was "Little House on the Prairie," which takes place a hundred years ago.

***Penthouse:*** Of course, many women are moving out of the home and joining the work force, so perhaps television shows are just reflecting the changing times.

**Turner:** But *one* out of *sixty*? There should be a *balance*! Viewers should at least have a choice of the type of show to watch. But the networks don't offer a choice. They operate in lockstep; they all do the same thing. There is such an emphasis on violence and sex on all the networks—it's like the latter days of the Roman Empire, when the moral fabric broke down and the nation collapsed. I think television has encouraged the breakdown of all of our institutions by what they have sold and promoted. Television sells soap and toothpaste and Coca-Cola and so forth. And obviously it can sell morals and opinions, too. Think of the effect on children! The average child spends far more time watching television than he spends in school. A few years ago a survey was taken among the children of America that asked if they would like to trade their parents for television or movie stars. And the majority of the children said they would. They picked who they would prefer; they said they would rather have the Incredible Hulk as their father because he's strong and leads an exciting life. And the girls picked Farrah Fawcett for their mothers, and when asked why, they answered, "Because she's rich and sexy." And then another survey was done shortly after that, polling the parents—and the majority of American parents said if they had it to do over again, they wouldn't have had children! So, yes, television is antifamily.

***Penthouse:*** And antipatriotic?

**Turner:** In 1950 this was the strongest nation in the world, the hardest-working nation. American products were being exported all over the world. We built the best cars. We didn't have a huge national debt. And we've slipped tremendously.

And I really think the networks have got to share the major portion of the guilt for this, because they've been the major influence. For instance, we did a documentary a couple of years ago on the Boy Scouts. I asked the president of the Boy Scouts, "Just out of curiosity, how many documentaries or programs have the networks done on the Boy Scouts in the last thirty years?" The answer: "Not one." But Gary Gilmore got hours of coverage. The only stories the networks have time for are the kind of stories that make the headlines in the newspaper: ABSCAM, the riots and strikes, the airplane crashes, the nuclear-plant problems, the sensational events. And then look at the way they covered the Vietnam War. They totally destroyed the credibility of the fighting man with the American public. That was the first time the media just took hold and presented an anti-American view of the war. I believe that the three networks are traitors and should be tried as such.

***Penthouse:*** Could you be more specific?

**Turner:** During the war, they covered the protesters; they never showed soldiers getting medals or anything like that. They always said that we were bombing innocent villagers. If World War II had been reported the same way—if they had had cameras there showing the effects of the



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bombing of Dresden and the firebombing of Tokyo . . . War, modern war, is terrible.

Another reason the networks are antipatriotic: it seems they've done their very best to discredit our leaders in Washington with their constant emphasis on congressional wrongdoing: Watergate, ABSCAM, and things like that. They never have time in their newscasts to profile congressmen or senators who are trying to do a good job. It's always just mud and gore and scandal. Polls have shown that the American public doesn't have a very high regard for our leaders in Washington. I think people who are leading lives of public service should get a pat on the back once in a while. Journalists should—everyone who does a good job should. But the U.S. Chamber of Commerce did studies showing that eight out of ten businessmen are portrayed on television as either buffoons or crooks.

It also bothers me the way women are portrayed on television. I think that right now, television is exploiting women to an extent that they've never been exploited before. Women on television all look like empty-heads. They're shown to be objects to be used sexually and thrown away or to be beaten and brutalized. There are no more female movie stars. There are no more Barbara Stanwycks, Loretta Youngs, Bette Davises, Ingrid Bergmans, Lucille Balls—they're gone. Look at the way women are portrayed on television today. They're objects that are used sexually, without matrimony mostly. There's no family story in them. They're just beat up, used, violated, raped, and thrown away. No more Elizabeth Taylors. What have we got instead? Farrah Fawcett.

***Penthouse:*** How do you feel about the way men are portrayed on television?

**Turner:** Well, he's either the Incredible Hulk or he's a character from "That's Incredible," where he goes around jumping over twenty-five barrels on a motorcycle or driving his car through a fire, breaking his arms and legs. So kids go out and get on their bicycles and try to jump garbage cans and they break their arms. Well, I don't like it, and I'm not the only one that doesn't like it. The amazing thing is that those three networks have been held in such awe because no one spoke out against them. Everybody figured that was the way it had to be. But that *isn't* the way it has to be.

***Penthouse:*** Our readers might say that times have changed—that couples cohabit without getting married and that they should have their new life-style reflected in the media and on television.

**Turner:** Well, that's *all* that's being reflected on the media and on television, so your readers should be tickled to death! The other side is not being reflected at all.

***Penthouse:*** You blame all of this on the network presidents?

**Turner:** They have been irresponsible. I really don't think that they know exactly what they've done. The whole system is wrong when just a few people—the network leaders—are in positions of tremendous responsibility. In the last ten years the ratings game has become so important that the network presidents have become like baseball managers—they win in two or three years or they're fired and somebody new is put in. So they've *got* to win *right now.* CNN did an hour-long documentary on sex and violence on television. We interviewed a lot of people—Norman Lear said the same thing. Bob Wussler, a former president of CBS, recalled that after he had reviewed CBS's fall programming—this was about ten years ago, when "Mannix" and "Kojak" were so bloody—he went in to Bob Wood, who was the president of CBS at the time, and said, "Mr. Wood, I have got to go on record as saying, after reviewing our fall programming, that we are putting on programs that I don't believe belong on television in the homes of the American people." And Bob Wood looked him in the eye rather sadly and said, "Well, Wussler, let me tell you, I leave my conscience outside every morning when I walk through the doors of CBS at nine o'clock." Most of the network presidents wouldn't even talk to us for this documentary. They refused to be interviewed. And yet if a politician refuses to be interviewed by them, they just say, "Well, he wouldn't speak to us," as if he's guilty because he won't answer their questions.

> I think a congressional investigation would show that the networks have not served the public interest. They should be stripped of their licenses.

Congress has just finished some hearings on television violence, at which I testified. A number of psychologists and psychiatrists testified also. And the network witnesses sounded very much like the spokesmen for the tobacco companies did years ago. They said, "Well, sure, there's a lot more violence in our society today." Well, I'll tell you, the incidence of violent crime is up 400 percent from twenty years ago. Crime is epidemic now, and it wasn't when television started.

Until I came along, everybody was afraid to speak out against the networks. Even the president of the United States and the presidential candidates live in terror of the way the networks report their activities and everything. The networks are among the most powerful institutions in the land, and they have been almost above criticism. There's almost no way to fight them except by being in the television business.

The very fact that I've made these accusations for several years now, and they've never slapped me with a lawsuit or publicly denied it, is an admission of guilt.

***Penthouse:*** The networks say they're being used as a whipping boy for the failure of other institutions in American society.

**Turner:** That's what they say? Well, they were the ones who had the power to do something about it, and they haven't. Their failures are an open book. All you have to do is watch their programming and you'll see exactly what I'm talking about. To give you a perfect example, I spoke before the Hollywood Television and Radio Society a few months ago, and there were over a thousand people in the room. In that room were the West Coast executives of the three networks—all the people who produce the programming on the air now. I asked them to raise their hands if they watched "Dallas" and "The Dukes of Hazzard" and other shows like those. These were the people, remember, who *made* these programs. And less than one percent of the people in that room raised their hands. Less than one percent watch the programs they themselves are making! I said, "You don't even watch your own programs! If they're good, why don't you watch them?" Well, it was very quiet.

***Penthouse:*** Isn't the American television viewer partly to blame? It's a fact that the really high-quality shows don't seem to get good ratings.

**Turner:** Wait a minute! That's the other big problem: a program is a failure if it gets less than a 30-percent share. Quality is a very difficult word when you discuss programming. What one person thinks is quality, another might not. But I think the networks have a responsibility to keep some good programs on the air, regardless of their ratings.

At CNN we run new programs and don't cancel them if they're not smash ratings successes. Why do you have to be number one all the time? With power goes responsibility. And the networks have been irresponsible. I think that over a period of time, they've done a good job of brainwashing the American people about what they want to watch—because the only shows to watch have been the low-road shows: "The Dukes of Hazzard," "Dallas," "Charlie's Angels."

***Penthouse:*** There has been an unprecedented decline in the combined audiences for the networks' nightly newscasts over the past year. Why do you think this has happened?

**Turner:** I would like to think that Cable News Network has been responsible for a portion of it. I know that we're getting rave reviews from viewers and from a number of print journalists. So maybe we're responsible. I hope so.

There haven't been any alternatives to the networks up until now. The indepen-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 140

# JANE

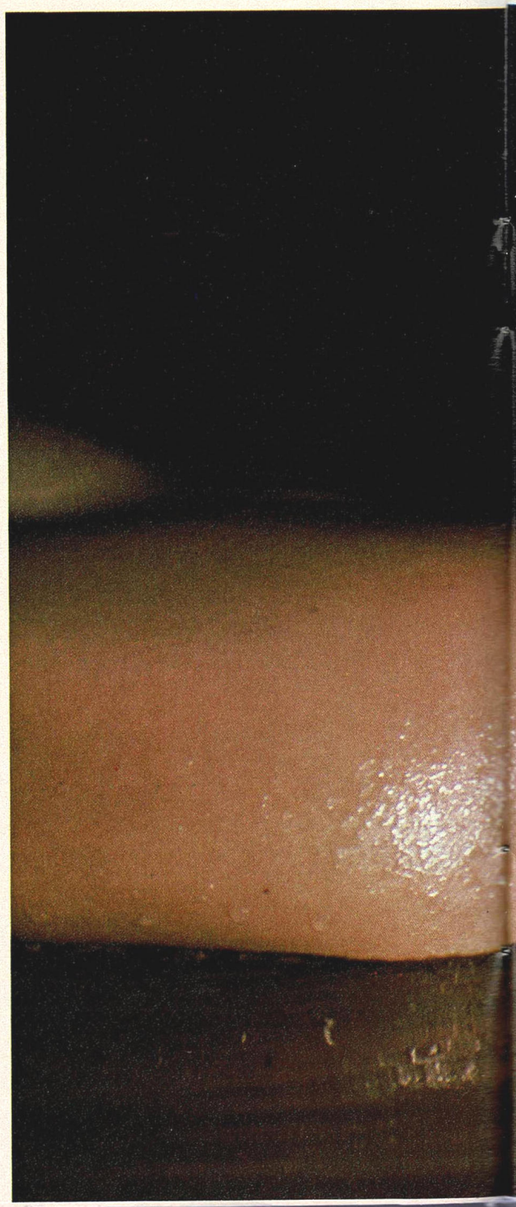
*"Being the center of a voodoo ritual is a fairly pleasant form of culture shock. Back in New York, we rely on idle chatter; in Haiti, it's the active laying on of hands..."*

Location Courtesy of Habitation LeClerc

# BLACK MAGIC WOMAN

## PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANK LONDONER

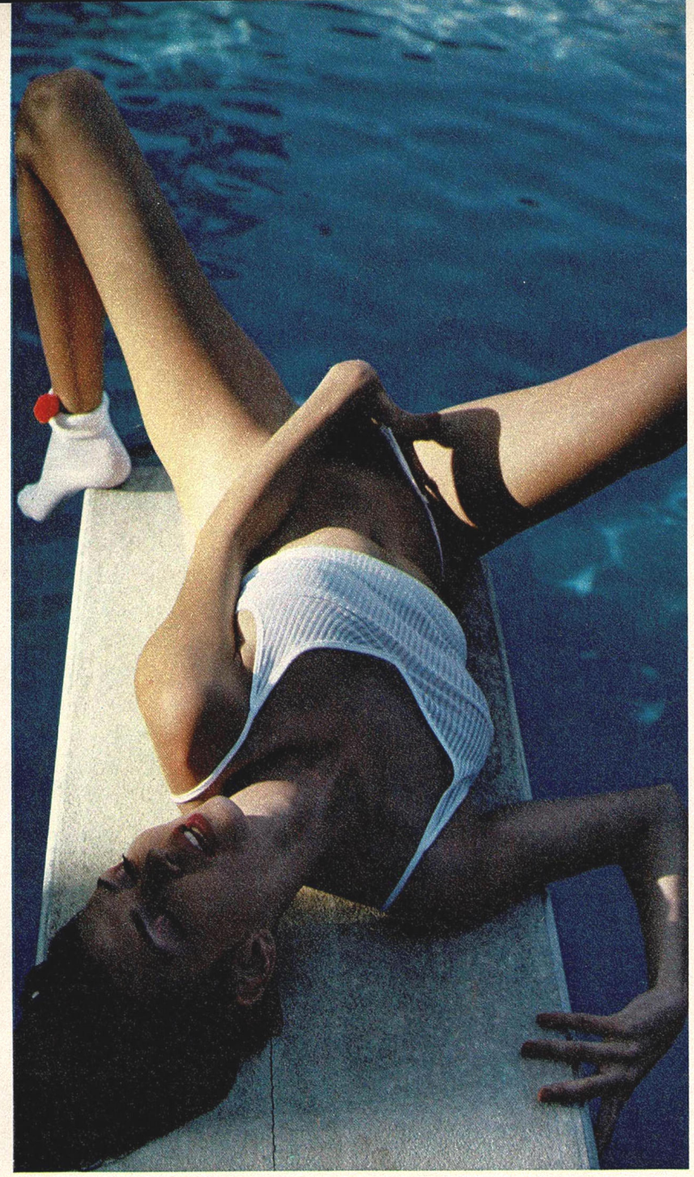
Jane Felber, our jubilant, green-eyed June Pet of the Month, tells us
with a smile that she hails from a
small island in the North Atlantic–otherwise known as Manhattan.
A working fashion model, Jane
normally rides to her assignments on a stuffy, crowded subway
rather than the strong arms of able-
bodied Haitians; wades through rush-hour traffic rather than
crystal-clear water. Jane sighs, as
her urban tensions float away: she can see why this heavenly
place is called an island paradise.



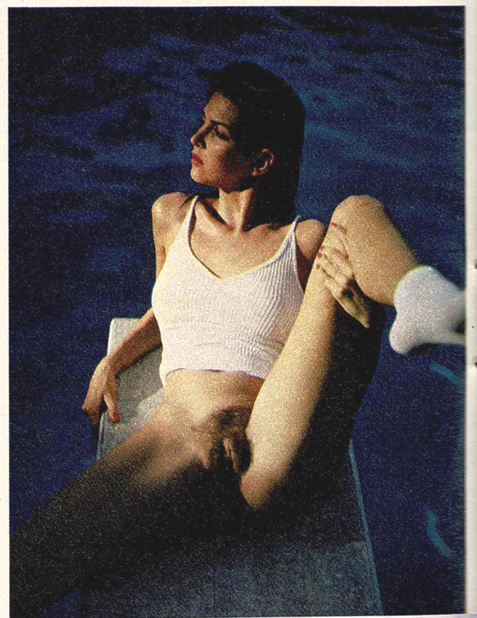
"Being the center of a voodoo ritual," says our twenty-two-year-old temptress, "is a fairly pleasant form of culture shock. Back in New York, we rely on idle chatter; in Haiti, it's the active laying on of hands..."

Jane, who's unabashedly boy-crazy, is
delighted by the obvious
rapport here between the sexes. In Haiti,
she observes, men and
women both seem to be marching to the
same drummer, or is that
swaying to the same maracas?

The friendly natives
gladly lend
our Pet a loincloth, but
later our sexy
city slicker has to brace
herself when
the laying on of hands
becomes the
laying on of bodies.



Loincloth courtesy of La Petite Coquette; top and bikini courtesy of La Petite Coquette; gown courtesy of Jon Haggins.



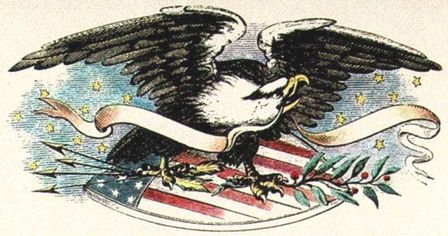
Adaptable Jane claims to be many women at once. When dressed in an elegant evening gown, she becomes a proper, sophisticated lady; left to herself and the elements, she reveals a far earthier side, enjoying a little bit of self-made heaven...

Being of sound mind and sensational
body, our Pet has never
been shy or inhibited. Although she's
never modeled nude before,
she feels perfectly at ease. A good thing,
since Jane's moment in
the sun is also the children's hour!

Sex, surf fishing, and horseback riding are
Jane's favorite forms of
exercise. Her goal? To own a horse farm,
become a major model,
possibly break into film acting...

Maybe sending Hollywood directors a naked voodoo doll of her pretty 36-24-36-inch self might help, she muses– not that she really believes in magic. We do, gazing at Jane: that old black magic called love.

MISS JANE FELBER/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



# THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Some six years after the fall of Saigon and eight years after the withdrawal of the last U.S. combat forces from Vietnam, the Vietnam War is still a matter of great national concern. This concern is due in large measure to the fact that our involvement in Vietnam is "unfinished business." Unfinished in the sense that by refusing to come to terms with the meaning of our involvement in Vietnam, we have mired America's foreign policy in the 1960s. Lurking behind the public and private debates over El Salvador, "limited nuclear war," the Middle East, the so-called Rapid Deployment Force, etc., is the specter of Vietnam. Whether the United States should ever be involved elsewhere is a question bedeviled by the mistakes and failures of our involvement in Vietnam.

In recent months a number of prestigious conferences have been held by such organizations as the World Without War Council to examine and come to grips with the meaning of our involvement in Vietnam. These conferences have drawn on the experiences of those who had a direct role in the war as well as those who viewed it through the eyes of journalists and on their home TV screens. Because many of these people are deeply disturbed over what they did or failed to do, either to prevent the war or to end it more quickly, some considerable soul-searching is evident in these conferences. It extends well beyond merely reaffirming one's earlier opposition to the war, no matter when that opposition came into being.

> In these days of fiscal austerity, combat veteran Tom Pauken's success in convincing President Reagan to provide funds for his Vietnam Veterans Leadership Program is truly remarkable.

Here, in our opinion, the role of Vietnam veterans is critical. They have acquired a first-hand, hard-earned personal knowledge of our involvement in Vietnam that no other group in American society possesses. Common to all Vietnam veterans' experiences has been the problem of coming to personal terms with the meaning of one's individual involvement in the war. Some have done so on their own and with the help of their families; however, for many this has been a very painful process that has required the help of other Vietnam veterans. Results to date from the operation of the Vets Outreach Center program and from other self-help organizations clearly indicate the desire, if not the actual psychological need, of Vietnam veterans to understand the meaning of their wartime experience. This self-healing and self-help effort has been under way for some time, and as a result there are today many Vietnam veterans who have truly "made it home." These veterans constitute a genuine national resource. They have the painfully distilled wisdom of their experience and are uniquely positioned to help those who didn't go to Vietnam but remain concerned about the meaning of our involvement. They can even help those who did go and haven't as yet "made it completely home."

For the past seven years we have observed the efforts of various Vietnam-veteran self-help organizations, one of the truly remarkable developments to have come out of the Vietnam War. The organizations constitute an extremely loose confederation of people bound together simply to help one another. This coming together has given Vietnam veterans a sense of unity and empathy. However, the Vietnam veterans "movement" is neither a political force nor an organized special-interest group. In fact, most of the persons involved in the self-help-organization effort can be characterized as casualties themselves, who have helped themselves as they tried to help their comrades. Persons who were able to cope on their own have played a minor role, at best, in the Vietnam-veteran self-help organizations and movement. In many cases, as they tried to pick up the threads of their lives, they consciously hid the fact they were Vietnam veterans or avoided mentioning it. Much of this was due to their unwillingness to confront the stereotypical accusations of those who took their antiwar activism out on those who had to fight the war—such epithets as "baby killer," "drug addict," and "walking time bomb." Fortunately, it appears that it is no longer chic to think of veterans in this way. For Vietnam veterans to be called losers was bad enough, but the personal hurt and danger caused our society by stereotypes and epithets were much greater than is generally realized. We forget all too readily that organizations like the Nazi party in Germany and the Ku Klux Klan started out by calling their enemies names that were intended to degrade them in human value.

Today, it is most encouraging to see that many veterans are building upon the self-help concept. They are involved in the creation of a new project, the Vietnam Veterans Leadership Program, which will enlist vets who have become recognized community leaders to help other Vietnam veterans find jobs and avail themselves of the benefits of public and private programs. This project is the dream of Tom Pauken, a Vietnam combat veteran who is the director of the government's Action program. In these days of fiscal austerity, Pauken's success in convincing President Reagan to provide money for such an effort is truly remarkable. The project will be strictly voluntary, with a single paid coordinator in each of the fifty cities where it will operate. The program will complement but not replace the Veterans Administration's Outreach Centers. Pauken believes that those who have "made it" are uniquely positioned to develop the support system required to help those who haven't. At a White House ceremony, President Reagan said that the program was in the true tradition of American voluntarism. We agree with this statement, and we sincerely hope that those Vietnam veterans who have made it home to America will get behind the effort. In so doing, they not only will help their comrades in arms come to grips with our involvement in Vietnam but also will be able to help those who didn't go to Vietnam to understand the true meaning of that period in our national life.—*William R. Corson*

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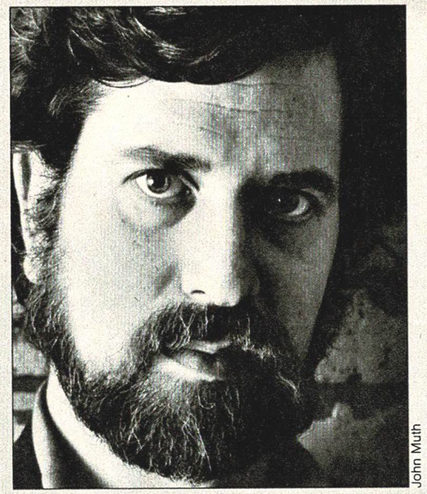

John Muth

BY SEYMOUR WISHMAN

The author, who has been a criminal lawyer for seventeen years, was formerly deputy assistant to President Carter in the White House Office of Public Liaison. His book *Confessions of a Criminal Lawyer* will appear soon in a paperback edition from Penguin.

# PLEA BARGAINS: A CRIMINAL DISGRACE

*Have him cop to the indictment," the prosecutor says.*

*"I might as well try my luck with a jury. I couldn't do worse," the defense lawyer says.*

*"I'll cut him loose from two of four counts."*

*"My man would pull the same time if he ate the four. I need a walk."*

*"The boss won't go for a noncustodial unless your man cooperates."*

*"I can ask him. But if he turns over, you have to give him immunity on anything he talks to you about."*

*"See if he's interested. He's got to be willing to take the stand."*

*"If he testifies, you've got to dismiss everything."*

*"I can't promise you that. His testimony wouldn't be believable if the jury hears it was bought with that kind of promise. I'll give him protection and a new identity."*

*"I'll talk to my man. How about lunch?"*

The above dialogue is typical of the hundreds of discussions that go on every day throughout the country. Here is a translation: to cop to an indictment is to plead guilty to all the charges against a defendant; to pull time is to receive a prison sentence; to walk is to receive a nonprison sentence—the defendant walks out of the courtroom; to turn over is to become a state's witness, informing on former colleagues. Put all this together and you have a prosecutor and a defense lawyer doing a dance called plea bargaining.

Plea bargaining pits a prosecutor and a defense attorney against each other in a bartering process that resembles two rug merchants in an Indian market; it hardly appears that justice is one of the commodities being negotiated. Yet the majority of criminal charges in America are disposed of in this way. And while many critics charge that this secretive and cavalier manner of doing business undermines public confidence that justice is being done, the fact is that the public *shouldn't* have confidence that justice is being done.

Plea bargaining often hides the incompetence or unlawful behavior of law-enforcement officials, or conceals the preferential treatment of defendants who may belong to a favored economic, social, or racial class. Too often the worst offender of a gang receives the best treatment because he has more information to offer the prosecutor.

Theoretically, the prosecutor and the defense lawyer try to predict how a jury will decide, each weighing the evidence for and against conviction, imagining the impact of that evidence on the jury, given the skill of each of the adversaries. The more likely it seems that a trial will lead to a conviction, the closer the plea bargain should be to the sentence a judge probably would impose after a jury's verdict.



"The public never benefited from the Patty Hearst plea bargain, and she was able to repeat her story with impunity in a best-selling book. Although Patty doesn't seem to realize how much she got out of the bargain, the fact is she got away with murder."

The terms of a plea bargain can range from a promise of leniency or a limited jail term to the elimination of some of the charges or the acceptance of a guilty plea to lesser charges to the biggest inducement of all: dropping all the charges. In some jurisdictions the bargains involve only the charges, not the sentences, but there isn't much of a practical difference, because charges represent possible years in prison.

In the hundreds of criminal cases I've handled during my sixteen years as a criminal lawyer, about half have ended in plea bargains, and the percentage is higher for most criminal lawyers. In New York City less than 10 percent of all indictments in 1980 were disposed of at a trial.

Plea bargaining can be as tricky and tension-filled as a difficult trial. At times it becomes a game of cat and mouse, with the defense lawyer trying to find out how strong the state's case really is. I've been offered more than what my client would have accepted in cases where I became convinced prosecutors were inadequately prepared or overly concerned about how losing a trial would look on their records. And some of my clients have obtained the dismissal of their charges, even though they were the worst offenders in a conspiracy, because they had the most information on their partners.

Within the limits of legal ethics, the defense counsel makes no pretense of being concerned with anything but the interests of his client. The prosecutor, on the other hand, represents the interests of society; in so doing, he not only is supposed to consider the outcome of the particular charges against a defendant but also is supposed to be guided by some larger view of justice and the control of crime. Frequently the judgment of the prosecutor would be disputed if the public knew the real basis of certain plea bargains, particularly where the case has a special interest to the public.

The Patty Hearst case is a good example of some of the problems of plea bargains. Patty and her prosecutor, James Browning, struck a secret deal in 1976, near the end of her trial for bank robbery: she would talk to him in private about her life of crime and, if called, would testify against her former colleagues. In return, he would not prosecute her for the crimes discussed.

The public, it turned out, never benefited from this deal. The prosecutor gained no new information, nor did he call her as a witness against the others; and Patty was able to repeat her story with impunity in a best-selling book, a story that could have been used against her in a trial for first-degree murder had the prosecutor not promised her immunity.

Patty doesn't seem to realize how much she got out of her plea bargain, nor—and this is typical—has it ever been made clear to the public how much the prosecutor negotiated away. Yet the fact is that *Patty got away with murder*. An innocent customer was shot and killed during a bank robbery in which Hearst admitted participating. She says she was "only" the driver in the getaway car. But the law doesn't make any distinction between the responsibility of a person who shoots the gun and the person who "only" drives the getaway car.

When a person is killed during the commission of a felony, that killing is regarded as first-degree murder under the doctrine of felony/murder. When more than one person participates in that felony, each of the participants is guilty of first-degree murder, even if none of the participants intended to kill anyone. And the person who drove the getaway car is just as guilty as the codefendant who pulled the trigger.

The reasoning behind the felony/murder doctrine is compelling: vicious criminals should be held responsible for the consequences of their actions, and when people collude to carry out a crime together, they represent more of a threat to society than when they act alone.

Of course, another trip to the slammer for someone like Patty would not be making our society safer, but other options taken by her prosecutor would have demonstrated that we hold her to be as criminally responsible for her behavior as we would a ghetto black. It would be hard to explain to the more common felon why his guilt led him to a small, windowless cell instead of onto the stage of the Barbara Walters show.

Patty's case is not an isolated instance of a defendant receiving a deal that the public never gets to hear about. The Constitution provides for the right to a public trial. That right is important to a person accused of a crime, to ensure that he will not be secretly denied a fair trial. And an open trial is also important to the public, which has a right to know that the guilty are being properly punished.

The public should know what happens when the prosecutor and the defense lawyer sit down alone together in a room and talk, just as it knows what happens when trials are conducted in a courtroom—both equally dispose of criminal charges. We have a right to know that no secret deals were bought by money, favoritism, or to conceal the misbehavior or incompetence of law-enforcement authorities. Nevertheless, frequently not all the terms of a bargain, or the reasons for those terms, are ever revealed.

While politicians and voters would probably be unwilling to spend the millions necessary to replace plea bargains with trials, there is a major change that could help immediately: prosecutors should make public everything that was given up or gotten in a bargain. And journalists should be sufficiently familiar with criminal law so they could evaluate the appropriateness of a plea bargain. Until this change occurs, the public will be justified in viewing plea bargaining as a disgrace to our system of justice.

# MAKE LOVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

And while she's having intercourse with one of them, she's giving one a blowjob and the other a handjob. It was quite a scene.

"The agency really handled that one. They told three of us not to shower during the day, they got us these old football uniforms, and that night in her hotel, we went through the whole fantasy, step by step. It was a blast.

"I'm sure that night cost her a bundle. She was probably a little embarrassed at first. And we got stares walking though the lobby in football uniforms. But what the hell. That was probably the best night of that woman's life. It was a kick being part of it."

"When people figure out that I'm a kept man, they just assume I'm really hung," said Larry, who lives in a luxurious hotel suite in Atlanta, which is provided by an aging widow of considerable wealth. "Sex is my stock in trade, right? I'll let you in on a secret: I'm not. I'm a little under five inches, erect, which means I'm a little under average.

"But a lot of men who are well-endowed are lousy lovers. They don't take their time. Talk about slam-bam. They take it for granted the woman will find everything they do terrific. They don't know a large penis can hurt a woman sometimes, especially if she isn't ready for it.

"Sure, some women like men with big dicks. But I think that's an exception, not a rule. But I know for sure, I mean from my own experience, that a small penis can turn a woman on just as much as a big one, if you know how to use it. A man who's small has to make up for it with a lot of foreplay—use your hands, your tongue. A lot of women don't come during intercourse anyway.

"I won't say it's an advantage. When women see me for the first time without my clothes, they're a little disappointed. But not for long."

A beefy, blond, and tanned Los Angeles gigolo who occasionally walks around in the background of shows like *Love Boat* and *Dukes of Hazzard* told me that his current lady, a film star of the forties, doesn't really want to have sex very often. "Sex puts her off sometimes," he said. "Most of the time, she wants to put her head on my shoulder. She wants me to hold her. She knows the sex is there if she wants it. I do whatever she wants. That's been clear from the start. But that seems to be enough—just having me there. I've spent the whole night just holding her. That's not bad. It can make sex better when you finally have it."

I asked a thirty-two-year-old gigolo in New York named Jim if there was anything unusual that his lady friends particularly enjoyed—any "trade secrets."

He thought for a while, then said, "A lot of women like it when I ease my finger up their asses just before they come. It makes them go wild!"

Did his clients ever request anal intercourse?

"Yeah, some. About one out of four, maybe."

How did he know when they wanted it?

"It's usually pretty easy. They lift their hips off the bed."

Aren't they afraid it will hurt?

"Yeah, if they've never done it before. But if you do it real gentle, it shouldn't hurt too much, especially if you're relaxed. You have to be relaxed. That means you don't do it right away; you can only do it after you've been making love for a while and you both feel real comfortable. Besides, most women don't mind a *little* pain, as long as there isn't too much."

If a woman wants to have anal sex, Jim begins by lubricating the area with saliva. A shower beforehand, he said, can take care of any "aesthetic" problems. Then he lubricates the area thoroughly with Vaseline, which is hard to clean off but preferable to water-soluble lubricants, such as K-Y jelly, because they tend to dry out too quickly.

When the area is well lubricated, Jim suggests massaging it with one finger, slowly inserting it in the anus. At first the sphincter muscle will tighten involuntarily. You should stop penetrating any further, he says, until the sphincter has adjusted to your finger. Once the finger has reached the rectum the resistance will lessen dramatically.

Then, to widen the opening gradually, Jim inserts a second finger. Only when the woman's completely relaxed does he lubricate his erect penis with still more Vaseline and insert it—slowly and carefully at first, ready to withdraw it if the pain becomes too intense for her. When he's completely inside, he pauses a moment so she can get adjusted. Then he begins thrusting—slowly at first, picking up speed when he's certain she's completely comfortable.

Jim said it's possible to perform anal intercourse in several positions. "The nicest is when she's lying on her back with her legs over your shoulders. That way you can kiss. But if it's her first time, and she's afraid you may hurt her, you can try lying on your back and have her sit on top of you, guiding your penis in herself. In fact, if it's her first time, the easiest position is probably side to side—you know, like two spoons. That seems to cause the least pain."

Jim didn't add—but I will—that you should *always* wash up before reinserting either your finger or your penis in either her vagina or her mouth. Otherwise serious medical problems can result.

Rick is an in-demand New York gigolo who spent two years as a shortstop on a major-league baseball team and still has the manner and physique of a professional athlete. Unlike his colleague Sean, when Rick is sure a woman wants it, he tries to leave the directions up to her. "I just tell her that I'm at her disposal," he says. "What makes me happy is anything that makes her happy.

"At first, some women don't want to give orders. But after a while they get used to it. If they didn't have some desire to control things, they wouldn't be paying for it in the first place. The power is a real turn-on for most of them—something they haven't gotten very often in sex. The idea of having me there, ready to do anything they want, or anything to me—they really get off on that. If they want it, I even play the slave role."

What kinds of things do the women ask him to do?

"Just about every woman wants cunnilingus. From what I can tell, there aren't very many men out there who are into oral sex. Women love it, but they don't seem to get it much. I think that's what most women come to me for."

Probably the least expected advice came from a man in Palm Beach who has the accent and looks of the Latino stars of the fifties. "You must know when to let her take over," he told me. "A lot of people think I am a big success because I let her lie back and I do everything. It isn't that way at all. It's just the opposite for me. I'm a big success as a male prostitute because I let her do it to *me*. They like that much better. You have to pick that up quickly, be on your toes. If you push when *she* wants to push, you have a very unhappy lover.

"Of course, you have to be ready if she wants you to take over. If I think she wants it, I always ask her to let *me* give the orders. I tell her to use her mouth, or to do this or that with her tongue, things like that. Believe me, I let her know how much pleasure she gives me. I tell her many times how good she is to me."

A paid lover in Chicago told me about his specialty: "Massage. That's what I do best. And that's what my clients always ask for. I don't mean regular massage—the kind of thing they can get at some beauty place. I mean a *sexual* massage."

I asked him what the difference was.

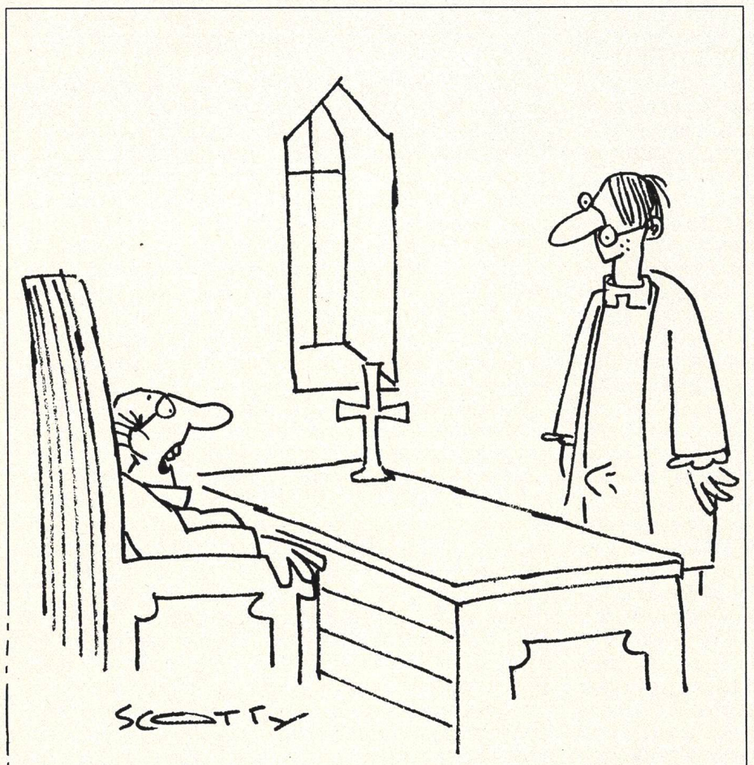
"A sexual massage is a massage that leads to the erogenous zones but stops short of sex."

Intrigued, I asked for a description.

"Well, I usually use some oil. I like vegetable oil better than baby oil; it isn't absorbed in the skin so quickly. My favorites are almond oil, avocado oil, or olive oil. You make them smell better if you add some drops of scent. I use a little of my cologne, so the oil smells like me. Women are big on smells. That way she'll remember me and what I did for her.

"Sometimes, I heat the oil a little. But you've got to be real careful not to heat it too much—you can burn yourself. I always test it by putting a few drops on my wrist before spreading any on her body.

"When you start massaging, don't stop.




*"You're a good, dedicated priest, Father, but we feel you're too young to handle confessional."*

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The spirit of the Czar
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Even for a minute. If you want to put some more oil on your hands, stay there, lying next to her. Put your leg on hers, or something. Anything so the contact isn't interrupted. Once you've taken your hands off, the spell is broken.

"I work in three stages. The first stage is the non-erogenous zones. You know, the back of the neck, the calves, the small of the back. I work them real well.

"Then I turn to the places that aren't really erogenous, but they're pretty close. Like the stomach, the buttocks, the inner thighs, the ears, the insides of the elbows, the insides of the knees.

"Finally I turn to the erogenous zones, especially the breasts, the nipples, the vagina. I still think of it as a massage. That's important, because that way she can get aroused without getting too aroused—at least, not yet anyway."

I asked about some techniques.

"For the nipples, you should put your two thumbs together in a line, with one nipple in between. Then push the thumbs in opposite directions. Keep on doing that in different positions, around and around the nipple. Believe me, she'll like it.

"With the vagina, I also do something special. If her vagina isn't naturally lubricated, you begin by lubricating your hands. The first thing I do is press the tips of my thumbs against that spot between the vagina and the anus. That, by itself, feels really good.

"Then I push my thumbs in a straight line right up to the inner lips. Then I separate the thumbs, brushing them outward across the outer lips. I bring them back to the inner lips, then back to the spot below the vagina. I repeat that until she's so turned on she can't take it anymore. That's when the massage ends and the main act begins."

"If there's anything a woman likes," said a thirty-five-year-old man in Los Angeles who has been kept by a series of women since he was eighteen, "it's staying power. Especially if she can have multiple orgasms, she can only have them if you can keep erect long enough to give them to her, and sometimes that means twenty, thirty minutes or more. Now, it's difficult to stay hard that long without coming. But I've learned how to do it.

"The way you do it is you have some multiple orgasms of your own. Most men don't realize coming isn't the same thing as orgasm. Orgasm is that throbbing feeling you get when you come—when you ejaculate—but you don't have to come to have that throbbing feeling. You can get it three, four, five, or even more times before you come. In fact, you can probably get it even more than that, but after three or four I don't think you get the same pleasure from the orgasm when you finally *do* come.

"So it's great for her, because I can keep it up longer, a lot longer. And it's great for me, because I get a lot more pleasure of my own out of it."

How does a man achieve these multiple orgasms?

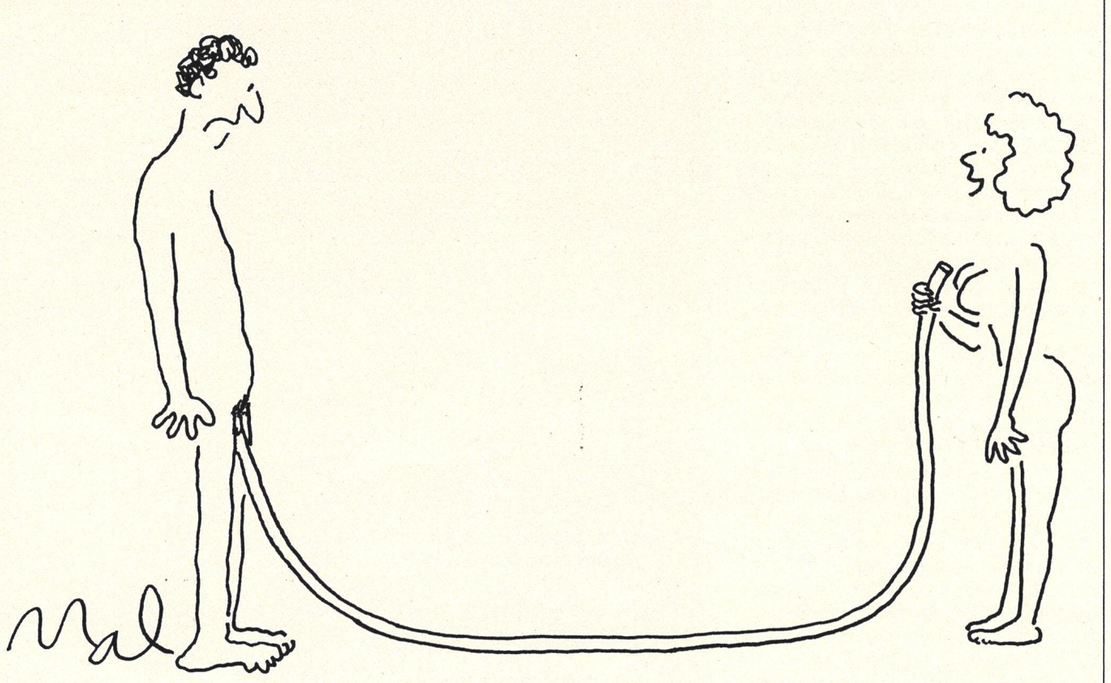
"I do it two ways. One is by thinking about something else, something that isn't sexy, just when I feel I'm about to come. Thinking about the World Series always works for me. Sometimes I do it by letting go of the pressure on my bladder. It's like when you need to take a whiz, you can put some pressure on your bladder to hold it in. Well, if you let up on that pressure when you're about to come, you won't come. It sounds harder than it is. It's a cinch with a little practice."

My friend Roger has the final word of advice: "Everything I did was geared toward making a woman feel appreciated—that I'd make love to her with or without pay. Women used to offer me a tip at the end of the evening, and I always refused. I'd say something like, 'No, it was *my* pleasure.'

"I wanted her to think that there wasn't anyone I would have preferred to spend the night with. After I left, I wanted her to remember it as a real exchange of affection, not just a financial transaction."

The advice from all these American gigolos can be summed up in a single phrase: to satisfy a woman, you've got to make her feel loved—even if she's not.

If they can do it for *hire*, it should be easy for love.



*"I got this idea when I was siphoning gasoline."*



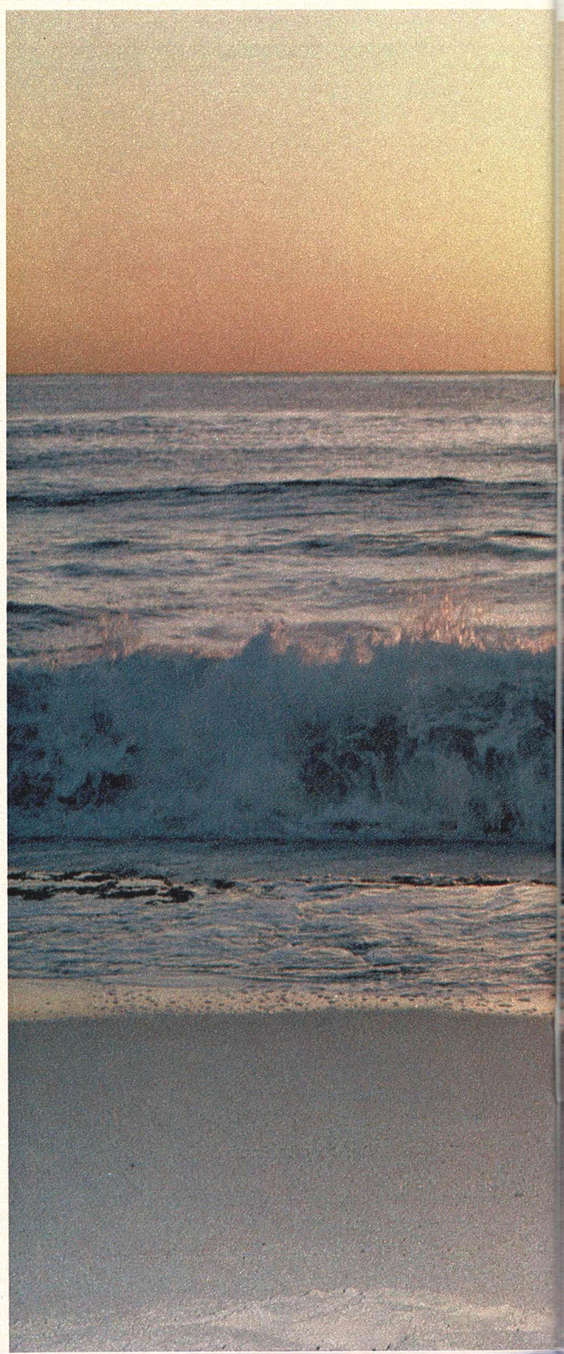
*"You can't keep a good man down—and I can't pass a good man up."*

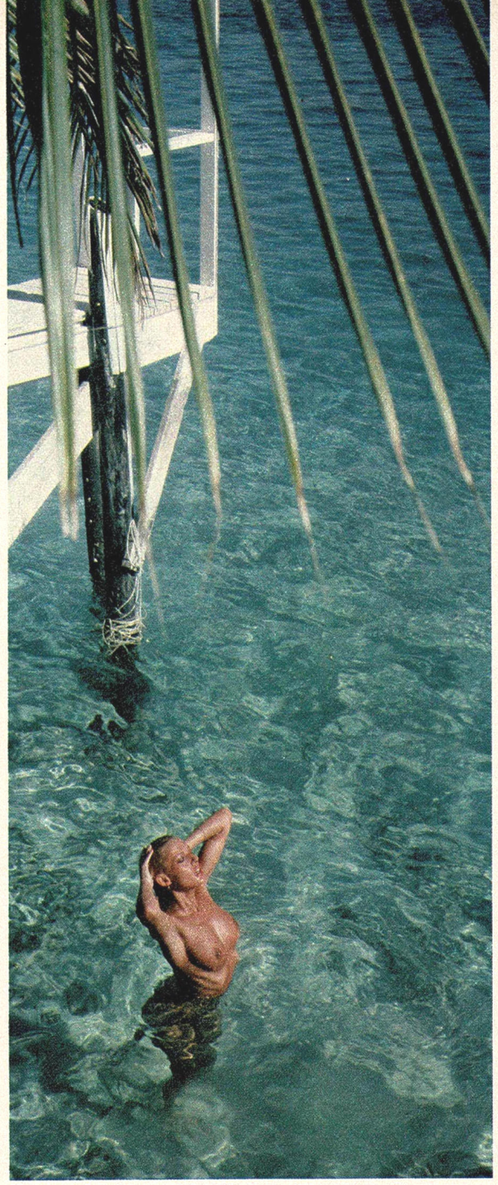
# VERONIQUE

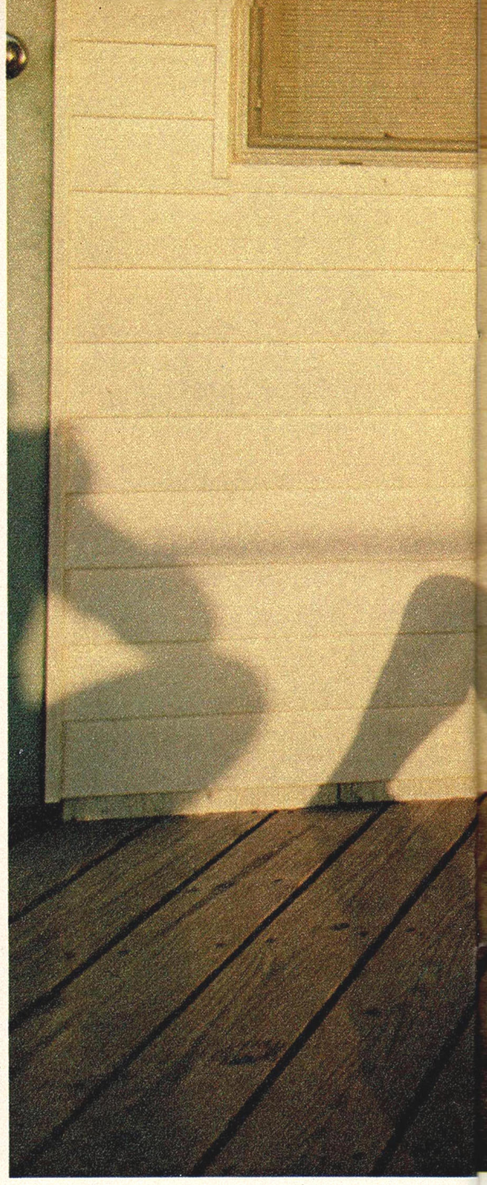
# THE LADY LOVES OUTLAWS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEAN ROUGERON

As a young girl, Veronique recalls, the Riviera meant August vacations with parents, collecting shells in a bucket. Then it meant adolescent clambakes, sunburned backs, getting buried in the sand. Now the crashing of waves against the shore seems suggestive of frenzied lovers doing the same to each other on deserted weekday beaches. Whenever she can, Veronique makes sure she's one of them. Though French, she's hardly provincial. Feels the charms of the bourgeoisie are petite indeed. They're stifling, petty, uptight, she groans. She loved the scene in *Shampoo* where Julie Christie shocked a roomful of fat cats by sliding under the table to molest Warren Beatty. Someday, Veronique hopes to do likewise: win a major battle in her one-woman war against propriety.



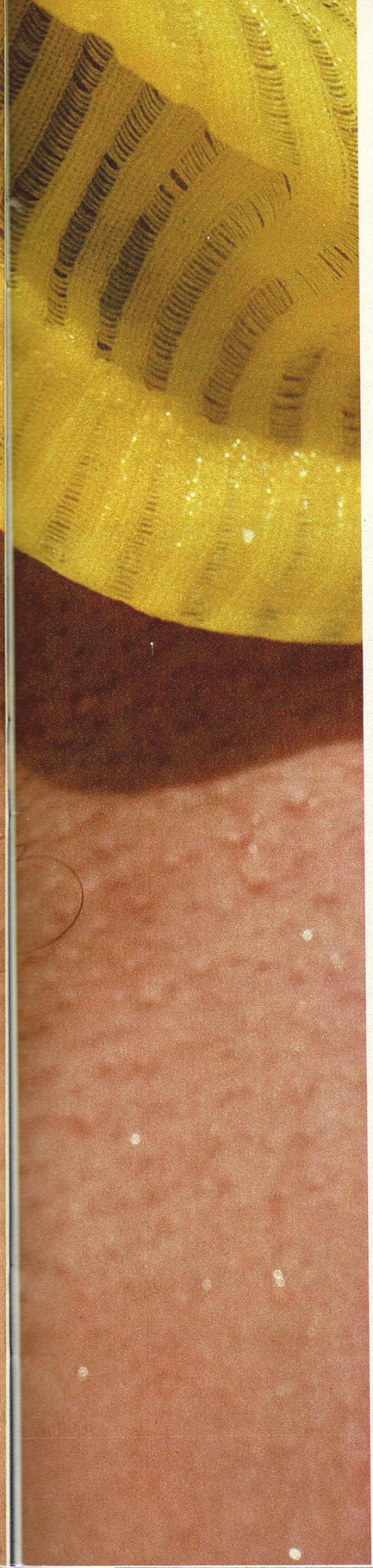


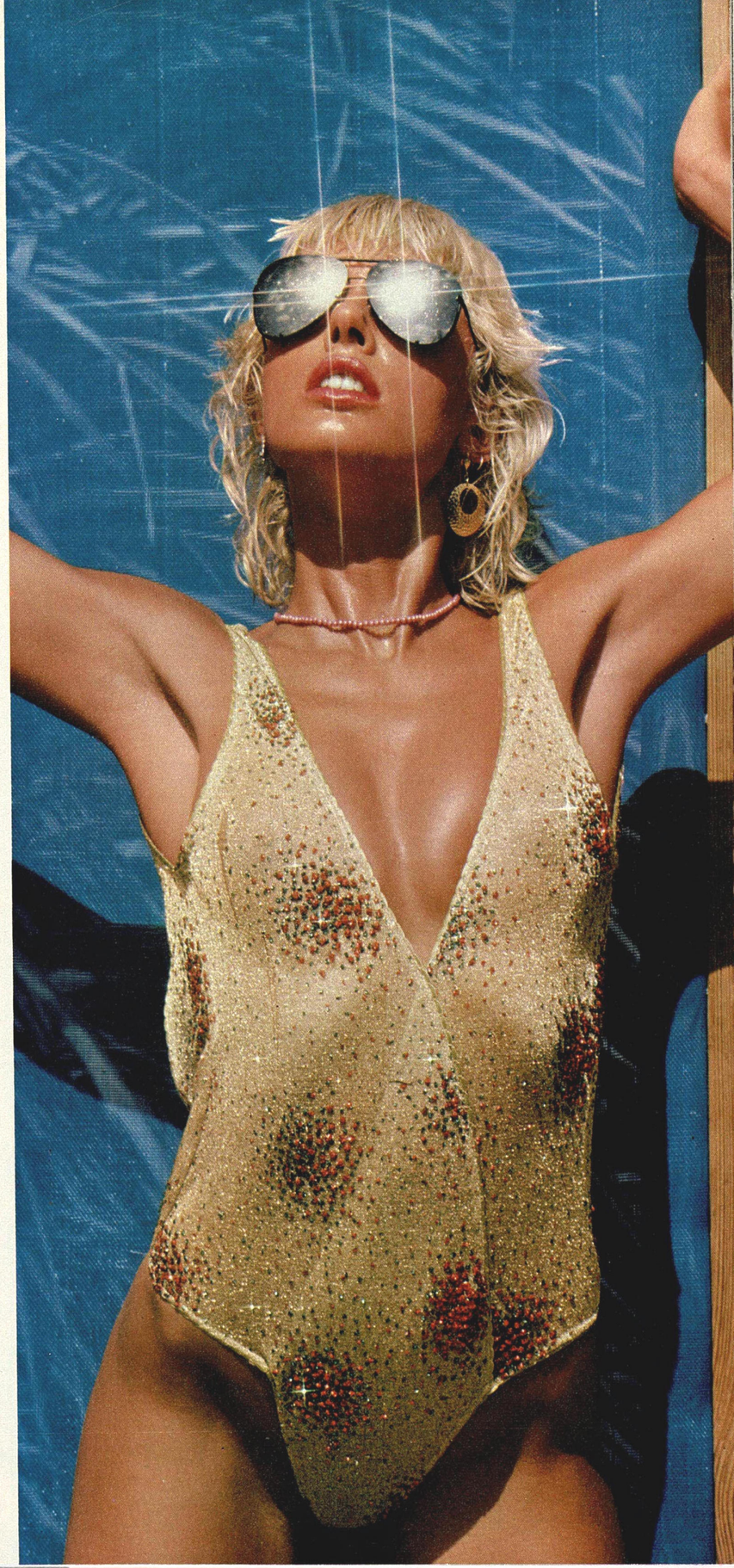


Appearing in *Penthouse* is her way of beginning the first skirmish. The stern instructors who scolded our flirtatious *jeune fille* during her years at the lycée will see her here and weep. And remember that Veronique was called by her classmates the girl most likely to exceed...

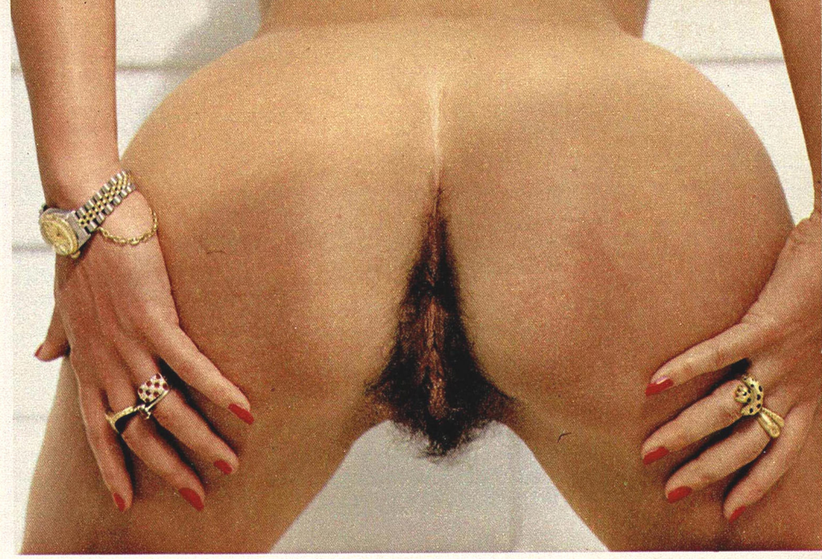
For the spirit to survive, she feels, it's essential to bare one's soul–and also one's breasts, if they're pretty. Hers are. She bluntly admits she's as high on them as they are on her.

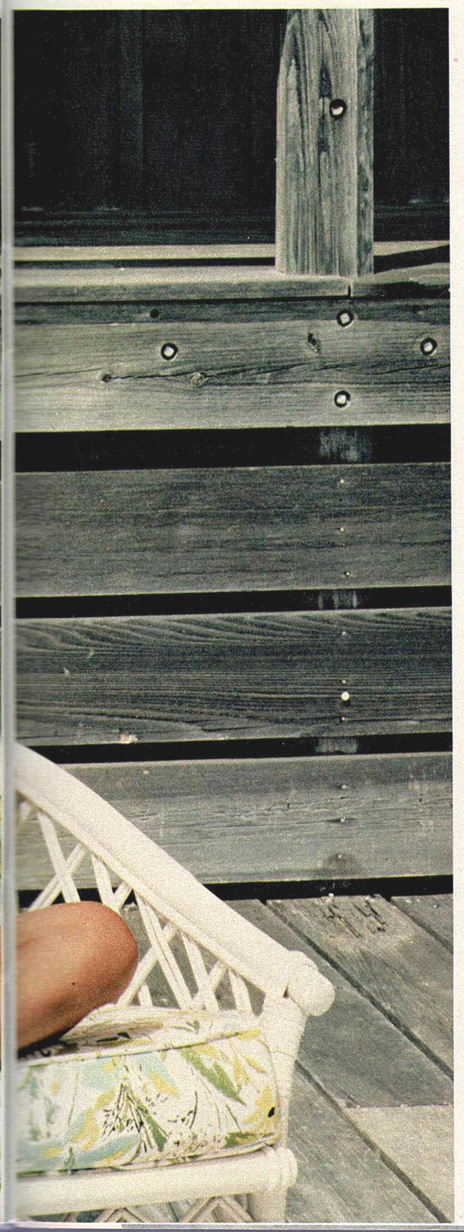
Touching herself, of course, was another childhood taboo, but Veronique has since made reparations--indulging in her favorite forms of affirmative action...



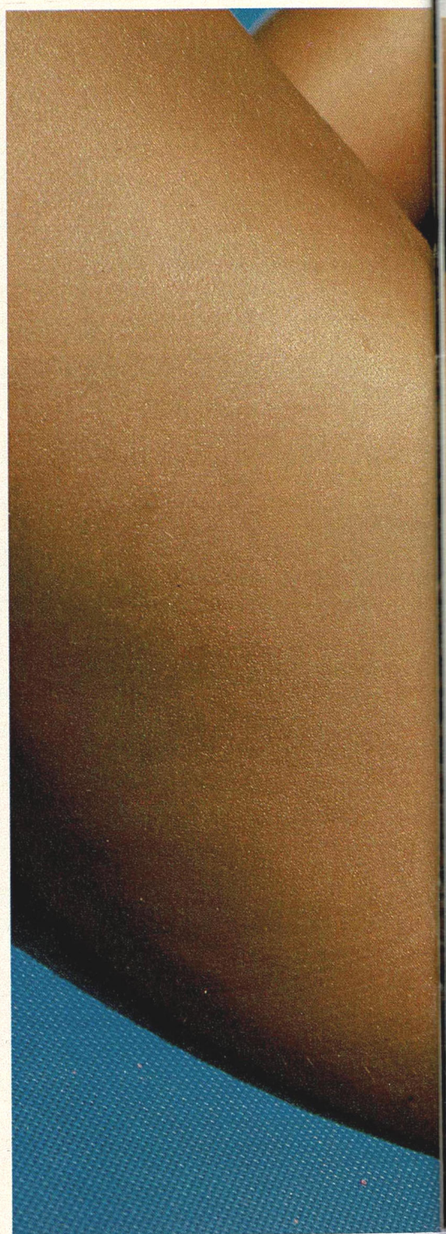


Now twenty, our winsome wild child shows no signs of growing tamer. She's true enough when her current lover's around, but once he's away, she'll play. "You can't keep a good man down," our worldly philosopher reasons. "And I can't pass a good man up!"





The best kind of man for her? Some sort of dashing outlaw. A mercenary, maybe, or a spy. Or even a modern-day pirate, who forces her to satisfy his base desires. Faced with such bounty, she smiles, mutiny would never cross her mind.



Condemned by his past to avenge the greed that destroyed his family, Paul Foster was determined to use his success as a deadly instrument of revenge.

# Worldly Goods

FICTION BY MICHAEL KORDA

At 30,000 feet, the mountains were invisible beneath a thick layer of clouds. Paul Foster had never liked Switzerland. Thirty-five years ago, Switzerland had been the Promised Land—tantalizingly close, but unattainable. Safety had been just the other side of the mountains, but there was no way to cross them.

"Hello, Paul, do you hear me?" he heard Meyerman say, the voice echoing from the loudspeaker set in the panel above Foster's head.

"Yes."

"So? Did you get anything out of Kane?"

"He knows about the Wotan Project."

"That's not too bad. In fact, that's nothing."

"He knows about Loringhoven. Kane's looking for him."

"That's not so good. Where *is* Loringhoven?"

"In France. I don't know exactly where he's living, but I'll find out."

"*Scheisse!* Why didn't he die in 1945? Matthew should have taken care of him."

"He had too much on Matthew. Loringhoven always knew how to look out after number one. Matthew bought him off, I expect. We can do the same."

"How much will it cost?"

"Money may not be necessary," he said. "There are other things . . . For a man with his past . . ."

"You talked to Diana too, I assume."

"She's charming," he said. "And very beautiful."

"I know *that*. Did she say anything about Nicholas's plans?"

"No. She reminds me of that girl in London . . ."

Meyerman's voice betrayed a certain alarm. "Paul," he said, "this we don't need. Things are complicated enough without one of your little romances."

Paul stared out at the clouds—they must be on the approach pattern to Zurich already, he thought. "I'll do my best," he said to Meyerman, but his mind was on Diana.

Diana awoke with a start to find Paul staring at his painting. Apparently he hadn't slept—he seemed in fact to be his usual alert self, and Diana wondered whether he was already anxious to return to his telephones. If so, he managed to restrain himself, which was more than she could say for Niki, who had once made love to her while closing a deal on the Speakerphone. So often the first time one had sex with a man was a disappointment—not for the reasons *they* thought, though that was sometimes the case too, but because the anticipation was more exciting than the reality.

"You're a very good lover," she said.

He smiled, picked up the champagne from the floor, opened it, and filled two glasses. "After love, champagne," he said.

"Do you often do this?"

"No. Very seldom. In fact, I've never used this room, even to stay here by myself."

Diana looked around, and guessed that he was probably telling the truth. Indeed, Paul always seemed to tell the truth, or at least some part of it, perhaps because lies were

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL TREVITHICK

more time-consuming. There were no signs of occupancy—no telephone, no television set, no personal belongings. The only object that seemed out of place was a photograph on the bed table next to her. It was a small family group, a sepia print, badly faded and torn at the edges. Two couples, dressed in Alpine clothes, stood on either side of a gray-haired old man; in the foreground were three children, two boys in lederhosen and a girl in a dirndl, her hair wound up in braids, holding a bunch of wildflowers. In the distance it was possible to make out a panorama of mountains. It seemed to Diana that the figure on the right, a large, heavily muscular man standing slightly apart from the group, his feet planted solidly apart, was vaguely familiar.

"What's this?" she asked, picking the photograph up.

Paul examined it more closely as if he had forgotten its existence. "Ah," he said, after a pause, "that was taken on the Königssee. That's Berchtesgaden in the background. . . . Such pretty walks there!"

Paul leaned over to kiss her, his hand on the picture, but she raised it and took a closer look.

"Who is she?" Diana asked, pointing at the woman with her fingernail.

Foster paused. Either he was nerving himself to answer the question or trying to fabricate a hasty lie. He shrugged. One way or the other, he had clearly reached a decision. "That's my mother," he said.

"She's got a wonderful face." Diana stared at the photograph, while Foster tried, very gently but insistently, to pull it out of her hands. She pointed to the two boys in the photograph, and realized that both of them were also strikingly familiar. One of them was slightly taller than the other, with a self-confident, devilish smile on his face; the other boy might almost have been his twin, but his expression was more withdrawn. "Is this one you?" she asked.

Paul nodded wearily. "Yes," he said. "It's a long time ago."

"And the taller boy?"

He took the photograph away from her and put it down on the night table. "You would have found out sooner or later," he said. "It's Nicholas, of course."

Diana sat up in the unfamiliar bed, staring at Paul. She felt a certain curiosity, mixed with a sense of dismay, even fear. She had made love with a comparative stranger, a dangerous thing to do. She knew nothing of Paul's motives, his past, or his intentions toward her, and she felt at once cheated and used.

"The man with the cigar," she said. "That's Matthew Greenwood, isn't it?"

Paul looked somber. He stared briefly at the dim figure with the jaunty smile in an Alpine costume. "He wasn't called Greenwood then," he said.

"Perhaps not, but it's him. He was older when I met him, and angry, but it's not a face I'd forget."

"No." His voice was neutral. "He was a ruthless man. He still is."

"Is he your father? Are you and Nicholas . . . "

"Brothers? No. My father is the thinner man, there. Nicholas and I are merely cousins."

"Niki never mentioned it."

"There would be no reason for him even to *think* of me as his long-lost cousin. At the beginning of the war, he went to school in Switzerland. I stayed on. So far as anybody knows, I died in a camp, along with my father. Nicholas was luckier. One can't blame him for that."

"But you *do* blame him for that—or something."

"No, he's innocent—which is not to say that I've ever liked him much. When we were children there was bad blood between us. However, it's his *father* I blame."

"What did the old man do?"

"He left *my* father to die. And Louise, my mother, myself."

Diana sat up in the unfamiliar bed, staring at Paul. She had made love with a comparative stranger, a dangerous thing to do.

"What for?"

"Greed, of course. What else? Listen, you're angry with me. . . . No, no, I can tell. And you're right to be. I went to your party because I thought we had something in common. The old man did a terrible thing to you. He did far worse things to me and to my parents. But when I saw you that night, I felt something I haven't known for a long time—not just sexual curiosity, that's easy, but a real desire, a *need*. . . . I'm not a man who likes to admit to needing anyone. I've always thought it a weakness. But now we've gone to bed together, and I have to tell you the truth, which isn't very pretty, and is also dangerous."

"Tell me about Matthew Greenwood. What did he *do*? Was he a collaborator?"

"It was more complicated than that. Oh, he *collaborated* all right, but that's meaningless. Hungary and Germany were allies, so I'm not even sure collaboration is the right word. His relationship with the Nazis was at the very highest level. If he hadn't been Jewish, he'd have been tried at Nuremberg, along with Horthy and people like Krupp, Thyssen, and so on."

"Why wasn't he?"

"He was shrewd enough to change sides. And he had information the Allies were desperate for. . . . Have you ever heard of the Wotan Project?"

Diana shook her head.

Paul rubbed his hands over his face, as if he were trying to summon up an old memory. "Wotan was the German atomic-bomb program," he explained. "Matthew Greenwood was deeply involved. He was even responsible for the decision to go ahead with it, at the very beginning—though I have to confess my father knew more about the details than Matthew did."

"I don't see why that's a threat to you. You must have been a child then."

"I was. So was Nicholas. It's as if the damned atom were the family curse. The old man made a fortune selling uranium to the Nazis. Now Niki is committing billions of dollars to nuclear energy. Somehow, they can't leave it alone. As for a threat, you have to understand: someone in my position walks a tightrope all the time. . . . One doesn't want to fall off."

"I should think the Greenwoods were more likely to fall off than you, from the sound of it."

Paul smiled enigmatically. "I don't *want* them falling off," he said. "That's the whole point. I want to *push* them off, at the right time. I am owed that pleasure, at least. And a good deal more."

There was a long pause. Paul seemed lost in his own thoughts. Diana reflected uncomfortably on the way Paul Foster had not only swept her into *his* life, which was at once secretive and bleak, but had forced her to think of those parts of her own life she had tried to forget. For years Diana had suffered agonies of guilt about the child she had abandoned, or been forced to abandon, if you took a more charitable point of view. It had gradually eroded her relationship with Niki. She blamed herself for giving in to him, and she blamed him for his cowardly surrender to Matthew. In the end she had given to Niki the love she might have given the child—a double ration, as it were—and it was more love than he was able to bear.

Diana had tried to think of the child only at those unavoidable, three-in-the-morning moments, when she was unable to sleep. It was a missing fragment of herself that she had been unable to restore, and Paul, with his usual precision, had instantly understood her feelings. No doubt he was ruthless and manipulative, but he had the instinctive understanding of a man who had suffered himself, and knew all there was to know about grief and guilt.

"What are you after?" she asked him.

The question took him by surprise. Whatever he was after, he had been thinking about it for so long that it was now a part of him. "I have an account to settle with Matthew. A debt, if you like."

"What does he owe you?"

"Two lives. At least. And perhaps a few hundred million dollars."

"What are you going to do to him?"

"You'll see," Paul said. "I've given it a lot of thought."

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"And Niki? I'm not a vindictive woman, Paul. Niki's behaved badly toward me, but that wasn't always the case."

"I'm afraid there's one piece of news you haven't heard, then. Believe me, it gives me no pleasure to tell you, but perhaps better from me than from a newspaper . . . Nicholas is getting married."

Diana gave a small, involuntary gasp of surprise. "Married? To whom? He never even hinted at it!"

"I suppose not. It seems Nicholas intends to marry Augustus Biedermeyer's daughter—Angelica, I think her name is. The one who was on the cover of *Vogue* last month. He's been negotiating it for a long time. A connection between two dynasties like that isn't made in a day, and of course for Nicholas it's a lifesaver. Biedermeyer has banks, insurance companies, the breweries, a healthy cash flow . . . And the Biedermeyer women are said to be 100-percent reliable about producing sons, which is important to old Greenwood. Not exactly a marriage made in heaven, if there is such a thing, but it should give Greenwood's stock a shot in the arm."

Diana lay for a long time in Paul's arms, trying not to cry. She wanted to be angry, but instead she was merely sad, recognizing at last that a whole part of her life and her feelings had been thrown on the junk heap, disposed of neatly as if it were of no value, a sacrifice to the larger needs of Niki and his father. Paul was silent, perhaps because he knew silence was the best comfort, but after she had dozed for a while, he woke her up gently, kissed her, and began to swing out of bed.

"You need to eat," he said.

"I couldn't."

"Yes, you could. Bad news always makes one hungry. When they told the kaiser that he'd been dethroned, he said, 'Let's have tea, and everything will look better afterward.' He was quite right. Come, put your clothes on. We'll go somewhere and have a good meal and cheer each other up."

Diana resigned herself to Paul's plans with a sense of relief. "All right," she said. "Where?"

"Paris," he said firmly. "I have something to do in France. Something you can help me with."

"I can't go to Paris, Paul. That's ridiculous."

"Why? It's almost Friday, then comes the weekend. We can be in Paris tomorrow in time for lunch. The change will do you good. You'll sleep on the plane."

Paul stood up and reached for his shirt, and as Diana turned over to look at him, she gasped. From his shoulders to his buttocks his back was a mass of long, deep scars. The hard, livid, rigid welts were like a roadmap of pain, almost frightening to look at, standing out in hideous contrast to the rest of Foster's sleek, well-cared-for body.

"My dear," Diana said, stroking him. "How did it happen? Who did it? Why?"

Paul leaned over and kissed her. "It was a gift from Matthew," he said. "A family legacy . . . "

The inmates, thousands of them, stood in the huge, muddy *Appellplatz* in the rain, like an army of derelicts, while the German guards went through the tedious business of counting them, a process that, in bad weather, constituted a kind of punishment in itself. Everybody had to be counted—if anyone died during the night, and inevitably many did, the corpse had to be dragged out and counted before it could be disposed of. Not until the figures had been checked and rechecked to *Oberscharführer* Politsch's satisfaction could the work parties move off.

Voster's small work *Kommando* was in order, but all the same his face turned pale at the sight of *Oberscharführer* Moll's roly-poly figure making its way down the lines. Moll's presence meant that there was going to be a "clean out"—a certain percentage of inmates would be removed to make way for a new intake.

Paul reached for his shirt, and as Diana turned over to look at him, she gasped. From his shoulders to his buttocks his back was a mass of long, deep scars.

When Moll arrived at Voster's *Kommando,* he consulted his clipboard for a moment, without even bothering to look at the men lined up in front of him. "*Na, Herr Major,*" Moll said, "Everybody in good health?"

"Absolutely, *Herr Oberscharführer*!"

"No coughs? No fevers? No little complaints?"

"Nothing, *Herr Oberscharführer.*"

Moll looked at his clipboard, moving his lips as he read. "You're being moved," he said.

"Moved? Moved to where?"

"I don't know. Anyway, it's none of your business. Get your men over to the transfer block, on the double." Moll glanced back to his clipboard, then raised his hand. "One moment," he said. "You have an inmate down here for a whipping, *nicht so*?"

"The professor is dead. During the night."

Moll looked irritated. "He was supposed to be whipped."

"What's the point? He died of exhaustion."

"If a whipping is ordered, a whipping takes place. I'll take someone else." Moll looked down the line of prisoners and nodded toward Paul. "That one will do," he said.

"But *Herr Oberscharführer*, he hasn't done anything! He just arrived."

"Voster, I can't waste time. It's you or him. He's young, he's new—who knows, he might live. He'll do as well as anyone else."

Voster sighed, and turned toward Paul with a shrug.

"Bad luck, kid," he said.

Moll prided himself on his ability with a bullwhip. It made for a welcome change of pace, since most of his day was spent working with corpses.

When Paul was dragged out in front of the other prisoners, it occurred to him briefly that the humiliation of being stripped and whipped in front of several thousand inmates would be worse than the pain, but this was a romantic illusion that did not survive the first stroke.

He heard Moll shout "*Zwanzig!*" as he cracked the whip for the last time, then someone threw a pail of cold water over him and he fainted at last. When he came to, he was lying in a bunk, with a blanket thrown over him. Voster was sitting on the next bed, looking at him. He did not seem pleased.

"You're alive," he said. "Moll wasn't up to form."

"Where am I?"

"In the transfer block."

"Where are we going?"

"Who knows? East, I suppose, to dig antitank trenches. Everybody gets a medical check, then a bowl of soup. Unless you don't pass the doctor's inspection, of course. In that case you get gassed, and miss your bowl of soup. I'm sorry about what happened."

"I understand."

"Moll is a bastard. Still, I'm not so happy that we're leaving."

"Surely anything is better than Auschwitz?"

Voster thought about this for a moment, then made a face. "Believe it or not, my boy, there are worse places."

"*Standartenführer* Loringhoven?" The voice on the telephone was faint and distant, interrupted by static and strange crackling noises. The telephone system of the Third Reich was collapsing along with everything else. Loringhoven fingered his own War Service Cross nervously and acknowledged the call.

"*Götterdämmerung,*" a familiar, nasal voice said, as if it were a greeting.

"What?"

"The code word, for God's sake. Blow the place up."

"What should I do with the prisoners?"

"What do you *think*? Get rid of them. Also the documents. Don't forget to burn the files. A certain person is anxious to make sure of that."

"A certain person—in Switzerland?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 168




# FANTASTIC VOYAGES

Each new edition of OMNI magazine is a fantastic voyage, a wondrous journey through the infinite and magical universe of science. OMNI sees the beauty of the depthless, enigmatic black of space, tingles with the incredible excitement of the unknown and the promise of tomorrow and explores these as no other magazine ever has or ever could.

In recent issues, articles have dealt with such fascinating subjects as the near death experience, the brown fat diet, genetic engineering, black holes, UFO's, decoding Nostrodamus, Japan's robot culture, Bionics, man's future among the stars and why, some day, some of us may never die. OMNI publishes and interviews the world's leading thinkers, including James Michener, Buckminster Fuller, Carl Sagan, Gerald O'Neill and Alvin Toffler. And OMNI presents original science fiction by such authors as Arthur C. Clarke, Ray Bradbury, Robert Heinlein, Stanislaw Lem, Harlan Ellison and Stephen King.

Additionally, OMNI's regular columns *Earth, Life, Space, Mind, Environment* and *Continuum* are a constant update of what's happening in our world, while *Anti-matter* shows us a lighter side, reporting on such diverse phenomenon as nutrition for Psychics, spontaneous human combustion, would-be time travellers and killer clowns.

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OMNI

There is no more interesting magazine published today.

# DRIVING PASSION

"Collecting cars can be a lifetime sport. You never get tired of looking and, if the money's there, buying. It's just got to be the right piece at the right time at the right price."

BY REGGIE JACKSON

For me, automobiles are both a passion and an investment. I figured that if I bought cars, when I retired from baseball and found myself broke I could sell a car a month and get a nice healthy return on my investment. My pre-retirement goal was $1 million worth of cars. Right now, my collection's value is well into seven figures. At last count, some fifty cars were parked at my home and in various garages around the San Francisco Bay area. There are another five or six deals in the works. I'm always looking, I'll always buy.

The value of an individual car, for collection purposes, depends on several factors. First and foremost, you want that vehicle as close as possible to its original factory condition. Quite a few of my cars have the original window stickers, the original handbooks, even the original showroom pamphlets with the lady in the beehive hairdo. You don't want the exterior or interior cut up or damaged. You want the original carpets. If the car came out of the factory with vinyl seat covers, you don't want to change that vinyl to leather. And of course, if you're going to collect, the car's got to be the "right" color. I've got a '63 360-hp fuel-injected Corvette, and it's white. That's the right color for a 'Vette. Red, black and white—they're all attractive "eyeball" colors. Be more cautious when you get into flaming yellows or pinks or trick colors like royal blue or, my own favorite, garnet burgundy.

Finally, a car's value can be directly proportionate to its

Photograph by Antonin Kratochvil

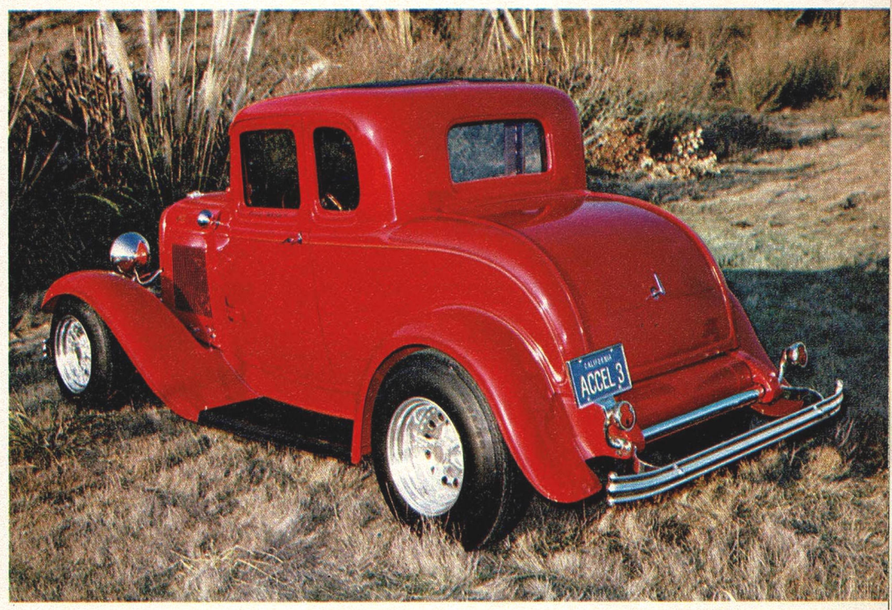
Photographs by Steve Reyes

mileage. As a collector, you want low, *low* miles. In my own specialty, "muscle" cars—the big-block, large-cubic-inch, high-performance cars first introduced by Chevrolet, around 1960—you find a surprising number of cars with low mileage, provided you're willing to hunt around. For example, it could be a car that a father gave his son before he went to Vietnam—a son who never returned. The family just stored the car away in the garage. Occasionally, a person buys a new car just to collect. I know one guy with a '75 orange Corvette—original window sticker—and it's got three miles on the speedo. (He wants $35,000; if you're seriously into collecting, you've got to be prepared to ante up.) There's a Mercedes 380 SL parked in one of my garages that doesn't have *any* miles on it. Only eight-tenths. I picked it up from the pier and had it trucked straight home. It's never been driven, never been sat in. That's the prestige deal.

Car collections can prove to be a pleasure both aesthetically and, if you're shrewd, financially. However, unlike other hobbies, there's another nice bonus to collecting: you can *use* your cars. For sheer fun, speed, excitement, and a lot of sentiment, I'll take out my '55 Chevy. Seems everyone wants the car he had his first date in; mine was that Chevy. When I started getting truly serious about collecting cars (and could afford them), back around 1970, it was one of the first cars I picked up. This one's a real hell-raiser. With a 460-cubic-inch big-block (a bored-out 454) engine, and loaded with high-performance parts, in the first three gears it jumps like a race car. But in the fifth gear of my Doug Nash five-speed you can cruise down the highway at a nice, legal 55 mph. In and out, the detail's impeccable. It's probably my favorite vehicle, and, as car collectors say, a "rare rare" piece.

For any serious distance travel, I rely almost exclusively on a 1980 Porsche 930 Turbo, one of the best performing cars in the world. It's got tremendous speed and tremendous acceleration, and, most important, it will *handle* all of its horsepower. The car is never squirrelly. It steers well. Its hind end won't come around in a severe turn. When you want to pass and ask for that pickup, it's there. When you want to shut it down, it stops. Like many German cars, the Porsche is dependable. You can drive it five straight hours at 100 mph without a problem.

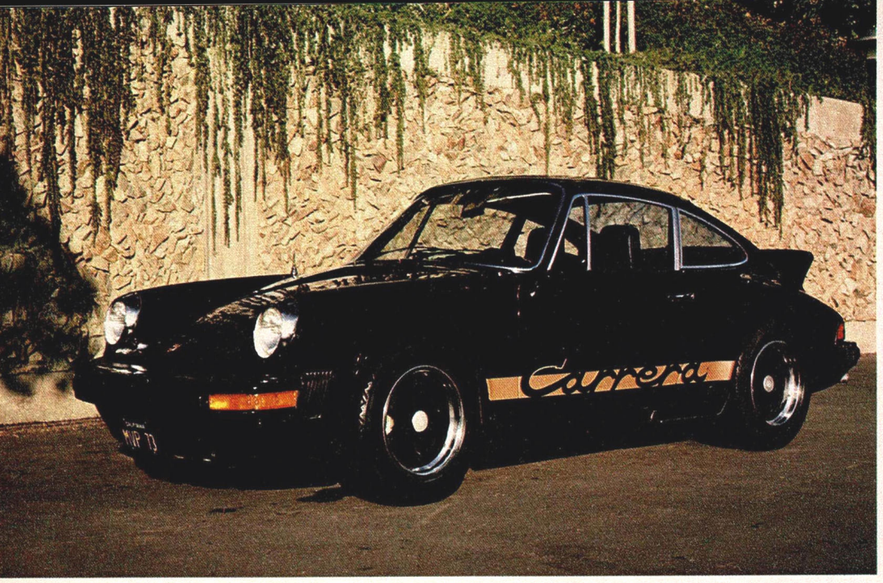
For luxury transportation, there's one favorite car I drive: a '75 Rolls-Royce Corniche coupe (garnet, of course). I reserve

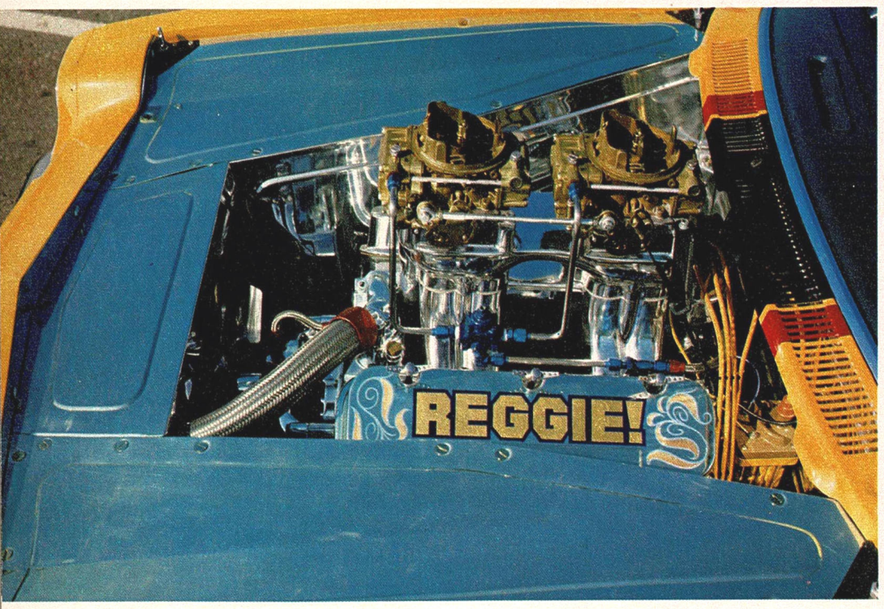



Photograph by Antonin Kratochvil

it for special occasions: Christmas, Thanksgiving, New Year's. It's the "big car" in the family. It's Reggie's car. Nobody else ever drives it. In terms of the ride—a soft, gentle ride coupled with a heavy, secure feel—the Rolls is incomparable. It's as though you never left your liv-

*(Clockwise, above left) The Dynamic Duo, mated in rare garnet burgundy, Reggie's "Big Car"—a '75 Rolls Corniche—and the 1980 Porsche 930 Turbo; late-model big-block Vega drag racer built for street with a potent 440 CID engine; all-steel five-window '32 Ford coupe featuring a 350 CID Chevy engine, a Doug Nash five-speed shift, and six Weber carburetors; the rare 454 SS '70 Chevelle lives up to its license with 500-plus horsepower; '32 Ford's interior with wood-grained metalwork and genuine mohair upholstery.*



ing room. And the engineering, of course, is exquisite. Most Rolls are hand-built and come with unusual backup electrical and brake systems. Whereas the average American car is made up of 1,500 parts, the Rolls requires nearly 12,000.

Needless to say, buying a Rolls is not within everyone's financial reach. But in some sense, the same rules apply in terms of doing a little advance research and knowing the retail markup. It could save you 10 to 15 percent off the list price. The Rolls Corniche, for instance, I bought back in 1976, shortly after I signed with the Yankees. Walking into the San Francisco showroom, dressed in cutoff blue jeans, thongs, and T-shirt, I might not have resembled the typical Rolls prospect. In fact, no salesman would wait on me. They just looked in the other direction and wondered what the colored kid was doing in the place. I'd come in for a black four-door, but then I spotted this garnet Corniche with tan leather and couldn't resist the color combination. It was a trick piece—though about $25,000 more than I'd intended to spend. I finally cornered this black salesman and told him, "I like this car, my man—what will you take for it?" He gave me a scornful look. "This is a Rolls showroom," he informed me, "and we do not negotiate here." So I told him: "With a $59,000 sticker price, I *know* you've got ten to twelve thousand in it, I *know* you've got that much blue sky." He was a little surprised and disappeared to confer with his boss. I ended up paying $52,000. Right there. Called the bank, and the deal was done. When you buy a Rolls, you don't make payments. You just hit the leather.

One nice advantage to collecting cars is the chance to indulge your own eye's attraction to a car's line, style, or look. No rules dictate the "right" car to select; it's up to you. For instance, I happen to love rough, off-road driving, so I bought a yellow jeep. It's got nice appointments, oversized tires for better four-wheeling fun, and a winch—if you've got a jeep, you've got to have a winch. Women, by the way, love jeeps. They like the rustic idea of riding around in the country. At night, of course, they just want to climb into a Mercedes 450 SL or Porsche. I never met a woman who didn't want a 450 SL. Mind you, Mercedes are great cars; they're well-built, reliable, and sturdy, with terrific handling and comfort. And for investment, they're a smart buy. But pass up the 450 SL and think about the really rare piece—the 280 SL original roadster. If you find a woman and ask her what kind of car she likes and she says a 280, go for her. It takes only dollars to get a 450; it takes knowledge and style to buy the roadster.

My own specialty in collecting is the Chevrolet "muscle" cars—big-block, high-performance cars from an era when gas was thirty cents a gallon and nobody worried about a 55-mph speed limit. The

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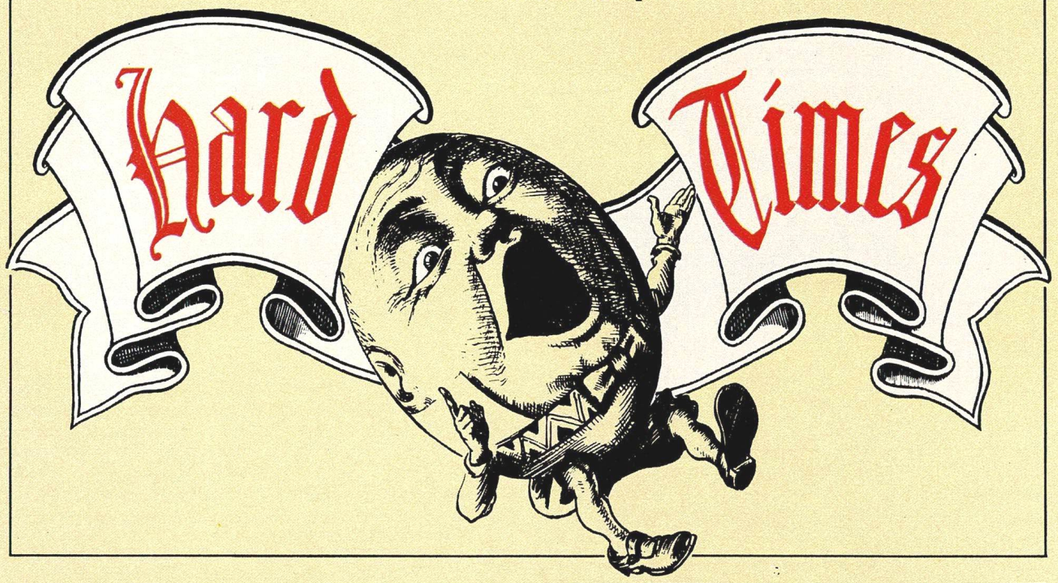
*(Clockwise, above left) One of Reggie's beloved Porsches and sole cross-country transport when playing with Baltimore; a rare, limited-production 350 SS Camaro and favorite "muscle" car; interior of the '40 Chevy, Reggie's first street rod, traded for $400, a color TV, and two Oakland A's tickets, then customized; stock CJ5 Jeep loaded with bolt-on extras—roll bar, winch, trick wheels, and fat tires; the powerhouse 440 CID engine in Reggie's fearsome big-block Vega.*

EXTRA

A compendium of bizarre, idiotic, lurid, and ofttimes witless driblets of information culled from the nation's press

EXTRA

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# FIRE DEPARTMENT BURNS DOWN VILLAGE

**The fire that leveled the Swedish village of Varnhem was set by the local fire department!**

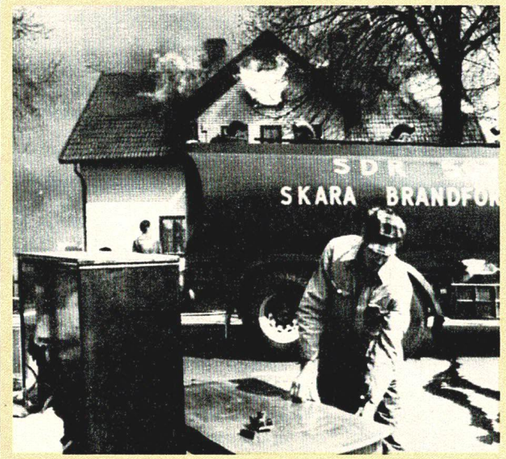
A farmer wanted his barn demolished, and the enterprising fire fighters offered to burn it down for half the price quoted by a demolition firm.

So with his men standing by for action one May morning, deputy fire chief Rune Lindquist put a match to two cans of gasoline that had been poured over the barn. And all hell broke loose.

Fanned by a strong wind, the flames spread to 21 buildings.

Firemen had to be called from other areas, and they were still battling the inferno a day later. (*National Enquirer*)

*The insurance company doesn't buy it either.–Editor*



World Wide

# SHOOTS HIS TV SET THIRTY-ONE TIMES

**An angry man lost his job and his wife because he shot his television set.**

**A judge in Tucson, Ariz., freed Thomas Coffman, who was arrested after pumping thirty-one shots from a .22 rifle into his home television set.**

**Cops say the shooting occurred during an evening** news broadcast. Coffman's wife left him after the shooting and he says he was fired when his boss heard about the shooting. (*Weekly World News*)

*Otherwise, everything's back to normal.–Editor*



# HOSPITAL USES SEX TO ATTRACT PATIENTS

**Madison Avenue tycoons may soon be promoting hospital care to the sick the same way they promote jeans or flashy cars–with lots of sexy advertising.**

**Some American cities are so saturated with hospitals that desperate administrators are already turning to marketing gimmicks to fill their empty beds.**

And it's working!

Humana, a Louisville, Ky., corporation that owns 90 hospitals nationwide, uses some rather catchy television commercials to increase its patient load. One of its more controversial ads shows a particularly lovely lady lying seductively on a hospital bed. Suddenly, there's a knock on the door and in walks a husky, handsome man.

As he moves slowly toward her, a soft voice out of nowhere murmurs: "Nice things happen in a private room. By calling Sunrise Hospital seventy-two hours in advance, you can reserve a private room."

Sunrise Hospital of Las Vegas, part of the Humana chain, has run many ads like that. Not surprisingly, Sunrise Hospital is now the largest health center in Las Vegas. (*National Examiner*)

*One thing seems to lead to another.–Editor*

Transworld Feature Syndicate

# The Man Who Gave Up Talking Nine Years Ago

**Silence is more than golden to John Francis–it's his strange way of life. Nearly nine years ago he decided to see if he could go a day without talking . . . and he hasn't spoken a word since!**

**Amazingly, the 35-year-old musician and artist communicates by gestures, facial expressions, shrugs, grunts,** strumming on his banjo loudly when he's upset, or scribbling quick notes to people if all else fails.

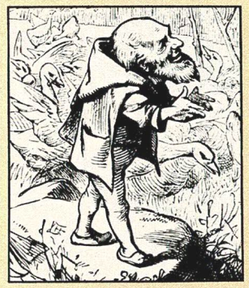
He even graduated college recently–without ever speaking a word in class.

"I began this as a one-day experiment. Then I decided to extend it for a year, and it has now become nearly nine years," he explained.

The tall, bearded bachelor, sporting a gold earring in his left ear, indicated that he launched his bizarre experiment to show that you don't have to talk a lot to be successful. (*National Enquirer*)

*And he doesn't say that loosely.–Editor*

# Elves Help Farmers Grow Huge Vegetables



**Forty-pound cabbages, roses blooming in the snow, and foxglove that towers nine feet tall in sandy soil might puzzle most people.**

**But there's no mystery at all about the giant vegetables and hardy flowers that grow in the Findhorn gardens along a desolate stretch of fog-drenched seacoast in Northern Scotland.**

The people who founded Findhorn knew that elves, fairy folk and the nature spirits are what makes everything grow so well.

Dorothy MacLean, a Findhorn farmer, reported receiving direct telepathic guidance from the devas about vegetable farming. They told her that plants have no objection to being eaten because that brings unity between the two worlds. (*Weekly World News*)

*Any fool knows that.–Editor*

# Production Line Heartbreak

**A worker who was fired because he fell in love with his machine has been awarded $6,000 for unfair dismissal.**

**William Waldron, 53, of Birmingham, England, says that his computerized flame-cutting machine "seemed like part of me." When his beloved machine was sent in for an overhaul, the brokenhearted worker stayed at** home moping.

After 10 months, his bosses got fed up and fired him. (*Globe*)

*You can only take love so far.–Editor*

# EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Hard Times" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Hard Times, c/o Penthouse, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Please include the name of the newspaper and the date the clipping was published.

# INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

dent stations could not afford to produce their own programming, so they were forced to air network reruns. In other words, the networks were the sole source of all programming. The FCC did an exhaustive inquiry a few years ago into the state of the network business, and they said that unless cable were unfettered, there would never be any competition to the networks. That television was a scarce-facilities business, and the networks had gotten in there first and then dominated.

***Penthouse:*** Do the networks think you pose a threat to them?

**Turner:** Before we started, they did everything they could to stop us from going into business, and then, once we were, they tried to exclude us wherever they could.

***Penthouse:*** How did they try to stop you from going into business?

**Turner:** Before we started, several news executives made statements that we could never make it, that they didn't know what we were doing, that we didn't have enough money, and who were we to go into the business? They were trying to destroy our credibility in the banking and advertising community. When we got on the air, the networks said we wouldn't be able to stay on the air, once again trying to destroy our credibility. They've been trying to restrain the growth of cable television for a number of years. They were trying to put pressure on our leaders in Washington to legislate us out of business.

***Penthouse:*** They called CNN "Chicken Noodle News."

**Turner:** That's right. And they tried to exclude us from the White House pool coverage. We had to enter into a very expensive and lengthy lawsuit against the administration and the networks, which I think we finally got settled. But we had to point a gun at them and go to the federal courts.

***Penthouse:*** ABC and Westinghouse Broadcasting will launch a jointly owned, twenty-four-hour cable news channel this spring to compete with yours. Do you take that as a threat or a compliment?

**Turner:** Both. It's a compliment because before we started cable news, the networks were saying that twenty-four hours of news wouldn't work. So obviously we've proved that it will work or they wouldn't be trying to copy us. But it's a threat because they have far greater resources than we do—much more capital, for one thing. Also, when the ABC partners announced the service, they stated that they intended to put us out of business.

***Penthouse:*** Have you considered merging or forming a partnership with a large communications firm?

**Turner:** It's possible that at some point we may.

***Penthouse:*** Would you sell a piece of CNN to a network?

**Turner:** If I had to.

***Penthouse:*** Is that inconsistent with your feelings toward the networks?

**Turner:** Well, hopefully we would still be in control. I'm hopeful that the criticism they're receiving from me and from others will have a positive effect on them. If we can turn public opinion against them—which I think we're in the process of doing—then they'll have to change.

***Penthouse:*** You recently met at least twice with the very top officials at CBS to discuss their possible acquisition of CNN.

**Turner:** That's right. They said they would like to buy the whole thing. I listened and did some talking too. I talked about CNN hanging on for a year and then buying *them* out!

***Penthouse:*** You really said that?

**Turner:** Yeah. Or maybe merging at that point in time, because I believe we'll be on a par with them as far as the value of our stock versus their stock goes. And since I own 87 percent of the stock in our company and no one person, I think, owns more

> Television stations, all of them—including mine—should be forced to run a disclaimer warning: "Excessive television viewing can be detrimental to your mental health."

than 5 or 6 or 8 percent of CBS, that would put me in control of CBS. And then I could change their programming.

***Penthouse:*** What did they say to this?

**Turner:** Well, they were, I think, a little incredulous.

***Penthouse:*** Why are you so proud of CNN's news coverage?

**Turner:** For a number of reasons. That we have made news available when people wish to see it. That we've made the news more in-depth than it's ever been in a video form. That we were able to take a newspaper approach to television by hiring various editorial people to present opposing views on subjects. That we were able to provide lengthy, in-depth interviews with people who are truly newsworthy. I think we've provided a real service to better inform the American people.

***Penthouse:*** Some critics have said that you're not really providing in-depth coverage, that you haven't figured out a whole new way of presenting the news—that you're still locked into the traditional formula of an anchorman presenting the news.

**Turner:** I think we've been fairly original. We've tried to emphasize the news stories rather than our anchor people. I am very opposed to the way the networks have overemphasized the news anchor, trying to build stars. It's all a result of the ratings battle: since the networks all deal with the same news and run it at the same time, the only real differentiation between the newscasts is the anchorperson. So it becomes show business instead of journalism. And the network newscasts are not really newscasts but programs designed to win the time period. They treat the news just like their entertainment programs.

We cover the news like a newspaper would: with a divergence of opinion, with financial news, sports news, medical news—all the things that just aren't big enough ratings-grabbers for the networks to include in their newscasts on a regular basis. Not the headline-grabbers, but the things people need to know.

***Penthouse:*** The predictions are that the country will be at least 50 percent wired for cable by the end of this century.

**Turner:** No, no, no, no, no! Cable, by our projections, will be in 52 percent of American homes on January 1, 1985. I predict it will be between 85 and 90 percent by the end of the decade.

***Penthouse:*** Where will the networks be when this happens?

**Turner:** It depends on what they do, on how they react.

***Penthouse:*** Could they become dinosaurs?

**Turner:** I think they're dinosaurs now.

***Penthouse:*** Now? But they're making a fortune.

**Turner:** Well, dinosaurs look big right before the day they die. Empires can fall very quickly. Look what happened to Detroit. Only a few years ago the saying was "What's good for General Motors is good for the U.S.A."

***Penthouse:*** How do you think the networks could "adapt"?

**Turner:** They could change their lousy programming policy. And they could change their gross inefficiency.

***Penthouse:*** How are the networks inefficient?

**Turner:** They have thousands of employees packaging and feedjng out twelve hours of programming a day to 200 affiliates each. Now, *we* have hundreds of employees feeding out forty-eight hours of programming a day to almost 4,000 affiliates. And we're doing it with less than one-tenth the people that they are. And each network spends between $700 and $900 million a year on programming. Our budget this year was about $70 million.

***Penthouse:*** If you don't like the values that television transmits, what do you think of the motion-picture industry?

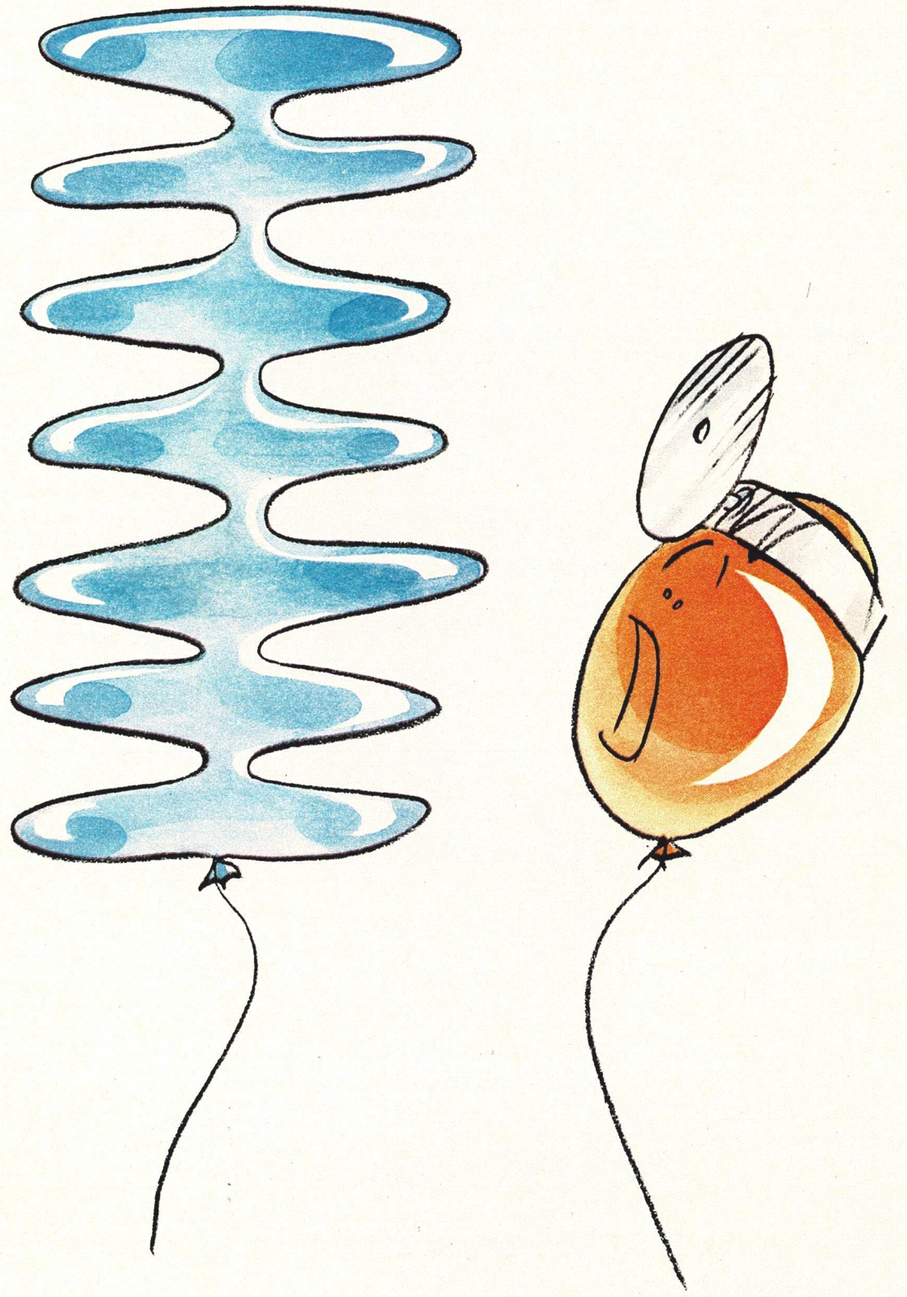
**Turner:** Well, you know the motion-picture industry makes most of the television programs as well as the bulk of the motion pictures. You have to class them as a group. Some good movies are made, for sure, but there are a lot that are very frightening.

***Penthouse:*** To children or to you?



## Balloonheads

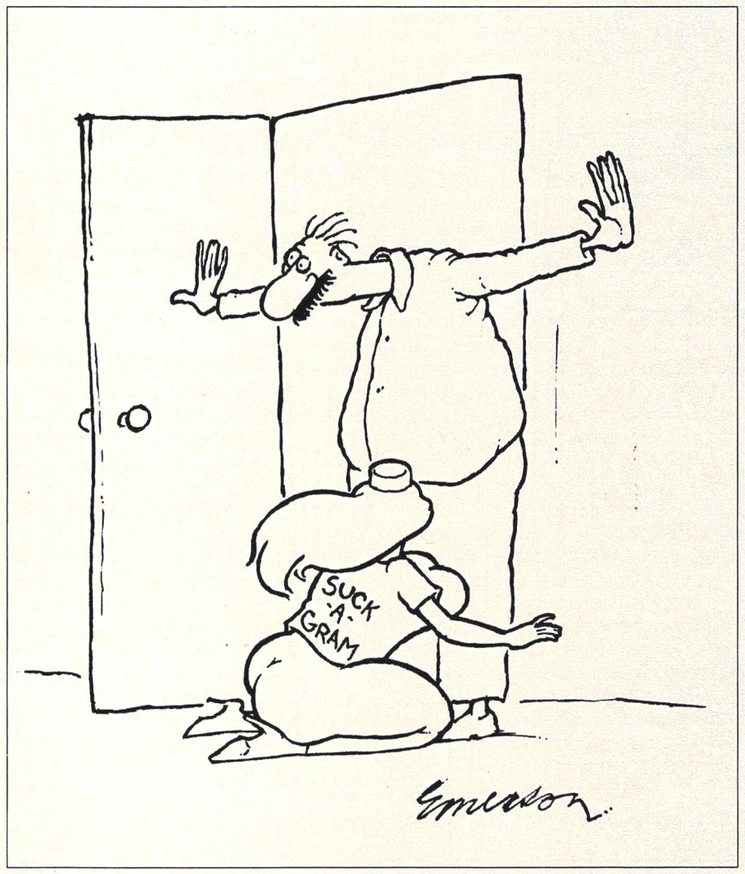
BY ART CUMINGS



*"Thank God we've stopped the hiccups—the rest is cosmetic."*

**Turner:** To children *and* to me.
***Penthouse:*** Examples?
**Turner:** *Prom Night*, *The Warriors*, *Apocalypse Now*, *The Deer Hunter*. *The Deer Hunter* has now been directly attributable to, I think, twenty-one deaths of young people who mimicked the Russian roulette scene, blew their brains out after seeing the movie. And there was not one single documented example anywhere in Vietnam where the Vietnamese forced Americans to blow their brains out. That was just dreamed up. As if the war wasn't bad enough! *Apocalypse Now* was just an absolute abomination. It showed the Americans bombing a village, machine-gunning children in front of their school.
***Penthouse:*** Something similar to that happened in My Lai.
**Turner:** This film showed an American commander going surfing during the height of a battle! I don't think that any American commanders went surfing during battles. Virtually every American soldier in that movie was depicted as being on drugs while he was on duty.
***Penthouse:*** Do you think the American viewer is impressionable enough to take these things as facts?
**Turner:** Absolutely, absolutely. After I saw those two movies, I checked and found out that these things never happened—no Russian roulette, no surfing. They weren't facts! But the movie didn't inform you that these scenes had no bearing whatsoever on reality. It could have given a disclaimer at the beginning.

And the problem is not just with the American viewer. The way the world perceives the United States has gone way down. Why do you think this is? It's because of American movies like *Apocalypse Now*, *The Deer Hunter*—and American television shows like "Dallas," "The Dukes of Hazzard," "The Incredible Hulk." Shows where Americans are portrayed as just going around wrecking cars. No wonder no foreign countries want to be our allies or our friends anymore! At least the Russians have the sense not to put out programs that cast them in a bad light.
***Penthouse:*** The Russians aren't capitalists. They don't care about their market—whether or not a movie sells.
**Turner:** Hey, listen, capitalism is great when it's *responsible*. With privilege goes responsibility. We just need to be smart.
***Penthouse:*** What other movies bother you besides Vietnam War films?
**Turner:** Did you see *Taxi Driver*? The guy who shot President Reagan was inspired by that movie. Robert De Niro played a psychopath who took the law in his own hands and was shooting people all over the place. And he looked like a *hero* in the movie. Same thing in *The Godfather*.
***Penthouse:*** Why do you think movies like these are made?
**Turner:** Because they sell.




***Penthouse:*** Yes, they do sell.
**Turner:** That's right. So does heroin. It's illegal but it sells. There are a lot of things that sell that aren't right, okay?
***Penthouse:*** But don't you think people should have the freedom to choose that kind of product, even if it might be dangerous to them?
**Turner:** Well, I certainly think that the product should include a disclaimer saying that it could be dangerous to your health, just like cigarettes do. I've suggested several times that television stations, all of them—including mine—should be forced to run a disclaimer once an hour warning: "Excessive television viewing can be detrimental to your mental health."
***Penthouse:*** Do you think that would affect the viewer?
**Turner:** Probably it wouldn't, but I think it would be good.
***Penthouse:*** What did you think of *The China Syndrome*?
**Turner:** Our station did an investigative documentary a few years ago, fourteen hours long, on energy. After watching the views on both sides—facts and opinions—I came to the conclusion that we need nuclear power in this country. I think the networks did the nuclear-power industry a real disservice when they trumped up the Three Mile Island situation into a media event to hype their ratings. They do that all the time.
***Penthouse:*** What influence will cable television have on the future of the newspaper business?
**Turner:** Newspapers will decline and, with the exception of a few major papers, will go out of business. Their distribution system is too costly—printing a paper and distributing it to mailboxes—because of the high cost of energy. The rise of cable makes instantaneous, inexpensive distribution of the same material possible.
***Penthouse:*** What kind of innovative entertainment shows would you like to bring to television? Now you just do news . . .
**Turner:** No, we're doing a lot of original programming, documentaries, and continuing series. We have one right now called "Nice People," where we go out searching for people who are making a contribution to society. Like policemen who are spending their off-hours setting up a gym for underprivileged children, or people participating in the Big Brother program. We're trying to present the positive and good things that our society produces. We have another show called "The Winners," which shows people who have *succeeded*—to prove that there's plenty of opportunity today, more than ever, for entrepreneurial spirit. We're producing Jacques Cousteau's programs now. We're readying a sixty-hour documentary series called "Portrait of America," which will profile every state in the union and show the beautiful and good things about each one.
***Penthouse:*** A network executive would say, "You can't just show the beautiful and good things. You have to balance it

GREAT DAMES. PRIVATE EYES.

The buxom beauties of yesteryear, they don't hold a candle to the girls of today. In fact, you can never get enough of these voluptuous vamps of the 1980s, and as soon as that thing called satisfaction comes over you, pow! in walks another million dollar baby. Yet this one seemed different, really. She had the look of a gal who wanted more than she could handle.

So with my feet up on the desk (giving her an eyeful of my $250 Dan Post boots), a half-lit cigarette dangling from my lips, and the Hancock looming majestically through the window behind me, I casually said, "Plant it in the Eames chair, dollface."

She eased into the chair with the grace of a feline, her exquisite derriere resting on that architect's leather, and with her gams crossed at the knees, I just couldn't help but wonder.

She was wearing one of those cashmere dresses. The ones that seem to accentuate the positive and cling to every curve like a $100,000 Ferrari making a hairpin turn at full revs. Brother, all I wanted was that first turn....

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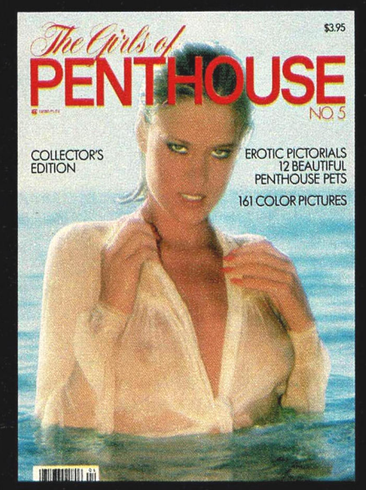


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with the other side."

**Turner:** But right now there is *no* balance!

***Penthouse:*** But they would say that you have as biased a view as you accuse them of having.

**Turner:** Not true at all. They wouldn't say that, because they haven't said it. I hope that they see the shows that we're doing because I think it might give them some good ideas. We're developing a series called "The Professions," which will follow a day in the life of a policeman, a schoolteacher, a lawyer, a nurse, a garbage collector, a game warden, a coal miner. We're going to pick people who are really proud of what they're doing and trying to do a good job.

***Penthouse:*** Networks dismiss this as "good news," "happy talk." People say that good news is not news.

**Turner:** That's exactly right. That's what they say. And that really made me mad. That's one reason I started CNN. I went to Webster's dictionary and looked up the definition of news, and here it is: The first meaning is that of new information about anything, information previously unknown, as in "That's news to me." Two: recent happenings, especially those broadcast over the radio, printed in a newspaper, etc. Three: reports of events collectively. And four: a newspaper.

I don't see anything in there about good news not being news. I'm so damn mad at the broadcast business because they have redefined the meaning of the word *news*, to the very great detriment of America and the rest of the world.

***Penthouse:*** Do you think the networks present only bad news?

**Turner:** It's certainly the great bulk of what they present: kidnappings, murders, plane crashes, disasters, fires, famine, pestilence, floods. The big stories are the bad things. There are a lot of people doing good things, too, but the networks don't go out and look for that.

***Penthouse:*** And you think this has seriously affected the American television audience?

**Turner:** Of course it has. It's given them a very negative outlook on life—that it's a very mean world. Depressed them. Made them lose confidence in their government, in all the institutions that made us the greatest nation the world has ever seen.

***Penthouse:*** And you think you can change this?

**Turner:** I'm trying to improve things. That's my primary goal. Making money is a secondary goal. The reason I want to make money is so I can reinvest it into more original programming. I want to make movies, movies that stress positive values, movies like *The Bells of St. Mary's*, *Going My Way*, the Frank Capra movies—*Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*, *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*. I purchased all those movies that I could. We ran *It's a Wonderful Life* last weekend, with Jimmy Stewart. I was in tears. It was just so beautiful, showing that people do make a difference; it was wonderful. I want to try to encourage young people to choose role models worthy of following.

***Penthouse:*** Would you like a return to old, bland shows like "Leave It to Beaver" and "The Brady Bunch"?

**Turner:** I'd like to see that, yes.

***Penthouse:*** Have you ever considered a political career?

**Turner:** No, not really. For practical purposes I have to rule out, I think, a political career. I don't think I have the energy left to start another career. That's why I quit big-time sailing. I'm forcing myself to take off enough time to keep from burning out. You know, my father burnt himself out and shot himself when he was fifty-three. Once again, you must learn from what happened in the past.

Also, I think I can make a greater contribution here than I could in politics. I think that the media is more important today than the government. The people spend a lot more time with the media than they do with the government. And the way that the

> The networks did the nuclear-power industry a real disservice when they trumped up the Three Mile Island situation into a media event to hype their ratings.

people perceive the government is influenced so much by the way the government is presented in the media. The younger people are growing up on television, and they're not reading the newspapers. And since the television medium has done such a woefully inadequate job of presenting and packaging the news, I intend to correct that if I can; and I think that way I can make a greater contribution, because the people have to vote for our government officials. And if people are better informed by watching good television with good, balanced information, then they can make more intelligent decisions about whom to elect.

***Penthouse:*** It seems that you really enjoy taking on the establishment, whether it's in yachting or television.

**Turner:** That's not true. I didn't take on the yachting establishment. I'm a member of the New York Yacht Club. I'm a member of the establishment. But the establishment is always changing. You know, one day you're not in the establishment, the next day you are. One day you're enemies, the next day you're friends. The broadcast establishment and I could be the best of friends tomorrow, if they'd just live up to their responsibility. I've talked to lots of broadcasters, people who work and operate network-affiliated stations, who are just as horrified as I am by the programming that's coming down the pike. But they don't feel there is an alternative. So I just hope that I'll be a positive force.

***Penthouse:*** Are you out to save the country?

**Turner:** Not me by myself! But there are a lot of people who want to save this country. I would like to see the world saved, because the country can't be saved unless the world is. We just completed a documentary on the overpopulation problem. The world cannot support the number of people that are on it today except by the massive use of the nonrenewable resources—oil, coal. Those resources are going to be exhausted within the next century. We're going to have to cut back the population. The way to do it is through birth control. And we've worked on this with the United Nations—I have a full-time person who just travels throughout the Third World, gathering information on how to provide birth control. We're working on soil erosion, the water problem, the oil problem. Parts of this country, like California, are running out of water. We've got the pollution problem. We've got to address these problems. At some point we've got to stop converting farmland to shopping centers or we'll all starve.

And television has not addressed these problems properly. A problem recognized is a problem half solved. I think that the human mind, the human being, is the most wonderful, intelligent thing. Jacques Cousteau is involved in all this too. He says that individually the human being is very intelligent; collectively, sometimes, we're very foolish. And what we need to do is present these problems to people and make them aware of them; and then, what the human mind can conceive and believe, the mind can achieve. Man can achieve. Lots of people are working on these problems. But they never get covered on the networks. What we're trying to do is give them a voice.

***Penthouse:*** Are you ever accused of being a doomsayer?

**Turner:** I'm not a doomsayer. I really love life. I love my nation and I love my world. I have great faith in our ability to solve our problems and greet the future with open arms. We've just got to change a lot of things in order for there to be a future.

***Penthouse:*** Beginning with television?

**Turner:** Communications will be the salvation of mankind. I must read you this from E. B. White, in 1938: "I believe television is going to be the test of the modern world. And that in this new opportunity to see beyond the range of our vision we shall discover either a new and unbearable disturbance of the general peace, or a saving radiance in the sky. We shall stand or fall by television. Of that I am quite sure." Well, White was right. And so far, we've been dying by television. It's been used to teach us all the wrong things.




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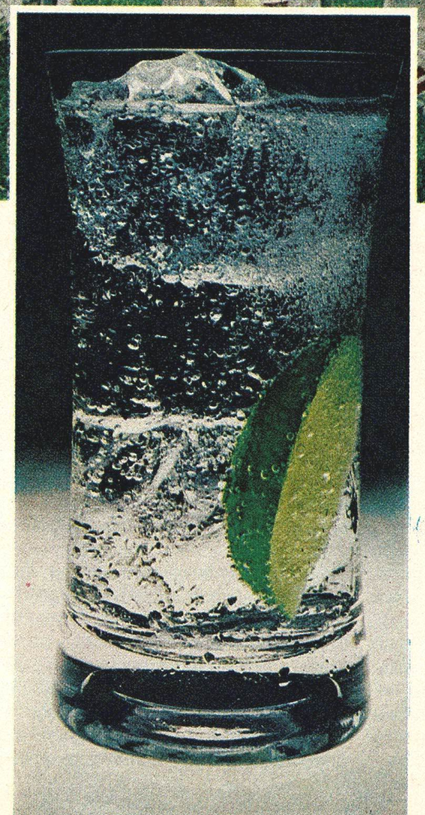

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# GETTING STUNG

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

that they were connected with a New Jersey organized-crime family and were willing to pay more than the going price for stolen items. They bought several million dollars' worth of hot goods from burglars and robbers, and arrested more than a hundred persons. In a related operation, the police *sold* the stolen goods, making it clear to the buyers that the cheap items were stolen. Among those arrested for buying stolen goods was an assistant United States attorney.

• The New York police sent an undercover policewoman as a patient to a dentist who was suspected of fondling the breasts of several of his anesthetized female patients. They recorded the dentist's actions on a hidden camea while he put the patient under. As soon as she was unconscious he began to fondle her, and was immediately arrested.

• The Los Angeles police sent out two policewomen to pose as streetwalkers. They arrested ninety-one "johns."

• In many cities the police regularly employ what has now come to be known as the "Nighthawk technique" (after the movie starring Sylvester Stallone). They send out policemen dressed up as women, old people, Hasidim, drunks—as members of any uniquely vulnerable group. The targets are invariably attacked, and the "victims" arrest them.

These examples of scams show why there is no simple answer to the question of whether scams should be permitted. There are good scams and bad scams. Many would approve—and quite reasonably—of the New York police departmental decision to send a policewoman into the dentist's office: there had been prior complaints; the victims were only partially conscious when the alleged assaults occurred and could not testify against their assailants; there was nothing particularly provocative about sending in a typical-looking patient and observing whether the doctor would do to her what others had claimed he had done to them. The dentist scam was, in many ways, like the scam that exposed Paul Lawrence as a corrupt and lying cop.

But many citizens would also disapprove of the police making a porn film, operating a brothel, or placing ads for sexy hostesses.

One important difference between the good scams and the bad scams is, of course, that hardly anyone would dispute the importance of prosecuting dentists or policemen who abuse their trust, while many dispute the importance—indeed the correctness—of arresting porn dealers, prostitutes, or johns.

Another difference is that in the dentist and Lawrence cases, the doctor and the policeman were suspected of *prior* misconduct; the scam gave them an opportunity to disprove or confirm reasonable suspicions. In the sex cases, on the other hand, the police actually stimulated the crimes by placing the ad, by paying for the film, and by sending out the prostitutes.

## The Entrapment Debate

There are at least two different debates over the types of scams that are currently taking place. The first is in the courts: which kinds of scams, if any, constitute *unlawful* entrapment? The second, and potentially far more important, is the debate that is taking place among the public as a result of such highly publicized undercover operations as Abscam: regardless of what the courts may say, is it good *public policy* to allow prosecutors and police to stimulate crime in order to catch criminals?

The debate in the courts, though it sometimes employs confusing legal jargon, is rather simpleminded—and, ultimately, not very enlightening. But since so much attention is paid to it, a brief summary is in order.

What is "entrapment" as a question of law? Entrapment is not a word mentioned in the Constitution or even in the statutes of most states or the federal government. It is not one of the colonial abuses over which we fought the revolution. As Anglo-American history goes, the entrapment defense is a fairly recent development. The Supreme Court gave birth to it in 1932 and then said little about it again until the leading case of *Sherman* v. *United States* in 1958, where Chief Justice Earl Warren declared that the "function of law enforcement is the prevention of crime and the apprehension of criminals. Manifestly, that function does not include the manufacturing of crime." In that case, a government agent named Kalchinian met the defendant, Sherman, at a doctor's office where they were both seeking treatment for their narcotics addiction. Kalchinian asked Sherman if he knew of a good source of narcotics. Sherman tried to avoid the issue at first, but after several additional requests, he agreed to get Kalchinian some drugs. Kalchinian then informed the Federal Bureau of Narcotics that he had another seller for them. After observing Sherman selling narcotics on three occasions to Kalchinian, for money supplied by the government, the Feds arrested Sherman and charged him with selling drugs; he was convicted and sentenced to ten years of imprisonment.

A unanimous Supreme Court reversed the conviction on the ground that the evidence established that Sherman had been unlawfully entrapped by the government agent:

"The case at bar illustrates an evil which the defense of entrapment is designed to overcome. The government informer entices someone attempting to avoid narcotics not only into carrying out an illegal sale but also into returning to the habit of use.... Thus, the Government plays on the weaknesses of an innocent party and beguiles him into committing crimes which he otherwise would not have attempted. Law enforcement does not require methods such as this."

There are two essential issues presented to the jury in a case in which the defendant raises a defense of entrapment: the first is whether a government agent *induced* the defendant into committing the crime; if the agent did induce the defendant, then the defendant cannot be convicted unless—and this is a big unless—the government can prove that the defendant was "ready and willing" to commit the crime anyway and was simply waiting for the opportunity to present itself. If the government can prove the defendant was thus "predisposed" to committing that type of crime, then it can convict him even if its agents "induced" him into committing it on that specific occasion.

Because of this "predisposition" exception, very few defendants prevail before a jury on an entrapment defense; it is known among criminal lawyers as a "defense of last resort," to be used only when there is no other chance of an acquittal. (Several of the Abscam defendants, for example, declined to raise the entrapment defense before the juries that tried them.) Because it is such a weak defense, many prosecutors are entirely willing to use inducements or scams as a law-enforcement technique, despite the Supreme Court's unequivocal condemnation of techniques that manufacture crime. Prosecutors are especially willing to use scams against unsavory characters—such as organized-crime leaders—since they are confident that any jury would find that such gangsters were "predisposed" to committing virtually any crime.

For example, in the book *Prince of the City,* on which the motion picture was based, a federal prosecutor named Edward Shaw proposed the following scam to police officer Robert Leuci: "[We] call in the leaders of each of the city's five Mafia families. We tell them, Shaw said, that they may be prosecuted for tax evasion. Then Bob [Leuci], here, reaches out to them through his organized-crime connections. He lets it be known that he has access to the IRS files. Then he meets with them, and they bribe him to get the files. Then we arrest them for bribery of a police officer."

Leuci refused to participate in that kind of operation: "It's a total frame," he protested. "Tell a man he's being audited by the IRS, and he panics." He made the point that this kind of crime-creation would make a criminal out of an accountant in Scarsdale, or Leuci's next-door neighbor, or Shaw's, for that matter.

Some judges and most scholars would eliminate the predisposition exception and establish objective criteria for entrapment uniformly applicable to all citizens. But the current majority view of the Supreme Court is that a predisposed defendant cannot invoke the entrapment defense. Several "swing" justices have left the door open to the possibility that police "overinvolvement in crime [might reach such] a demonstrable level of outrageousness" that even a predisposed defendant might be able to cry foul.

But the message to law-enforcement authorities is clear: at least until the courts begin to throw out some convictions on grounds of "outrageousness"—which they are not doing—the green light is on. Indeed, it seems that any speed will be tolerated in the highly competitive fast lane of scam operations by law-enforcement agencies.

It is unlikely that the courts will impose significant limits on the use of scams in the foreseeable future. Limits, if they are to be imposed, will have to come from legislation, from public and media pressure, from within the prosecutional and police establishments.

An informed public, aware of the abuses inherent in most scam operations, is the most likely source of reform in the law of entrapment. But the public, for the most part, hears only two sides of the debate over scams: first, the law-enforcement side, presented in the form of press releases disclosing dramatic tales of successful intrigues resulting in the arrest of corrupt congressmen, pornographers, and other villains; and second, the defendant's side, presented in the form of shrill outcries by those who have been caught with their fingers in the cookie jar or their pants down around their knees. There is an important third side to the triangle: the public perspective reflecting the voices of concerned citizens eager to catch corrupt criminals who prey on others, but also concerned that unchecked and uncontrolled scams may create as much danger as the criminals.

The dangers are multifold. First, there are the unanticipated consequences of unchecked scams.

Sir Walter Scott once wrote: "What a tangled web we weave, when first we practice to deceive." The very object of the scam is, of course, to deceive. And the tangled—and sometimes deadly—webs woven by scams are legion. A few striking examples:

• Two teenagers learn that a local fence—in reality a police sting operation—is paying top dollar for stolen cars. In the process of robbing a car to sell to the fence, they kill the owner.

• An undercover policeman arranges a sale of drugs to some Hispanics. The "purchasers" are, in reality, a vigilante group attempting to get drugs out of their community. The vigilantes kill the policeman in the belief that he is a drug dealer.

• An undercover policeman pretending to be gay approaches an effeminate-looking man wearing mascara in a Greenwich Village bar. They go for a walk. Suggestive comments are exchanged. Suddenly the policeman pulls out his badge and announces that he is arresting the other man. The other man, an undercover cop as well, also pulls out his badge and says that he was about to arrest the first cop.

• The Chicago police assign an under-

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cover cop to pose as a pimp. He infiltrates a ring of prostitution. Following the completion of the investigation, the undercover policeman continues on as a pimp, earning large sums of money.

• Police claiming to be organized-crime members interested in buying hot guns in Idaho stimulate a wave of burglaries and robberies of stores selling weapons.

• In several major cities, undercover police engaged in scams are shot and killed by uniformed police who mistake them for criminals. Minority undercover agents seem particularly vulnerable. Indeed, in New York alone, eight black policemen were recently shot—five fatally—by other policemen who thought they were criminals.

A second danger is that the proliferation of scam operations will deflect police concern away from predatory crime—crime involving involuntary victims—and onto consensual crime. It is no coincidence that the vast majority of successful scams have involved drugs, sex, and gambling transactions. There are generally no complainants in these kinds of "victimless" crimes. Some of the most successful and highly publicized scams—such as Abscam—have, of course, involved crimes where the public is the victim, even though there are no specific complainants. Others—such as the Nighthawk operations—are designed to prevent crimes of violence against real victims. But statistically, scams have had their greatest impact on victimless crimes, as evidenced by the fact that over the past fifteen years *arrests* for victimless crimes have doubled while the *incidence* of violent crime has skyrocketed.

Occasionally a scam operation involving victimless crime produces ironic, even humorous, results: the president of a Bible college who had just canceled a play involving nudity was arrested for soliciting a scam prostitute; several congressmen, notorious for their vendettas against sexual deviants, have been arrested for soliciting scam gays and prostitutes; Federal Judge Harold Carswell, a rejected Nixon nominee to the U.S. Supreme Court, and General Edwin Walker, the right-wing fanatic who opposed integration in Mississippi, were each charged with making homosexual advances—the former in a men's room in a shopping mall, the latter in a city park—to undercover police officers.

But for every ironic instance where self-righteous hypocrites are exposed, there are numerous tragic situations where the victims are ordinary citizens who are hurting no one.

A recognized expert on scams, Professor Gary Marx of M.I.T., has concluded that scam operations "can be conducive to framing people and false testimony." The activities of Paul Lawrence illustrate this danger. But there is also the danger of the shakedown—of demand by corrupt policemen for payments for not arresting the criminals caught in the scam. Police extortion is particularly prevalent in the drug and sex areas, where only the arresting officers know that the crime has been committed, and where the criminals generally have large amounts of cash in their possession. Bob Leuci, the subject of *Prince of the City*, has indicated how widespread the shakedown of drug dealers became among narcs conducting scam operations in New York (see also his *Penthouse* interview in the January 1982 issue). And shakedowns directed against prostitutes, pimps, and middle-class homosexuals caught in scam operations are also prevalent in some cities. (Extortions of the latter group are referred to as "fruitshakes.")

Even if all the external dangers associated with scams could somehow be prevented, there would still remain the fundamental questions inherent in all law-enforcement techniques based on governmental deception:

Do we want a society in which every citizen is always subject to being tempted by governmental ruses?

> In a New York City scam operation, police actually produced an obscene movie. A policewoman directed the participants to make sure the sex acts met the legal definition of obscenity.

Do we want a society in which the honesty, the integrity—and perhaps, ultimately, the loyalty—of every citizen are open to testing by government agents?

Do we want a society in which deception by the government of its citizens becomes a way of life?

Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., in his book *Mother Night*, writes that "we are what we pretend to be, so we must be careful about what we pretend to be." Robert Leuci is proof of how undercover narcotics policemen quickly become like their targets, as did the Chicago policeman who became a pimp. Other scams have also demonstrated the importance of Vonnegut's warning. Do we really want to become a scam society?

In the end, only two things seem clear: first, we cannot tolerate a society in which the government is empowered to conduct every manner of scam at will and without any regulation or accountability. That, in a nutshell, is the present situation. Second, it seems unlikely that we could realistically do without all scam operations. Some are obviously needed to catch ceaselessly predatory criminals.

A POSSIBLE SOLUTION

There is one possible safeguard that promises significant control over "bad" scams while allowing "good" scams to be used when appropriate. The object of the good scam is to give the predatory criminal the opportunity to do on camera what he has already been doing in private. Law-enforcement authorities should be required, therefore, as a precondition to conducting a scam, to obtain a warrant from a judge authorizing the operation. This scam warrant—like search warrants and wiretap warrants—would have to be based on probable cause for believing that the target of the proposed scam is involved in an ongoing criminal activity and that hard evidence of this activity cannot be obtained without a scam. If probable cause were shown, the judge could approve the scam and impose limits—of time, scope, and intrusiveness—on its implementation.

Being forced to obtain a scam warrant from a judge would not solve all the problems, any more than the requirement of a warrant for searches and wiretaps solves all problems associated with these sometimes necessary evils. But it would go a long way toward bringing the scam under the control of the law and imposing limits on its use.

The scam will always be with us, as it has been since the serpent tempted and tricked Eve into eating the forbidden fruit. But the scam as a technique of law enforcement is now out of control. Every prosecutor, undercover investigator, and policeman—every Paul Lawrence and Robert Leuci—is free to conduct any scam he sees fit without fear of judicial rebuke. The Supreme Court, which gave birth to the defense of entrapment, is in the process of committing infanticide on it. The courts have virtually abdicated all responsibility for controlling abuses of the scam.

The issues surrounding entrapment and scams are too important to be left to the Supreme Court; we all have a stake in imposing controls on a technique run amok. The government cannot be allowed to select targets at will, expose them to all manner of temptation, and then pounce on those who succumb. Legislation is needed to stop bad scams and control good scams; the proposal for a scam warrant holds some promise. But an informed and concerned public is the best protection of our liberty.

The net result of imposing controls on scam operations will be an increase in our collective freedom, but at the cost of permitting some scoundrels to remain free. Nonetheless, it will be well worth doing. As H. L. Mencken used to say: "The trouble about fighting for human freedom is that you have to spend much of your life defending sons of bitches; for oppressive laws are always aimed at them originally, and oppression must be stopped in the beginning if it is to be stopped at all."

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# ELECTROSHOCK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

Electroshock has been used since 1938, primarily for the "treatment" of schizophrenia and depression. It entails the application of 70 to 150 volts of electricity, at a current of 500 to 900 milliamperes (enough to light a 100-watt bulb), to one or both sides of the head, usually for up to one second, inducing an epileptic-type *grand mal* seizure violent enough to break bones if the "patient" is not first paralyzed with powerful drugs. Once thought to be going the way of dunking stools, trephining, and leeches (for "medical bleedings"), shock treatment is on the comeback trail, with almost 4,000 psychiatrists in the United States happily scrambling the brains of an estimated 100,000 Americans annually. Most will receive from ten to twenty treatments.

Shock, the American Psychiatric Association would have us believe, causes neither brain damage nor significant memory loss and is today "vastly different from the procedures used and described in the preceding thirty years," according to an APA Task Force report. So different, in fact, they don't even want to call it shock anymore, preferring "electroconvulsive therapy." The term *shock,* they say, elicits "unnecessary anxiety" and isn't "helpful." Not helpful to whom they don't explain, but one gathers they have in mind those shock doctors, including many of their own number, who pay two to four times as much for malpractice insurance as do their non-shock peers. (They also frequently earn up to two to three times as much as the non-shock docs, which isn't surprising, given what they charge for less than a penny's worth of electricity—$40 to $100 or more for each fraction-of-a-second flip of the switch.)

The argument is now made, as it was in a naive piece in the Sunday *New York Times Magazine,* which treated the resurgence of shock as something akin to the Second Coming, that the up-to-date technique uses much less current than in the bad old days and that by shocking just one side of the brain (unilateral shock) instead of both (bilateral) the risks are vastly diminished and memory loss a thing of the past. The APA has never admitted to any serious memory loss, unilaterally or bilaterally. It has, however, generously conceded that many patients have complained of the "illusion" of permanent memory loss, which, by some convenient, logic-defying quirk, just happens to be more pronounced with bilateral shock than with the "new," unilateral approach. As you can see, these are *very* discriminating illusions.

In any event, to listen to the *Times,* the APA, and your local shock doctor, shock is now a time-tested, much-refined, well-understood technique to which you should willingly, even gratefully, commit your depressions, suicidal tendencies, vegetative states, psychoses, manias, catatonias, and schizophrenias. The APA Task Force is willing to leave quite a lot to the discretion of your personal psychiatrist; so you should be aware that some doctors are ready to use it on you for everything from bad skin to cancer pains. Dr. Robert E. Peck, one of shock's most enthusiastic promoters, claims in his book *The Miracle of Shock Treatment* to have cured even the symptoms of severe backaches, colitis, ulcers, and asthma with shock. But should a police state be handy, Dr. Peck admits, it could also be used to keep "dissidents . . . in a constant state of apathy by repeated shock treatments."

Shock does, in fact, have a long history of being used to "manage" difficult patients rather than to "treat" them. On that score, the APA Task Force cautions that shock "should not be used solely to control" the unruly. Still, the qualification implicit in the word *solely* disturbs the careful reader, as does the task force's preoccupation with what it calls "meticulous recordkeeping," the need for which arises in the collective task-force mind when it discusses balancing the patient's civil rights against his or her "clinical needs." The cynical observer feels obliged to conclude that the recommended "recordkeeping" appears designed more to protect the shock doctor against successful malpractice litigation than the patient from harm.

> As the current went through my brain . . . I wanted to scream, but because of the muscle relaxant, I was paralyzed—I couldn't even close my eyes.

A great many Americans have a good idea of what shock treatment looks like—or used to. The horrifying image is etched in the minds of all who saw the film *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest.* In the forties and part of the fifties—and to some extent even today—shock was administered without use of anesthetics and muscle-paralyzing drugs, so that the convulsive effect of all that electricity going through the brain was gut-wrenchingly obvious.

Today, the situation is much the same, except that 95 percent of all shock doctors paralyze their patients before zapping them. The utilization of powerful anesthetics and muscle relaxers with electroshock, while eliminating fractures, has introduced new perils. Even some of shock's strongest advocates were candid about this in years past. In 1956, Dr. Lothar Kalinowsky, America's foremost practitioner of shock, wrote, in the *American Journal of Psychiatry,* that "being in contact with many psychiatrists who give electric convulsive therapy, I am greatly alarmed by personal communications on fatalities which remain unpublished because of understandable fears of lawsuits." He attributed most of these deaths to the then new addition of muscle paralyzers, barbiturates, and tranquilizers, which have since come into standard use with shock.

The drugs were here to stay, however, for without them it was difficult to keep a staff of "shock shops" in most hospitals. The horror—what one doctor called "the terrifying spectacle of the body's spasms"—was just too overwhelming. The drugs did not change what was happening to the body; they merely masked it—and as much for the equilibrium of the attending staff as for the well-being of the patient. "Now they don't have to see what it does to you," a former shock patient observes. "They can go home at night and not have nightmares. We aren't as lucky."

*Terror* is the word that many shock patients use to describe the experience, even when their memories of it are vague or subliminal. Many report having nightmares in which they relive experiences that are only dimly perceived in the waking state. Some have vivid recollections of "going under," of "being helpless," "paralyzed," "waiting for it to hit, unable to breathe," "completely panicked" but "unable to cry out." The shock itself has been described as "like an atom bomb going off in your brain."

In those in whom the amnesia is less pronounced, there may be memories of "waiting in line for your turn" and the special terror of anticipation. Some of those in open wards recall seeing others being shocked, some of whom go into convulsions, and thereby seeing in grisly detail what would soon be their own lot. The records of many patients who cannot recall what happened to them show evidence that they fought with increasing fierceness against each subsequent shock treatment, their fear and terror obviously building with experience.

Typical of the horror stories, masquerading as "scientific reports," that have appeared in the medical literature over the years was one in which the patients at Wichita Falls State Hospital in Texas were given multiple shock treatments on the same day "fifteen minutes apart, every day, five days a week, until they reach a stage of . . . stupor and profound confusion." Many were reduced to "incontinence." And while this was going on, others in the ward were "led in group singing by a member of the Recreational Therapy Department to the accompaniment of accordion music, a procedure which not only produces a cheerful atmosphere on the ward but is also a morale booster for the patients undergoing electrotherapy."

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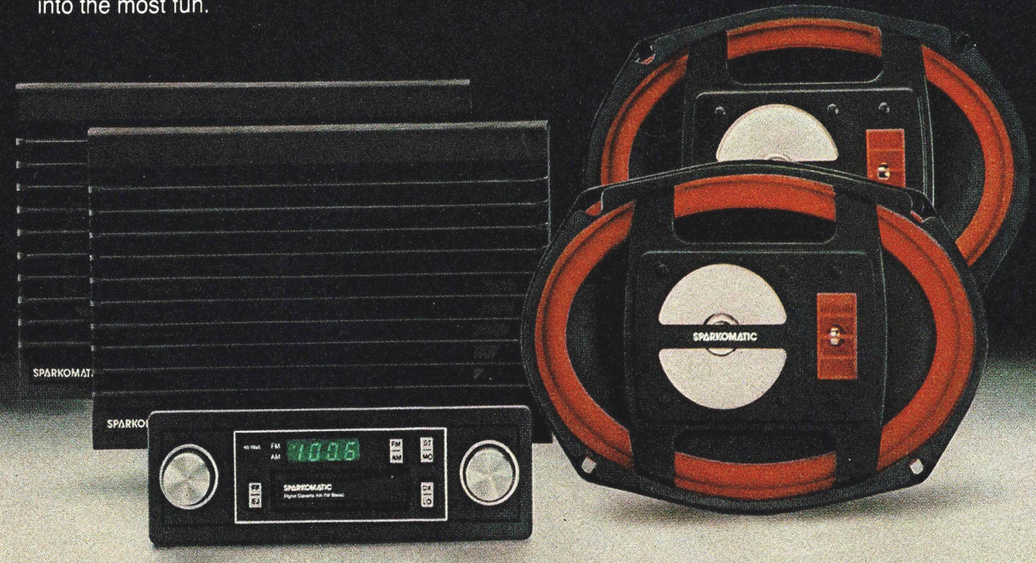


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This report appeared not in the 1940s or early 1950s, the "bad old days of shock," but in the 1960s.

Also from the 1960s comes this report, from a patient rather than a doctor: "I was sixteen when it happened to me. . . . My memory is very foggy about that period of time, but I am sure that I had not broken any law, and I was certainly not violent. Anyway, they [psychiatrists at Langley Porter Neuropsychiatric Institute in San Francisco] were determined to turn my head the way they wanted it—at any cost to myself. Let me describe the most horrible experience of my life. I was injected with a muscle relaxant while my mouth was plugged with a rubber tube to bite down on (so that I wouldn't bite my tongue), and an oxygen mask covered my face. [The doctor] fitted the pieces of metal to my temples, and then said in a sterile voice, 'Let him feel it this time!' As the current went through my brain along with the rest of my body, I wanted to scream, but because of the muscle relaxant, I was paralyzed—I couldn't even close my eyes. I remember the next time that I was to have a treatment, I begged and begged, 'Please don't let me feel it this time!'"

There has never been any abatement in the literature of the immediate, disturbing aftereffects of shock: severe disorientation, extreme headaches, and post-shock "excitement" often characterized by bizarre and out-of-character behavior (violence, exhibitionism, masturbation in view of others, etc.). Nor, despite the masking effects of drugs, have *non*-psychiatric staff become any less alarmed by the effects and abuses of shock. In the 1970s, for example, two staff members assigned to the Neuropsychiatric Unit of Providence Hospital in Oakland resigned and went public with their complaints, charging that shock was being used in their hospital for everything from drug addiction to multiple sclerosis and for "management or control problems." A few examples of a long list of patients in whom they believed shock had been wrongly used: "20-year-old female with marital problems"; "70-year-old female upset over forced change of residence. She was forcibly restrained so treatment could be administered"; "26-year-old male diagnosed as mentally retarded, a management problem at home"; "70-year-old male with known cardiac arrhythmia. Coma produced during treatment; he never regained consciousness and died several hours later." Most of these patients were "treated against their stated wishes."

Reports of similar abuses and often of deaths continue. Yet the APA and others persist in promulgating the notion that shock is nothing like it used to be. Present-day abuses are scarcely ever acknowledged by the APA, and in any event the technology is supposed to be so changed that abuses would be difficult. There is, for example, the idea put forward that less electricity is now required to achieve the desired result. Neurologist Dr. John Friedberg of Berkeley calls this "sheer nonsense," adding that "man's convulsive threshold has not changed" since the 1930s, when shock was first introduced. "The voltage needed to induce seizures has not changed. And the brain has not changed." No less an authority than Kalinowsky himself told *Psychiatric News* that the trend, over the years, has been toward *higher* current: "In the beginning we didn't give the patient enough current, and the patient did not become unconscious. . . . We tried to give the current just at the threshold level." He added: "Now we know it makes no difference; it does not harm to give more current, and it's very unpleasant for the patient if he does not become unconscious right away."

Kalinowsky similarly discounts the other putative improvement that the APA Task Force and the *Times* have been touting: unilateral shock. Kalinowsky reports that he continues to use bilateral shock because unilateral "is much less effective, if not completely ineffective." Even the early promoters of it—and it's been around for years—no longer use it, he says. Those who do use it, others point out, end up using it more often in order to achieve the same degree of confusion and clouding that is accomplished with *less* bilateral treatment. Thus the unilateral-treated patient often ends up getting *more* shock. According to Dr. Peter Breggin, executive director of the Center for the Study of Psychiatry in Bethesda, Md., there is no evidence, moreover, that unilateral shock causes any less memory loss. By placing the electrodes on the nondominant side of the skull, you simply exchange verbal memory loss for visual memory loss. Visual memory loss, involved with spatial concepts and the like, may be more difficult to recognize—and complain about—but it is, especially for people in certain occupations, as devastating as verbal loss.

> Psychiatrists were so delighted to have something that could radically alter the behavior of their patients that they admitted the obvious—that shock treatment "works" by damaging the brain.

Shock today, then, is in most respects no less dangerous than it ever was and in some ways is more perilous than ever before. And the "benefits" that would presumably justify some of the risks are no more apparent today than before. Remaining equally obscure is the mechanism by which shock is supposed to achieve its alleged benefits. Shock has been used on hundreds of thousands of Americans; yet to this day no one has come up with anything even remotely persuasive with respect to an explanation for how it works.

Dr. Kalinowsky, in 1978, recalled that in 1947 he and a coauthor had written of shock treatment that "at present we can only say that we are treating empirically disorders whose etiology is unknown, with methods whose action is also shrouded in mystery." He said that he was "very proud" of that sentence and added: "Today we are in 1978—thirty years later—and exactly the same is true."

Shock treatment as we know it today got its start in a slaughterhouse, where an Italian psychiatrist observed its effects on hogs about to be killed. The shock stunned them so that they permitted themselves to be stabbed and bled to death without protest. It was, conceptually, a short trip from the slaughterhouse to the madhouse, where psychiatrists were delighted to have something—*anything*—that would invest them with more power than the Freudian gibberish that had so obviously failed to impress most of their patients. They were perhaps so delighted to have something that could radically alter the moods and behavior of their patients that they were not loath to admit the obvious—that shock treatment "works" by damaging the brain.

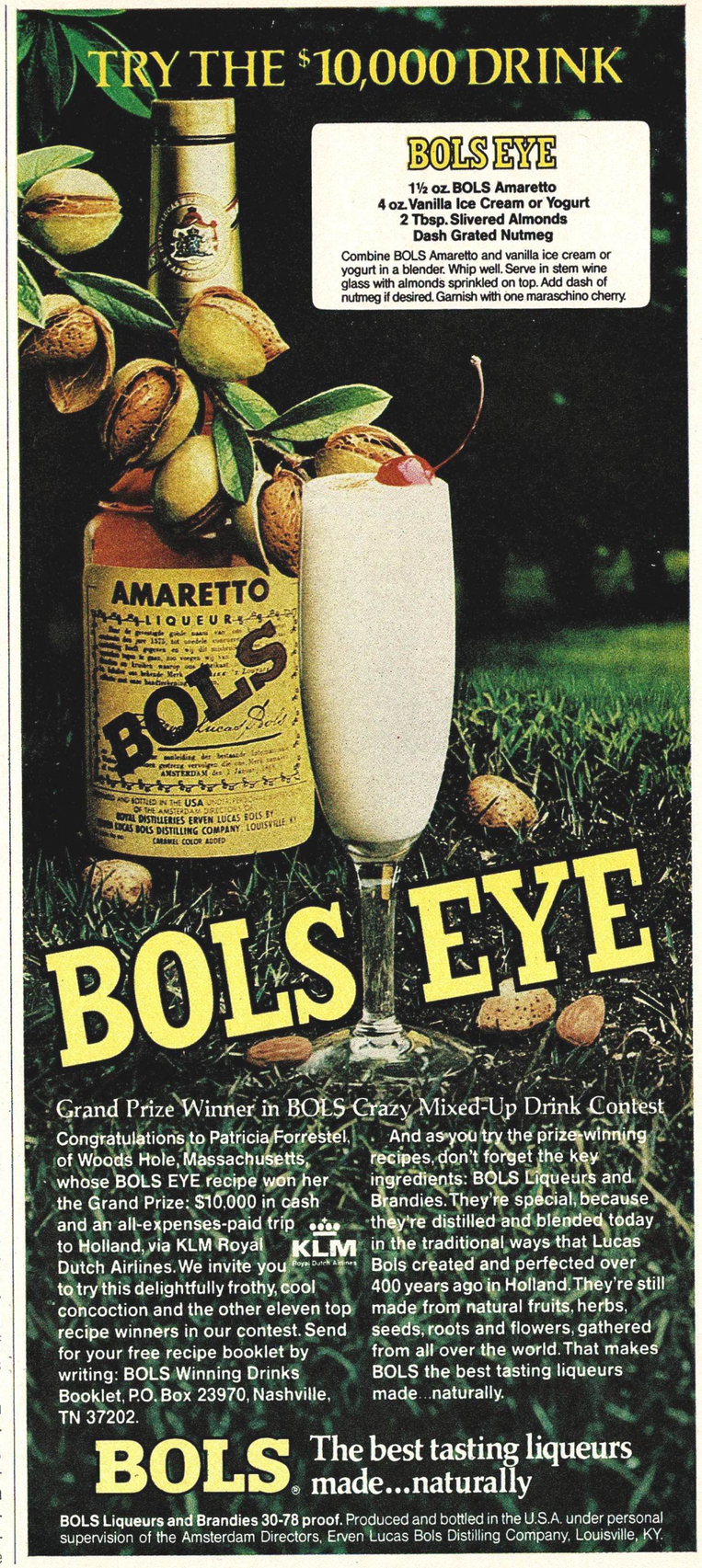
In the 1940s and early 1950s, before there was too solidified a vested interest in shock and before the public thought to question the psychiatric establishment in any meaningful way, there were numerous reports in the medical literature documenting brain damage caused by shock treatment. One noted psychiatrist and shock supporter, the late Dr. Walter Freeman, made the point most succinctly: "The greater the damage, the more likely the remission of psychotic symptoms." Dr. Abraham Myerson similarly justified the so-called temporary effects of shock, writing: "I think it may be true that these people have, for the time being at any rate, more intelligence than they can handle and that the reduction of intelligence is an important factor in the curative process. . . . The fact is that some of the very best cures that one gets are in those individuals whom one reduces almost to amentia [feeble-mindedness]."

Other doctors, during this early period, were equally candid about using shock as a tool to control unruly patients. Implicit, and sometimes explicit, in these reports was the assumption of brain damage. Two doctors writing in the *American Journal of Psychiatry* in 1950, for example, were obviously elated that they had been able to convert "a chronic disturbed ward to that of a quiet chronic ward" within two weeks of shocking the hell out of everybody on the ward (giving some patients as many as *one hundred* treatments). With respect to brain damage, the doctors accounted themselves "impressed" by the similarities between their patients and "the lobotomized patient."

Pathology reports during this same period time and again showed that shock treatment resulted in definite brain damage. The first of these reports, appearing in 1942 in the *Journal of Neuropathology and Experimental Neurology*, is representative. The authors found shock-caused hemorrhages along with areas of edema and necrosis in the brain of a forty-five-year-old woman who received numerous shock treatments. "The importance of the case," they wrote, "lies in that it offers a clear demonstration of the fact that electrical convulsion treatment is followed at times by structural damage to the brain." Dozens of other reports followed and demonstrated, through human autopsy and pathology reports and brain-wave studies of shock-treated individuals, irreversible brain damage in experiments. Some of these papers demonstrated learning disability as well as retrograde amnesia; some reported the onset of epilepsy following shock treatment. Deaths were often reported; papers revealed a mortality rate in the range of one in 1,000 and even one in 200 in some special-risk groups, such as the aged.

All this candor began to dry up, however, in the early 1950s, at which time Dr. Kalinowsky and other leading advocates of shock had finally organized themselves and begun acting as "consultants," or even directors of inquiries, regarding the safety and efficacy of shock. Over the years Dr. Kalinowsky has gone from disputing some of the adverse evidence to simply denying its existence. Others have followed suit. It was business as usual when the shock doctors took complete control of the APA Task Force a few years ago. They systematically excluded, in reaching their conclusions, the negative reports of doctors who did not use shock themselves but who had treated the adverse sequelae of those treatments. In addition, the task force stacked the deck against the discovery of adverse findings by the devious wording of its survey questions, asking its respondents, for example: "How many deaths have occurred among your patients during or within 24 hours of ECT (electroconvulsive therapy)?" The authors of that question certainly knew that shock-related deaths usually follow a period of prolonged coma. Equally dishonest was a list of adverse reactions to shock, which respondents in the survey were supposed to check if they believed they ever occurred. The most serious of these was: "It is likely that ECT produces slight or subtle brain damage."

Those few doctors who have spoken out against shock in recent years have often had to pay a price. Dr. John Friedberg, for example, was dismissed from his residency at Pacific Medical Center in San Francisco when he confronted a prominent shock doctor at Langley Porter Neuropsychiatric Institute with the evidence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that shock causes serious brain damage. Like the Soviet leadership, which declares all who criticize its policies "insane," Dr. Friedberg's superiors gave him this option: either he could go into psychotherapy—*as a patient*—or he could be fired. He chose to be fired. (Later he completed his residency in Oregon and went on to a successful practice in neurology, leaving behind a book about his brush with the shock establishment, *Shock Treatment Is Not Good for Your Brain.*)

The only patients grateful for their treatments, in Dr. Friedberg's experience, are those who voluntarily sought shock and believed it would help. The electrical storm in their brains effectively took their minds off their other problems, but then, he adds, "so would a car accident." He calls shock "the atomic bomb" of the psychiatric arsenal.

Suicide prevention is often cited as a prime indication and justification for shock. The idea is to divert the patient from self-destruction by scrambling his brains. Dr. Friedberg's study of the literature leaves him convinced, he says, that shock has caused at least as many suicides as it has prevented. Secretary of Defense James Forrestal, poet Sylvia Plath, and novelist Ernest Hemingway all had shock treatment aimed at overwhelming their depressions. All killed themselves after having shock. Hemingway's biographer A. E. Hotchner quotes the writer: "What these shock doctors don't know is about writers and such things as remorse and contrition and what they do to them. . . . What is the sense of ruining my head and erasing my memory, which is my capital, and putting me out of business?" Hemingway killed himself one month after his last shock treatment.

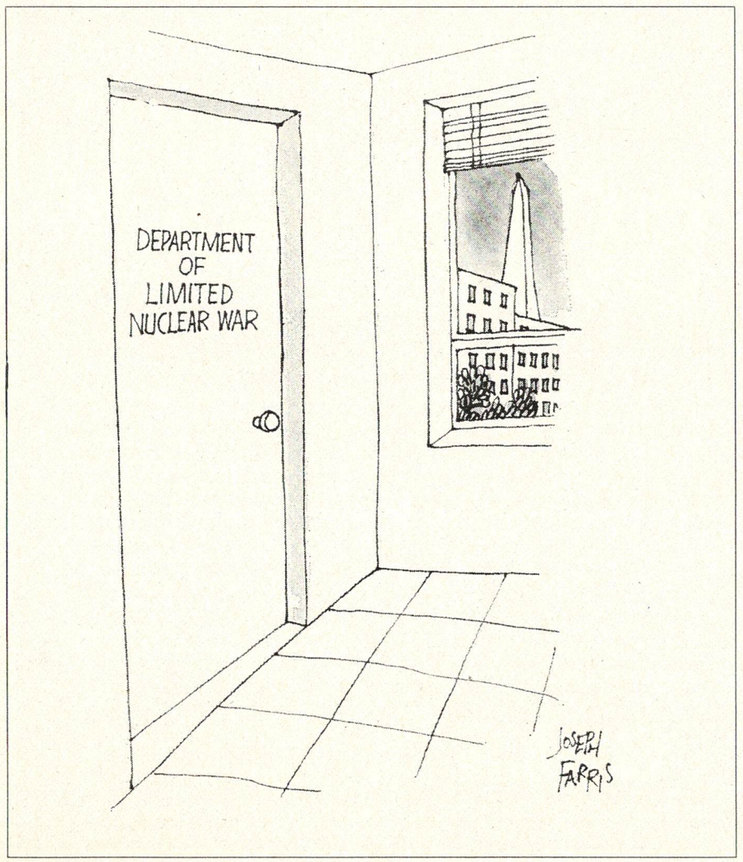
In the absence of scientific evidence of efficacy, shock advocates fall back on the anecdotal support given by some of their patients, insisting that all of this shock-generated "happiness" cannot be illusory. Overlooking for the moment the insufficiency of anecdotal evidence, anti-shock psychiatrist Peter Breggin observes that in his close examination of many post-shock patients he finds a good deal of what psychiatry calls "confabulation," the "fabrication of ready answers and false stories in compensation for and to hide actual memory gaps" caused by treatment. Dr. Breggin found that those persons who reported feeling fully recovered or even "better than ever" after shock were often the ones who were most severely damaged, as demonstrated by objective neurological and psychological tests. Some of the confabulation, Dr. Breggin says, proceeds from the anguish and shame these patients experience over the loss of memory and mental ability. The evidence that shock causes brain damage is painstakingly documented in Dr. Breggin's recent book, *Electroshock: Its Brain-Disabling Effects.*

While the proponents of shock eagerly accept the positive testimonials of patients willing to give them, they hypocritically discount the complaints. Those who are dissatisfied with their treatments are almost invariably categorized as "still sick" and—no surprise—in need of *more* shock. As for organized protests and complaints, the shock doctors are beside themselves these days. One noted psychiatrist, A. E. Bennett, fuming over new laws in California that have made it a little more difficult to use shock indiscriminately in that state, told a San Diego paper that most of the anti-shock activists are "psychotically ill." Many, he added, seek information from "former dissatisfied patients." They are, he continued, "delusionary, frustrated, maladjusted," and, finally, "a menace to society."

Dr. Bennett's diatribe, not unlike others forthcoming from the shock establishment, ended with this: "We have a grave responsibility to protect society, so-called normal people, from the social disturbers, violent agitators, multiple-murderers, and drug addicts, responsible for our increasing violence, crime rate, and deterioration in respect for law and social and moral standards."

If Dr. Bennett has unwittingly revealed both his true feelings about what he obviously sees as the shock doctor's police role in life and his own alarming hostility toward some of those "former patients," the attitude thus exposed will come as no surprise to countless thousands of shock victims who, with considerable justification, perceive themselves to have been tyrannized, manipulated, intimidated, and assaulted by psychiatrists who acted not in the name of mental health but in the pursuit of "quiet wards," coercion, conformity, and the obliteration by force of the *symptoms* of social unrest.

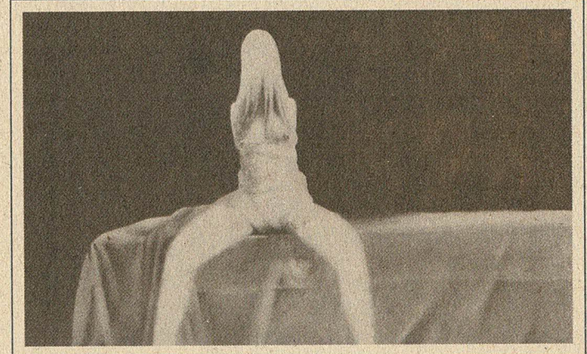
Some of those "former patients" who are seeing things clearly again also perceive themselves as the victims of the basest sort of greed, a greed that unblinkingly sacrifices the minds and souls of its prey. Though anti-shock groups scattered throughout the country have labored long and hard, and sometimes effectively, to alert the public to the dangers of psychiatry, to encourage needed malpractice suits, and to lobby for stronger laws governing informed consent and the procedures under which individuals may be involuntarily hospitalized and shocked, there is really little hope for any significant diminution of medicine's most mindless "treatment" until its economic bases are undermined. As one doctor wryly observed, the best "indication" for shock is "having health insurance." When a ceiling was placed on the amount a psychiatrist could charge for shock in Quebec a few years ago—limiting the fee to five dollars in some cases and ten dollars in others—this previously "indispensable" and "time-proven tool" fell from psychiatric favor overnight. ○






An analysis of your subconscious fantasies—what they say about you and how they can affect your life

# Dream Watch



ANALYSIS BY DR. ALBERT ELLIS

**Blair, age twenty-two**

A few months ago I had a dream that left me baffled. I had this dream the night after a terrible day, a day that could damage my seven-month marriage. That afternoon, while my wife and I were downtown, I was arrested and thrown into jail. I found out I was facing a five-year prison sentence. More than anything I was worried that my wife would decide to leave me. I wasn't quite sure of the bond between us. We knew each other only five months before we wed. I didn't know how strong her love for me was. Even if she wasn't thinking of leaving me, I was worried that her family would say bad things about me so that she would leave anyway. Needless to say, I was upset all evening until I finally fell asleep.

In my dream I was sitting on the sofa in someone's home with my wife, my brother, and six other people. There were three guys and three girls. We were all sitting really close, getting stoned. My wife was on one side of me, in the middle of the couch. She wasn't smok-

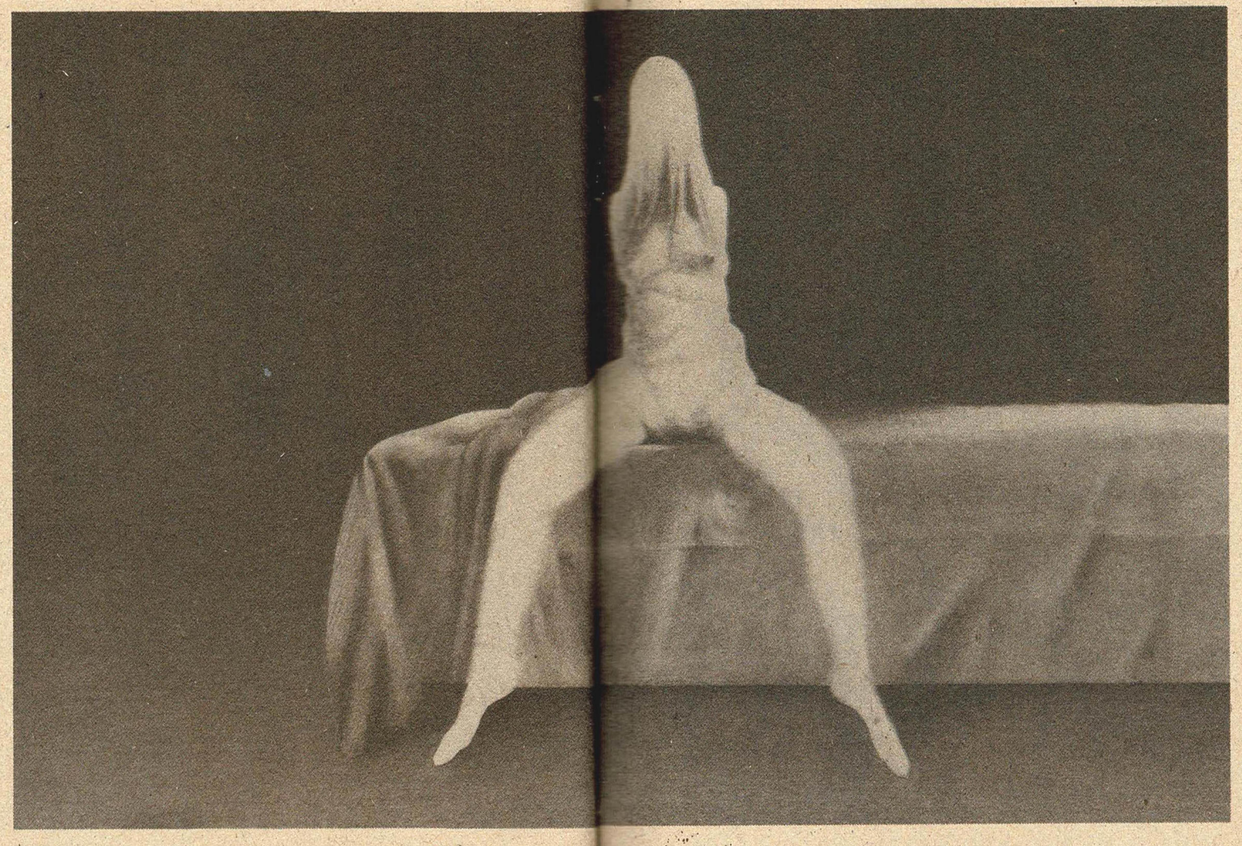
ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT JOHN BILLINGS

ing. All of a sudden a girl who was sitting on the other side of me started playing up to me. She felt my leg and started to massage my balls and dick through my pants. This girl was extremely beautiful and sexy. She licked my ear. I got so hard it hurt. She did this for about five minutes until I could barely stand it any longer, and then she suggested we take a ride. I got up to go with her and another couple.

All of a sudden a weird feeling came over me. I looked at my wife as I was led out the door. She never uttered a word. She just sat there, watching me leave. She'd never let that happen in real life. The look on her face in the dream, though, really bothered me. There was no expression or emotion. She understood what was going on but didn't react. I was led out the door, down the sidewalk, and into the back of a van (which happens to be my favorite type of vehicle). As we started to drive off, I woke up, sitting up so fast I almost knocked my head on the upper bunk in the cell.

I had many mixed emotions when I woke up. Guilt, worry, anxiety, but most of all fear. I don't really understand any of it. I was so worried about her leaving me, but I dreamt that I left her. At first I thought it meant that I loved her so much I couldn't leave her even in my sleep. Now that I think about it, that can't be the whole message. Something is missing. I just can't figure out what it is. I need to know what this dream is trying to tell me.

"We ran through the house, looking for a place to screw where her father couldn't find us."



**Dr. Ellis comments:**
*Modern research shows that dreams repeat the same wishes and fears we have during the day. Confirming this, your dream includes several fears of the previous day: that your wife will decide to leave you, that she would feel nothing if you left her, and that she would heed her family's poor opinion of you.*

*What seems to be significantly missing—in your dream as well as in your life—is that in spite of your fears that your wife won't go along for your ride, you seem intent on doing nothing to stay out of trouble so that you will give her an incentive to stay. Absolutely* nothing! *When the hell are you going to* change *some of your ways and help make her staying with you* worth *it? When will you make* self-change *important?* When?

**Ricky, age twenty-one**
In my dream I had just gotten home on leave from the military. I walked into a bar and sat at a table with Lisa, a previous lover, and her male companion, possibly her husband. At the table I talked with Lisa. "Hi, how are you?" etc. I don't really remember the conversation. I went to the men's room. When I returned, they were both gone. A barmaid (who apparently knew Lisa) came up to me to tell me that Lisa was crying because of me: her companion was going to come into the john to beat me up, but Lisa pleaded with him not to.

Next thing I knew, the barmaid and I were on the floor in her house. She was wearing nothing but white sheer panties. I remember her beautiful, long dark hair down to her ass. I rubbed her crotch, but she said, "It's no use; no man has been able to give me an orgasm in four years." I said, "We'll see about that," and looked around the room for something to use as a dildo. I saw a hairbrush lying on the floor and grabbed it. She said, "I want to stick this up your ass." I told her we would have to swap (it was my intention to find something much bigger to use on her than the brush she was going to use on me).

Suddenly, as I continued to rub her crotch, we looked up to see her father standing above us. He asked, "Will you ever stop this kind of stuff?" Then I noticed eight or so young men (around my age) getting dressed as though they had just gotten done screwing this girl I was with. We ran through the house together, looking for a place to screw where her father couldn't find us. It seemed like we were searching for such a long time. I asked her, "Where can we go?" She said, "Wherever you want!"

I noticed a sofa, so we jumped behind it and started to screw. I looked up and saw her father headed our way. We ran upstairs to the bathroom and jumped into the shower. But her father came into the bathroom to take a shower. He got into the shower next to ours. When he pulled aside the shower curtain to see why he wasn't getting wet (I was getting wet from his shower head), he saw us and said, "Get out of my house now." We ran down to the room where my suitcase was. I opened the door, and all my stuff was soaking wet. I was so worried, because I was already late returning to the military!

I really am in the army. I've been there for six months now. The woman, Lisa, was married when we had our affair. It lasted for a while but then we *both* decided (she more than me) that she had to get back to her marriage. To this day I've never met a woman I've liked like I do her.

I have no idea what my dream is about. Please analyze it for me. It is the only dream I've remembered in the last couple of years, and it kind of bothers me.

**Dr. Ellis comments:**
*In your dream your affair with Lisa is interrupted by her husband, and you almost get beat up in the john. Then your sex with the barmaid is interrupted by her father and you and your stuff get soaked in a shower. So both women are taken away from you by close relatives—and you wind up coming "clean" in the goddamned bathroom! Looks like you consider enjoyable fucking highly interruptible—and dirty! You also see yourself as unable to give a woman an orgasm without your using a huge dildo. When are you, unencumbered and alone with your own resources, going to make it? Looks like never!*

*If you will work to give up putting sex in any "dirty" category and will see it as a pursuit that can be enjoyed* with or without *marital or family permission, you will surrender your guilt-creating "shoulds" and more than likely have fulfilling and longer-lasting affairs. Without inhibiting chaperons!*

**Lonnie, age twenty-two**
I have never been married, but I have lived with several different women my age and older, white and black (I am black). I lived with one girl friend for five years, from 1974 until the beginning of 1979, when we had a fight. While I was out one evening, she took my son, who was one year old at the time, and left me. Here's my dream:

I have been dreaming lately of a werewolf woman who is really a queen living in a palace. I call her a werewolf woman because she has a pack of werewolves on a leash at all times.

When I visit her in the afternoon, we walk out on the palace lawn with her werewolves following us closely. We talk about being sex partners, but she always manages to change the subject. I always bring her back to the point.

Finally I kiss her—she kisses me back—and I pinch her titties. She sics her werewolves on me. I tell her to call them off. She laughs and grabs me by the arm as we walk back into the palace.

We find a giant bed in the palace, relax in it, and make animal love all night and the next day until we are both so tired we can't move. We just lie on the bed, side by side, and I wake up. I wonder why I wake up at this point; it seems so strange to me. And I wonder why I have this dream in the first place.

**Dr. Ellis comments:**
*You seem to like living with a woman briefly and then leaving. But the one time you chose to stay and raise a family, your partner turned the tables on you and fled with your only son. Since then, you see females as werewolf tenders who are out to get you.*

*In your dream, you finally find the werewolf woman who will go to bed with you and give you all the sex you want. But even then you wake up before you allow yourself to get too close to her—and thereby risk another major rejection. So you stick to animallike fucking—which seems* safe *as well as sound.*

*If you want your dreams—and your waking life—to resound with kissing and clucking instead of just plain fucking, I think you had better uninvent the imaginary werewolves with which you surround desirable women. Take the chance of relating as well as dating and get on with a fuller love life than the purely animalistic one you now "safely" allow yourself.*

"This girl was extremely beautiful and sexy. She licked my ear. I got so hard it hurt."

**Cynthia, age twenty-nine**
I am well educated, divorced, and have no children. I earn a good salary as an advertising executive supervising five other employees (three are men). Physically, I am somewhat of a bombshell—I am quite tall and busty. In my younger years I supported myself through college as a topless dancer. This is my dream, which occurs about every six months with little variation:

I'm in my office dressed either in a bikini or in short shorts. I am wearing very high heels, which allow me to tower over all my workers. I suppose this feeling is from the days when I worked as a topless dancer. At any rate, I am acting like a demanding amazon bitch as I strut about the office in my scanty attire.

"We find a giant bed in the palace, relax in it, and make animal love all night until we are so tired we can't move."

Suddenly, a giant of a man appears. He is just huge, at least seven feet tall, with a hulking build. He is old, has a beard, and behaves gruffly. He wears old, dirty clothes. My employees start to laugh as I am confronted by this enormous man. We all know he is there to give me my due. Still, I challenge him, saying, "You do not and you may not amaze me!" He laughs at me and lifts me up off the floor, demanding I get down by myself. In this dream he usually holds me under my arms and raises me straight off my feet. In one dream he cradled my sexual area in both his huge hands and lifted me.

I look him in the face, but then he turns me about in midair so that I have to face my employees. Everyone in my office laughs at me as I helplessly try to put my feet on the floor. I usually look down to see my feet dangling within inches of the floor. I flail and kick my legs to no avail. I am amazed at my inability to put my feet on the floor. Everyone, including the giant, is laughing. I am utterly humiliated. At the end of the dream I cry and plead, "Please let me down."

This dream affects me so much that I am usually timid at the office the following day. It takes me several days of effort to block out the memory. Would you help me understand what this recurring dream might mean?

Dr. Ellis comments:
*Even though you have everything you could hope for—sexiness, brains, and competence—you seem to have underlying feelings of inadequacy. In your dream you try to put your feet on the floor—and dismally fail. In real life you do have your feet on the floor—but are still afraid that you haven't. You unconsciously see yourself as puny, dangling, and eminently dominatable.*

*Although you are not a big, bossy-type lady, you may well aspire to be just that. But you seem guilty about these dominatrix desires and humiliate yourself for having them. So you wind up powerless—and more timid after each dream.*

*The solution to your problems of self-deprecation and guilt? Try to fully accept yourself with whatever wishes and tendencies you have. Be as honestly dominating as you'd like to be, so that you don't have to surreptitiously sneak your desires into your dreams!*

Margie, age twenty-two
I am married and have one child. I am a housewife and work part time as a baby-sitter.

My husband and I aren't rich, but we aren't poor either. I have a problem with money: *I love to spend it!* Even money I think we have but don't. It has caused problems before. Other than that, though, my husband and I are really happy.

Lately I've fantasized about making out with another woman. Also, the day before I had the disturbing sexual dream I'll describe to you, I was worried about my sister-in-law and brother because they were traveling in snow over the holiday. I was also mad at my sister-in-law for not coming to my place for Christmas (I had spent almost $1,000 getting my place ready for their visit). Instead, they went to her mother's house. I told my husband that even though I think the world of my brother, I will *not* help them out anymore.

In my dream I am visiting my brother and sister-in-law. As we all try to figure out where I'll sleep, my sister-in-law says, "I'll sleep with her." I tell her no, I only sleep with my husband. She pouts, so I finally decide to sleep with her. After all, my husband is not with me. My brother decides to sleep elsewhere (I'm not sure where).

While we're preparing for bed I work up enough courage to touch my sister-in-law's small breasts. At my touch they grow so large that I can barely fit my hand over just one. I start to kiss her on her body, moving down past her stomach. Then she farts. I get so upset I refuse to sleep with her. At that point I wake up.

Can you tell me what all this means?

Dr. Ellis comments:
*Like many people who are seemingly liberal, you may still believe that money and sex are the root of all evil. In your dream you see your sister-in-law as a lesbian who farts and who falsely puts on balloonlike breasts. Hardly a flattering picture of a woman or of female sexuality! And one that clearly shows your hostility to a woman who "wasted" your spending $1,000 to fix up your place for her at Christmas.*

*Actually, you are ballooning out your and your husband's money and spending it recklessly. So you are really the small person and the self-inflator that you, in your dream, accuse your sister-in-law of being. And you are arranging for your own sexual and monetary disappointment—and may ruin your marriage with your silly overspending.*

*Maybe, instead of unscrewing yourself and your husband monetarily, you had better forget about faking things sexually and financially and focus upon giving yourself and your mate a fucking good time instead of a money-flicking bad one!*

"Dreamwatch" is a regular column that will try to interpret your dreams, to see what their "real" or underlying meanings are, and to determine what you can possibly do to fulfill these meanings—or to change them when they are encouraging you to engage in self-defeating behavior. Dreams, of course, may have many interpretations, none of which may be perfectly accurate or "true." To make the interpretations in this column more correct and useful, it is best that when you submit a dream for consideration, you include the following information: (1) Describe the dream itself, with its main details. Be as specific and graphic as possible. (2) Give your age, sex, marital status, and vocation. (3) Tell something about your present life condition, especially things you are worried or bothered about in your love life. (4) Note any significant or unusual event that occurred during the day or night preceding your dreams. (5) Give your own personal interpretation of what you think your dream may mean. Readers who wish to have their dreams analyzed and printed in the magazine should write in confidence to: The Editor, "Dreamwatch," *Penthouse* Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

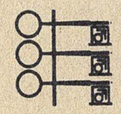


# PSYCHOGRAPHIC
## SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

# WILL EVERYBODY KNOW YOUR NAME?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Twenty-five questions to determine whether you're on the road to fame and glory



# PSYCHOGRAPH

What do Jackie Robinson and Albert Einstein have in common? How about Charlie Chaplin and Adolf Hitler? Or Mark Twain and John Kennedy? Or Buffalo Bill and Pope John XXIII?

Yes, they're all dead, but that's not the answer. The correct answer is that they're all famous. And it turns out that people who become famous often have strikingly similar lives, even though their celebrity may occur in wildly divergent fields. Psychologists have found that people who achieve acclaim on the world's stage tend to share similar personality traits, family backgrounds, childhood behaviors, and feelings about themselves.

This psychograph tests whether your life up till now fits the pattern that often leads to fame.

It was in the 1950s that social scientists began looking seriously at the circumstances that cause human potential to flourish. The eminent psychologist David C. McClellan (father of "achievement motivation") and his Harvard colleagues reported some early findings in their 1958 book, *Talent and Society*. In the 1960s, clinical psychologists Victor and Mildred Goertzel pinned down specific links in the psychosocial development of famous people. They combed the biographies, autobiographies, diaries, and letters of more than 400 indisputably famous men and women and discovered a large number of hitherto unnoticed similarities. (Their findings, reported in the book *Cradles of Eminence*, form much of the basis for this psychograph.)

Researchers have turned up some interesting things about the phenomenon of fame. Dictators, for instance, tend to have overprotective mothers who worship them. Also, people labeled as "gifted" when young rarely grow up to be famous. They become prosperous members of the middle class (and usually Republicans), but they hardly ever stand out from the crowd as adults. (Truly famous adults often seem to be particularly *un*gifted as kids. Woodrow Wilson didn't learn to read until he was eleven; Thomas Edison's teacher thought he was mentally ill.) Fathers of famous men often indulge in extramarital sex, but they are rarely *emotionally* unfaithful to their wives. They screw for fun but don't let their liaisons wreck their marriages.

It's on findings such as these that we have based the following questions. Answer them as accurately as possible and you may find out if you're on the road to fame.

1. How do you prefer to work?
   (a) by myself
   (b) in groups

2. How would you characterize the economic status of the family you grew up in?
   (a) rich
   (b) upper middle class and/or professional
   (c) middle class
   (d) lower middle class or working class
   (e) poor

3. When you were in elementary school, what was your reading level?
   (a) above average
   (b) average
   (c) below average

4. Which of the following statements would best characterize your parents' attitudes toward learning?
   (a) Learning and intellectual pursuits were highly valued in our house. My parents read seriously and avidly in their spare time.
   (b) My parents respected learning, but I don't think they were exceptionally intellectual.
   (c) Intellectual pursuits were not much valued in our home.
   (d) One of my parents was intellectual; the other wasn't.

5. Which of the following statements is most characteristic of you?
   (a) I've always excelled in subjects that required memorization, drill, and routine.
   (b) I have little patience when it comes to subjects that require drill and memorization.
   (c) I'm not great at subjects that require drill and memorization, but I'm probably no worse on that score than most people.

6. Did you have trouble making friends as a kid?
   (a) yes, very much
   (b) some
   (c) very little

7. How would you say your parents felt about their lives?
   (a) My parents lived relatively settled lives; they seemed generally contented with their lot in life.
   (b) My parents were restless. They always seemed to want something different from what they had. We moved around a lot, or at least we talked about moving a lot.
   (c) I had one restless parent, one contented parent.

8. Where did you spend your formative years of childhood?
   (a) in the country
   (b) in a village or small town
   (c) in a large town or small city
   (d) in a suburb
   (e) in a large city

9. Did your parents put a lot of pressure on you to excel in school?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

10. How could your parents best be described?
    (a) quite conventional and conforming
    (b) quite unorthodox and nonconforming in their beliefs, actions, and opinions

11. Did you get into trouble at school?
    (a) yes, a lot
    (b) some
    (c) rarely or never

12. Which of the following statements comes closest to characterizing the atmosphere in your home when you were a kid?
    (a) My parents strongly encouraged me to be well balanced. They wanted me to "fit in" with other kids my age.
    (b) My parents didn't care about my being well rounded, but they expected me to pursue avidly any areas in which I showed talent.
    (c) My parents didn't give a fuck what I did.

13. Did at least one of your parents have hobbies or outside interests that he or she pursued with great enthusiasm and persistence, sometimes almost to the point of fanatacism? (For example, would he or she rather fish, hike, sail, read, play music, putter in the cellar, etc. than do anything else—including work?)
    (a) yes
    (b) no

14. When you were an adolescent, would you say you rebelled more against your parents or more against your teachers?
    (a) parents
    (b) teachers
    (c) about the same against both

15. Do you feel a strong need to win the approval of others?
    (a) yes, very much
    (b) quite a bit
    (c) somewhat
    (d) only a little, if at all

16. Here is a list of adjectives: disorderly, sloppy, anarchic, chaotic, vague, doubtful, uncertain, approximate, inexact, inaccurate. Could they be descriptive of you?
    (a) yes, very much
    (b) quite a bit
    (c) somewhat
    (d) a little
    (e) not at all

17. When it came to making important decisions (moving, spending money, etc.), who was more likely to dominate in your childhood household?
    (a) father
    (b) mother
    (c) someone else (such as an uncle or grandparent)

18. When you were young, did you have real or imaginary handicaps (too tall, too thin, too short, too fat, bad eyesight, speech problems, ugly, crippled, poor athletic ability) that you felt made you different from other kids your age?
    (a) yes
    (b) yes, but I seemed to fit in anyway
    (c) no

19. Have you always had "neurotic" habits and quirks, such as nervousness, hyperactivity, nail biting, vague fears, proneness to accident?
    (a) yes, very much so
    (b) yes, but they've probably been no worse than the average person's
    (c) no

20. Did you ever miss a substantial period of school—most of a semester or longer—because of sickness, mental problems, traveling with parents, etc?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

21. If you had been given the choice, would you have preferred to have had a private tutor or to have gone to normal schools, like everyone else?
    (a) tutor
    (b) regular schools

22. Would you say you had a troubled childhood?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

23. Did you enjoy high school?
    (a) yes, a lot
    (b) it was okay, but not great
    (c) no

24. Here are two sets of words. Which comes closer to describing the general atmosphere in your home when you were growing up?
    (a) calm, predictable, no violent expression of emotions, comfortable, restrained, low-key, not argumentative
    (b) irritable, explosive, unpredictable, argumentative, great swings of emotion from passionate love to loud anger and from depression to exultation
    (c) somewhere in between

25. Did either or both of your parents have especially strong opinions on politics and/or religion?
    (a) yes, both did
    (b) one did
    (c) no

SCORING

All possible answers on this psychograph have been awarded point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add up the point values of the answers you chose. The highest possible score is 100; the lowest, 25.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | a-4, b-1 | 13. | a-4, b-1 |
| 2. | a-3, b-4, c-3, d-2, e-1 | 14. | a-1, b-4, c-2 |
| | | 15. | a-1, b-2, c-3, d-4 |
| 3. | a-4, b-2, c-1 | 16. | a-4, b-3, c-2, d-1, e-1 |
| 4. | a-4, b-2, c-1, d-3 | | |
| 5. | a-1, b-4, c-2 | 17. | a-1, b-4, c-2 |
| 6. | a-4, b-2, c-1 | 18. | a-4, b-2, c-1 |
| 7. | a-1, b-4, c-3 | 19. | a-4, b-2, c-1 |
| 8. | a-4, b-4, c-2 d-2, e-1 | 20. | a-4, b-1 |
| | | 21. | a-4, b-1 |
| 9. | a-1, b-4 | 22. | a-4, b-1 |
| 10. | a-1, b-4 | 23. | a-1, b-2, c-4 |
| 11. | a-4, b-2, c-1 | 24. | a-1, b-4, c-2 |
| 12. | a-1, b-4, c-2 | 25. | a-4, b-3, c-1 |

If you scored 76 to 100 points:

You could be on the road to fame and glory. A score in this category doesn't guarantee that you'll be on the cover of *Time* before the year is out, but it indicates that you exhibit a striking number of traits common to famous men. One could say you're *predisposed* to fame. If the opportunity for celebrity came along, you—unlike other men—would know instinctively how to take advantage of it. You are highly sensitive to everything that goes on around you, and you react with drive, passion, and dedication to the stimuli around you. (Many famous men have such strong sensory responses that it's painful for them. Albert Schweitzer was so moved the first time he heard brass instruments play in harmony that he almost fainted.) It's likely that you're not much of a conformist. You may not be the most well-rounded guy in the world, but those things that interest you do so intensely. You're your own man, and that alone is one of the prime prerequisites for outstanding achievement and the fame that goes along with it.

50 to 75 points:

You share some similarities with famous men, but you're right on the borderline. You may be just a little too average, lacking the inner fire that drives people to great fame. Men who achieve the sort of things that make them legends often don't give a shit what people think about them. You may be too well adjusted, too normal, to ever let go of yourself in that way. Still, not all great men exhibit *all* the characteristics tested on this psychograph. You may have just enough flair to be one of that group.

25 to 49 points:

You're probably the nicest guy in the world, but you're not likely to become famous. You lack the inner wackiness and strong self-concept that propel people to great accomplishment. You may become very successful in business and be a pillar of your community, but you're still unlikely ever to stand out much from the crowd. If, by some freak accident, you were to become famous, you'd be uncomfortable as hell in any case. You tend to favor balance and middle-of-the-road solutions to most problems. You're probably methodical and serious; and you're naturally suspicious of the flair and idiosyncrasies that famous men often exhibit. Of course, there are exceptions to every rule, so there's always the possibility that you could become celebrated. But don't bank on it.

*"No kidding . . . you had unnecessary surgery too?"*



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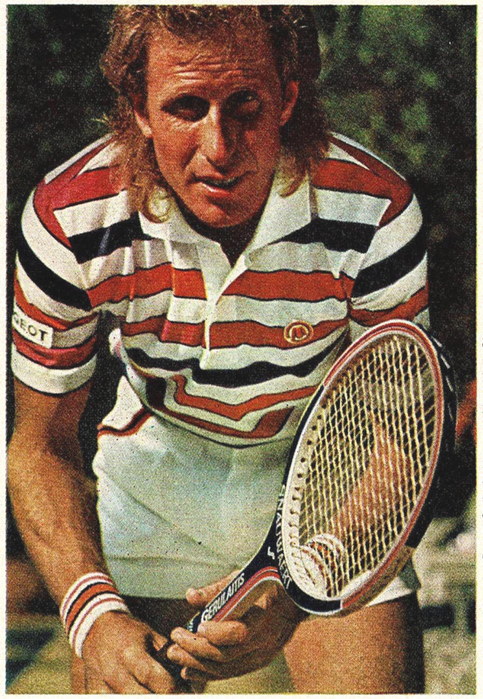
# CURRICULUM VITAS

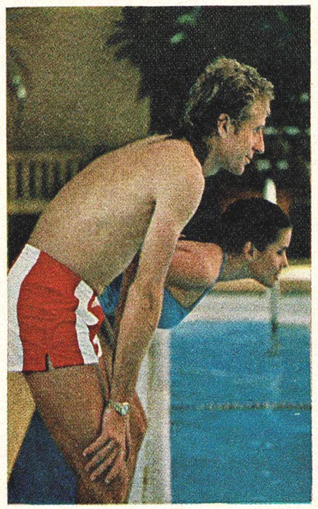


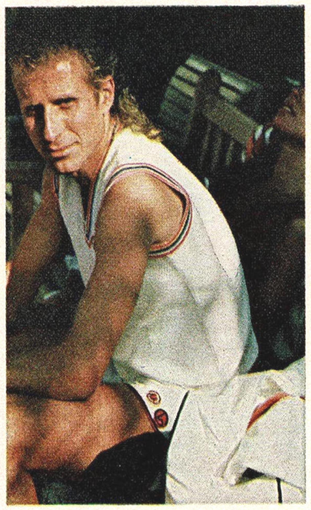
Hair and makeup by Bruce Steier's Heaven, New York City

Fast and fancy—that's top-ranked tennis star Vitas Gerulaitis. On court, Vitas strikes fear into opponents with lightning-quick reflexes and speed to burn. In his other choice playground, ultra-chic clubs and jet-set discos, he aces the competition with flashy footwork and femmes fatales. With the onset of the tennis tour's summer tournament schedule—May's French Open, then Wimbledon and the U.S. Open—Vitas watchers should be treated to an exciting season of the Golden Boy's dash and flash. Dressed in the latest active summer sportswear, how can he lose?

*Tournament time: (Above) Vitas wears his own collection of tennis wear, a wide multi-striped polo top in cotton and polyester ($72) with classic white cotton-and-polyester shorts ($60), all by Maggia. Tennis racket by Snauwaert. (Opposite) Fuchsia and blue striped cotton-and-polyester top ($60) by Maggia. For information, contact Maggia USA Inc., 100 North Hill Drive, Unit 16, Brisbane, Calif. 94005.*

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL O'BRIEN





Photographed at Manhattan Plaza Racquet Club/Swim and Health Club

*(Above right, counterclockwise) White wool sweater-vest with multi-colored piping ($116) with white polyester shorts ($60), both from the Vitas Gerulaitis Collection by Maggia; red and white striped boxer swimsuit of polyester, nylon, and cotton ($18) by Speedo; super-bright, short version of a surfer trunk ($17) by Laguna. (Opposite) White cotton T-shirt ($16) and white cotton warm-up pants ($40) from the Vitas Gerulaitis Collection by Maggia. Black ten-speed bicycle by Atala. For information on Speedo swimwear, contact Speedo, 380 South East Spokane Street, Portland, Oreg. 97202; on Laguna swimwear, contact Laguna, 19032 South Vermont, Gardena, Calif. 90247.*

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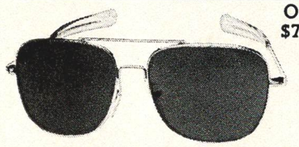

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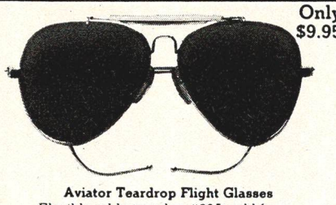

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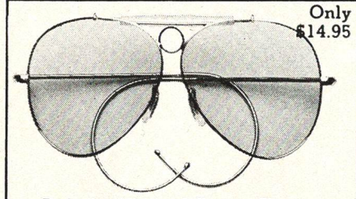

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# Worldly Goods

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130

"Possibly. Soon you'll need his help, *nicht so*? Do a favor for him, and he will do one for you."

"I understand."

"Of course you do. There's one more thing that he'd like to be sure of. The boy. For him especially—*Nacht und Nebel*! Understood?"

"Understood!" Loringhoven said, but the line had already gone dead before he could complete his conversation.

He poured himself a cognac, drank it in a gulp, went to the safe, and took out several packages. One was a large painting. He unwrapped it, stared at Caravaggio's *Boy Bitten by a Lizard* for a moment, and recited a few phrases of Goethe—wonderful how he soothed the soul!

He carefully cut the painting out of its frame, wrapped it in a tube, and put it in his briefcase. Then he removed the files from the Wotan Project, selected those that concerned Matthew Grünwald, and placed them in his briefcase next to the painting. The files were his insurance policy—better still, an investment. He had no intention of destroying them.

Loringhoven changed into a Luftwaffe uniform, and slipped his black leather SS trenchcoat over it. He placed a Luftwaffe cap in the briefcase, drank another cognac, and called for his car.

Now for the hard part, he said to himself.

Stumpff was uncooperative. Stumpff was insubordinate. Stumpff was drunk. "Why become a war criminal now that it's all over?" he whined.

Loringhoven shrugged. "*Befehlt ist befehlt*. I don't like it any better than you do, but orders are orders. Besides, there's a platoon of security police at the gate to make sure we do it. The war isn't over yet. If they can hang generals, they can hang you. Or me."

"The prisoners will know something's up."

"Divide them into working parties. Each guard will take a dozen or so. Once they're in the trenches, they should be easy enough to shoot."

"Then what? We can't leave them in the trenches."

"There's a bulldozer outside the gates. Everything will be covered over. A nice, neat job."

"If you say so."

"I say so, Stumpff. Get cracking."

"You're not planning to shoot a few yourself, *Standartenführer*?"

"It's not an officer's job. Stumpff, carry the whole thing out in an efficient, decent way, and I'll see you get away safely. You'll be back walking a beat in Munich, taking bribes off whores, and nobody will be the wiser. Just one thing . . . make sure of the Grünwald boy."

"I don't like it," Stumpff said, but he didn't have a choice.

"I don't like it," Voster said.

He and Paul had been led along the earthworks to a small clump of trees, along with ten other prisoners, while Stumpff stumped along behind them, muttering under his breath and occasionally stopping to drink from a bottle of schnapps. Paul said nothing.

Stumpff scrambled out of the trench with a curse, balanced on the edge, and looked down at the men. He put the bottle back in the pocket of his greatcoat, spat, and waited until the prisoners were closed up in a file, squeezed into the narrowest section of the trench.

Then, with astonishing rapidity for such a bulky man, he drew his machine pistol up to his shoulder and swung it toward them. "Eat this, Jew bastards!" he said, and pulled the trigger, while they stared at him, not so much surprised—for in this time and place being shot was more or less the normal course of events—as immobilized. However, there was only a dry click. Stumpff stared down at the machine pistol he had forgotten to cock and said, "Shit!" He braced the folding stock against his knee and fumbled for the cocking lever. His victims would wait for him. He wasn't worried.

For a terrible moment, Paul stood in the trench petrified, looking up at Stumpff, until it dawned on him that in a moment they would all be dead. He gave a howl of rage, and grabbed Stumpff's ankles, pulling with all his weight. The big man fell, still holding his weapon. He pulled one leg free and kicked Paul in the face as hard as he could.

Paul could not let go—once Stumpff was free to stand up he would open fire—so he hung suspended above the trench from Stumpff's ankle, while Stumpff, steadying himself in the mud with his free hand, smashed his boot down into Paul's face.

For a moment, Paul wondered if death might not be the better choice. He heard his nose break; his mouth was full of mud, saliva, and blood. He was too frightened to feel any pain, but his face seemed to be disintegrating under the blows. Stumpff was panting and sobbing with exertion, when Voster, shouting at the other prisoners to run for the trees, pulled himself out of the trench and tried to pull the gun away from Stumpff.

Stumpff rallied with a last heroic effort. He was lying on his back, his legs hanging into the trench, while Paul pulled on his ankle and Voster wrestled for the gun. Stumpff let go of his hold, cocked the gun as he slid into the trench, and fired a burst into Voster's chest. Then he toppled into the mud at the bottom of the trench, too breathless to curse, landing on top of Paul.

For a brief moment Paul thought he had been crushed to death, then he struggled free, receiving a final, feeble kick that split open his cheek to the bone, and crawled on his hands and knees away from Stumpff. He did not look back.

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He ran until his lungs felt as if they would burst and the pain began stabbing at his shoulder. Eventually he would crawl, pull himself by the fingers under barbed wire and down drainage ditches, his ruined face covered in mud and filth, his nose so badly broken that he could breathe only through his battered mouth. He had been stripped of everything but his survival instinct and his hunger for revenge. And for the first time, he felt hope.

Diana had slept most of the way across the Atlantic while Paul made his telephone calls in a variety of languages and, as he had promised, everything was taken care of with smooth efficiency once they landed. In the evening, they had a drink at the hotel bar—where Georges, the elderly barman, seemed to know exactly what he wanted and made sure they had a quiet table—then dined on the Left Bank. When they returned to the hotel, the suite was full of packages—lingerie, perfume, makeup, white silk trousers, maillot tops, even a dozen bikinis in different colors. "Why the bikinis?" Diana asked, though in fact she was astonished by the whole display, as well as by the careful thought and planning that had gone into choosing exactly the right sizes—Paul had clearly kept the staff of his Paris office busy.

"Ah," Paul said, with a guilty smile. "It's a little surprise. There's somebody I have to see in the South of France. I thought we might fly to Nice early tomorrow morning, and stay at the Hotel du Cap, at Antibes. We'll have lunch at the Colombe d'Or," he said as he undressed.

Diana looked at the table, and realized that it was set for three people. Before she could ask who was going to join them, Mme. Roux summoned up a platoon of waiters, with trays of *crudités*, pâtés, olives, and breads, and discussed in detail with Paul the preparation of the lobsters she was determined he would eat, and to which he acquiesced, throwing his hands in the air to indicate that he would leave everything to her.

Diana looked up to see a tall, exceptionally good-looking man in his late sixties making his way across the garden to join them. He clicked his heels noiselessly in his rope-soled shoes and bowed when he reached the table. "Herr Foster?"

Paul rose, and they shook hands. "*Bitte, setzen sie sich, Herr Oberst,*" he said. As they both sat down, he inclined his head toward Diana, and said, "Mademoiselle Diana Beaumont."

"Allow me to present myself," he said, in very presentable English—"Colonel Gunther Freytag von Loringhoven, at your service.

"You know," Loringhoven said affably, as he spread pâté on a piece of bread, "France is the only decent place to live. In Germany, when we want to describe true bliss, we say 'Happy as the king in France.' I have a deep love for this country."

It was apparent to Diana that Loringhoven was here unwillingly, despite his transparent show of geniality, and she wondered just what pressure Paul had managed to exert on the colonel to bring him to lunch.

"I suppose Irving Kane has tried to reach you?" Paul asked.

"Who is Kane?"

"Come, come, *Herr Oberst.* Let's not waste each other's time. Kane spent a lot of time tracking you down. So have I. I assume I'm here ahead of him?"

Loringhoven nodded. "By a couple of days, yes."

"I presume he wants to interview you for his book?"

"Yes. May I ask why that concerns you?"

"Let's just say that I have a special interest in that period of the war. A rich man's hobby, like stamp collecting."

"*So?*" Loringhoven turned this over in his mind, and dismissed it. "I have nothing to say to you," he said. "Or to this Kane."


Everybody gets
a medical check, then
a bowl of soup.
Unless you don't pass
the doctor's
inspection. In that case
you get gassed,
and miss your bowl of soup.


"I imagine Kane would make it worth your while, Colonel. As a matter of fact, so would I, for my own reasons. And I can make you a better offer than Kane."

Loringhoven examined his lobster with the care of a surgeon. He did not seem impressed. "I don't know your reasons," he said. "I don't *want* to know. I have my own reasons for keeping silent. The past is better buried, anyway."

"Matthew Greenwood would certainly agree with that. I imagine he told you to keep your mouth shut if Kane turned up, didn't he?"

The colonel sipped his champagne reflectively. His eyes were narrowed and cheerless. "What makes you think so?"

"You must have known him well in the old days?"

"Tell me, Herr Foster, what do you have on *me* that makes you think I'll talk?" Loringhoven asked.

"The Wotan Project."

Loringhoven waited politely until Diana had finished her cheese, then he carefully lit his cigar. "Wotan is old stuff," he said, puffing happily. "The Allies examined the pile and took away the papers and the scientists. They were ahead of us anyway. In the field of rockets, we were in front, but with the bomb, years away. . . . All of that is moldering in your national archives."

"Not all of it, Loringhoven. There were the slave laborers who worked on the site. The *Wotan Kommando*. They were working outside Magdeburg in the winter of 1945, weren't they?"

"It's hard to remember," Loringhoven said, coughing slightly. "Such a long time ago." He smile at Diana. "You understand, mademoiselle, many unfortunate things happened toward the end of the war. People were starving and so on. There were epidemics. Nobody counted the dead."

"That's not true," Paul said implacably. "The dead were counted. A mistake was made, that's all."

"There were no survivors of the *Wotan Kommando*, Foster. None! *Das war der Befehl!* It was ordered so."

"Ah, but what is ordered is not always done, even in the Third Reich. There were survivors, my friend. I know." Paul tasted his own brandy, nodded his approval toward the sommelier, passed the glass to Diana for her to taste, and gave Loringhoven a thin-lipped smile, his pale-blue eyes fixed hard and unblinkingly on the colonel's face. "You see, *mein lieber Herr Standartenführer,* I was one of them!"

Loringhoven signaled for another brandy, and contemplated the tip of his cigar. "I see," he said glumly. "And were there others?"

Paul nodded. "Over to the left of the clearing, about 100 meters from where you were standing. Stumpff didn't finish everybody off. He was drinking heavily."

"Stumpff was an idiot. He shouldn't have been promoted to *Sturmscharführer* in the first place. I should have had him shot or sent to the Russian front, the drunken swine."

"I imagine he had something on you, or you would have. In any event, I'm not the only survivor. I have signed depositions, some of them from German citizens still living in Germany, others from Israel. It shouldn't be difficult to find the mass grave and dig it up. I think there's quite enough to get you extradited to the *Vaterland,* even for the most reluctant of prosecutors."

"Six hundred twenty-three, if that idiot Stumpff had counted right." Loringhoven closed his eyes for a moment, then made his decision. "All right," he said. "I had a copy of Greenwood's agreement with the Hermann Göring Werk and the SS for the division of his assets—and all the files on Wotan."

"What did you do with them?"

"What do you think? I took them to Greenwood and he bought them from me."

Diana sipped her coffee and looked at the two men. Now that he had played his hand, Paul relaxed. "I hope we're not boring you, Diana," he said.

"Not at all. But what in God's name




Advertisement

# CARBURETOR GETS 200 MPG!

**BY R.C. WEBSTER**

WASHINGTON—Establishment of a new world record for fuel economy—an incredible 1,368 miles per gallon achieved in the Shell Motor Mileage Marathon by a special three-wheel vehicle with 90cc engine—has touched off a stampede among car manufacturers and tinkerers to drastically increase the gas mileage of cars.

They are attempting to achieve this by means of the Pogue Carburetor, a device which the Ford Motor Co. has shown can deliver over 200 mpg to an ordinary sedan. This gas-miserly carburetor has never been mass-produced.

The Pogue is covered by several patents issued by the U.S. Patent Office here, but a recent book asserts that the patents are invalid, that anyone can now build the Pogue without legal restraint.

As a result, vendors, parts manufacturers and entrepreneurs are racing to mass-produce this peerless fuel conserver.

The book, *Secrets of the 200 MPG Carburetor,* contains full details, instructions and diagrams on how to construct the Pogue. It states that anyone can build the carburetor, even in a home workshop. Copies are available from Premier Distributing, P.O. Box 404-P, New York, N.Y. 10019, at $4.95 (plus $1 to cover the costs of postage and handling; total, $5.95).

The Pogue Carburetor is named for its inventor, Charles N. Pogue, now 81 and ailing in a Winnipeg, Manitoba, nursing home. Pogue is making no attempt to prevent others from producing and marketing his invention.

**205 MPG**

The Ford Motor Co. of Canada, in a test documented in *Secrets of the 200 MPG Carburetor,* proved that the Pogue Carburetor does indeed achieve a remarkable 25.7 miles per *pint*—or 205 miles per gallon.

Allan Wallace, author of *Secrets of the 200 MPG Carburetor,* says the Pogue's gas mileage is not all that remarkable.

He contends that others have invented carburetors with exceptionally high gas mileages, too, but that the American people have been kept in the dark about them by the oil companies in order to preserve gas sales.

To support his assertion, Wallace documents several instances of stupendous gas mileages, including 84 mpg achieved by Ralph Moody Jr. of Oak Hill, Fla., with a Ford Capri, and 100 mpg by Thomas W. Ogle of El Paso, Texas, with a Ford Galaxie.

Wallace says he has amassed enough case histories "to fill a set of volumes the size of an entire encyclopedia." He includes construction details for the most interesting and feasible systems in his book.

"I feel the public has a right to know how to produce its own high-mileage systems," he says. "If enough people are tooling around in 100-mpg cars, the auto and oil industries will have no choice but to offer fuel-efficient carburetors in all production models."

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Wallace says the average car burns only 20 percent of the fuel it consumes. The rest is lost, unburned, and is emitted through the tailpipe to pollute the atmosphere.

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"The carburetor of today is little changed from what it was 50 years ago," he says. "I'm hoping that my book will spur a change—to the benefit of the nation, the ecology, and the consumer."

To obtain a copy, readers of this magazine need merely send their name and address with $4.95 (plus $1 for postage and handling; total, $5.95) to Premier Distributing, P.O. Box 404-P, New York, N.Y. 10019.

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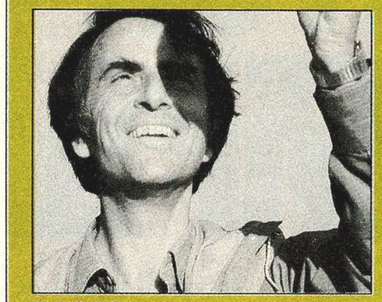

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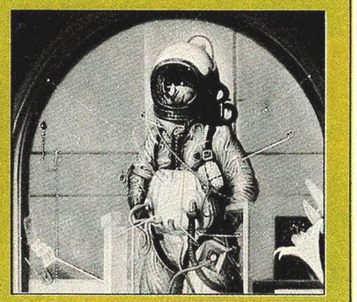
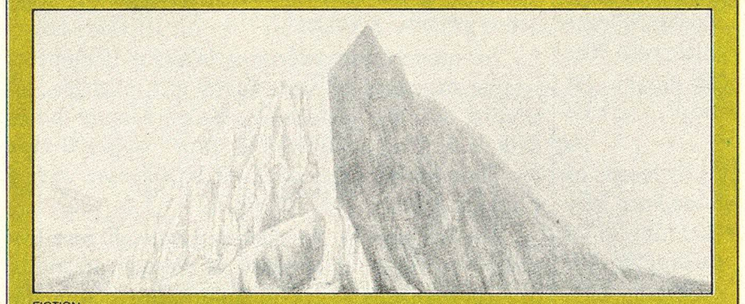


HOUSEWIVES



FICTION

**THE GREAT PSI HUNT**—Multitudes of flipped coins, intuited cards, and mind-bent spoons filled parapsychology journals. Yet for all their work, parapsychologists had trouble reproducing such results. Now that is changing. Wielding an arsenal of sophisticated technology, including chambers that envelop subjects in an ether of sensory deprivation, researchers say they have begun producing evidence of telepathy, even telekinesis, time and again. To learn more about the new case for psychic phenomena, or psi, read this month's *Omni*.

**HOUSEWIVES IN SPACE**—Career women, homemakers, retired grandmotherly types, they all took part in an extraordinary five-year experiment at NASA to find out whether the average woman has the "right stuff" to travel in space. After grueling, astronaut-caliber tests of physical stamina, these pioneers demonstrated that the debut of an American female space traveler is long overdue—and perhaps the first astronaut *should* have been a woman. To find out how these courageous women did it, read the June *Omni*.

**THE MARKETING OF DR. CARL SAGAN**—The famous astronomer has discovered another world—of lavish book advances, high-powered agents, and movie rights. He is master of three kinds of cosmos: the well-known TV series, the book, and a record, which a Sagan associate says is now "number one on the charts in South Africa." Admirers call him a latter-day Leonardo. Detractors call him "popularizer," a label Sagan himself wears with pride. *Omni* takes you inside Sagan's far-flung—sometimes far-out—enterprises.

**LOREN EISELEY'S LOST NOTEBOOKS**—For more than twenty years the revered naturalist Loren Eiseley kept a private journal in which he gave free play to his thoughts on nature, the universe, and his fellowman. Some of these musings found their way into his published work, but others lay buried in the pages of his notebooks. Now, in an *Omni* exclusive, excerpts from his journals are being published for the first time. For a special look at one of the "great gentle spirits of this century," as he's been called, see our June issue.

**FICTION**—In "The Accident," by Polish SF writer Stanislaw Lem, a rescue party is organized to search for a robot that has vanished. Howard Waldrop, who won a Nebula for his "The Ugly Chickens," has written another winner, "Ike at the Mike," about music and politics the way they might have been.

were you doing in a work camp in 1945?"

"Oh, it was a very common experience, I assure you. All part of a European education."

"Not that common," Loringhoven said, with what seemed to be professional judgment. "The Auschwitz staff had standing orders to send us able-bodied men only. We had the highest priority with Commandant Hoess—first-class goods, no walking skeletons or children! Of course, yours was a special case."

"A special case! My father died, and I would have been buried in your mass grave if Stumpff hadn't been a bad shot."

"He was a first-rate shot when he was sober, poor chap. I remember you well—the Grünwald brat! Though your face is different now. One wouldn't recognize you easily. . . . Well, I did my best for you, but at the end there was nothing more I could do. There were strict orders to dispose of everyone—*Nacht und Nebel*. You were supposed to vanish into the night and fog, as the saying used to go. Of course, by that time we were far behind with our paperwork. . . ."

"You were present when he and my father split the Grünwald assets between them?"

"What makes you think so, Foster?"

"My father told me, just before he died."

Loringhoven sighed. "So many unfortunate things happened. . . . Yes, I was present. Your father was worried about having to stay behind while Matthew went to Switzerland, so Matthew agreed to the split as a gesture of good faith."

"What did my father do with the letter? He said he put it away for safekeeping while you were there."

"The answer to that question is worth a lot of money, Foster, isn't it? You can't expect me to tell you that for nothing."

"You're right," Paul said, pulling a thick envelope from his pocket and putting it on the table. "These are the originals of the depositions against you. They're yours. You can burn them, send them into *Nacht und Nebel*, and forget about them."

"I was hoping for something more generous."

"What could be more generous, Loringhoven? I'm offering you peace of mind."

Loringhoven took the envelope, ripped it open with a knife and glanced through the papers. "Very well," he said. "Your father put the paper in the bust."

Paul leaned forward, puzzled. "The bust?"

"Have I said it wrong? *Die Büste*. The bust? When your uncle Matthew left the room, your father looked around and decided to put the paper somewhere safe. He didn't want to carry it around with him, but he wanted to be able to get at it quickly. You know the big bronze bust of Göring your uncle had? Your father tipped it over and stuck the letter inside, then put it back firmly on its marble stand."

"And he left it there?"



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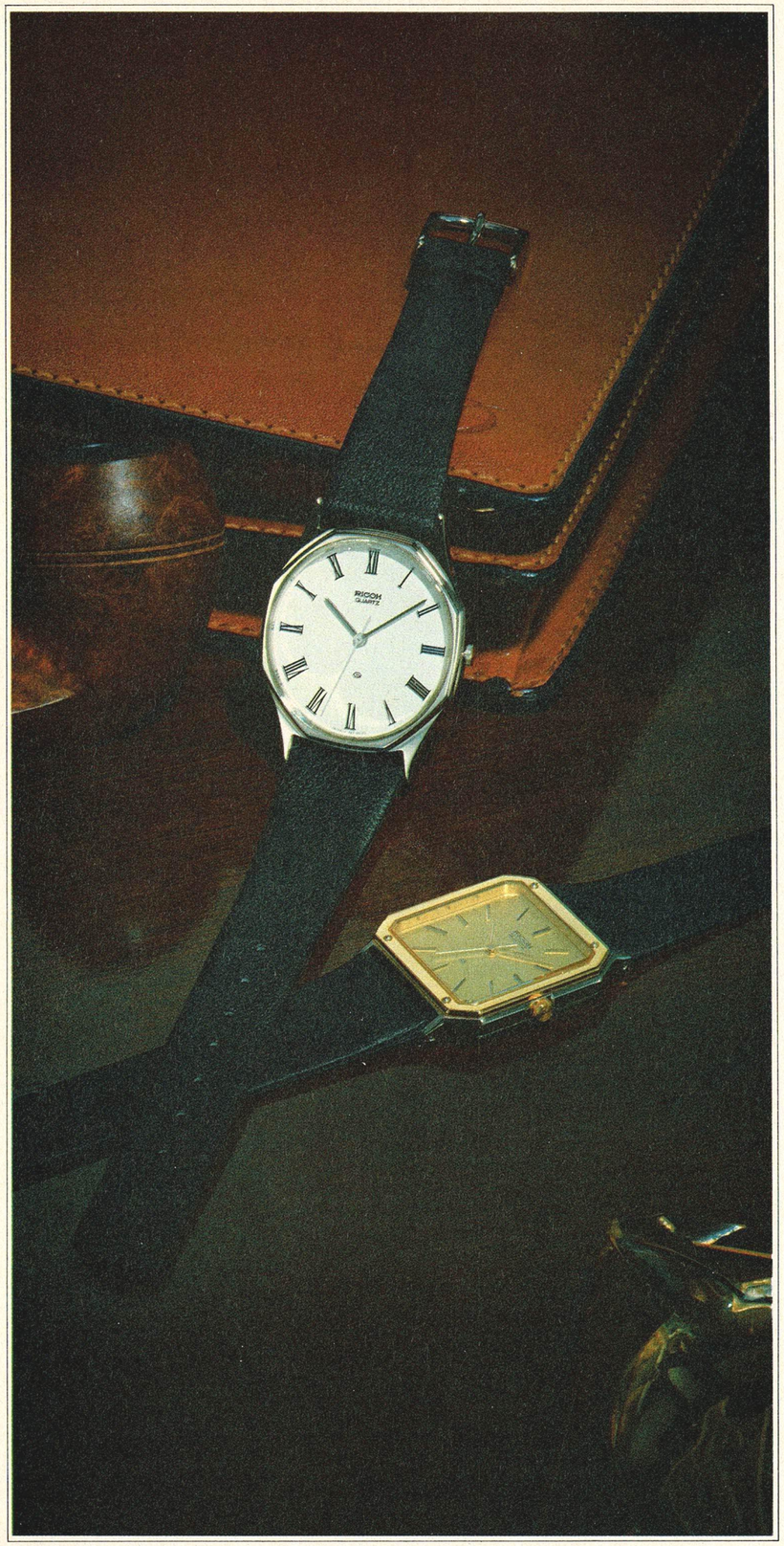

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"I would suppose so. When things turned out so badly, it can't have seemed all that important to him. It wouldn't have kept him alive in Auschwitz."

"Now the last question, Loringhoven. What happened to the bust?"

Loringhoven stood up, bowed, kissed Diana's hand, and turned toward Paul with a nod of the head, regaining something of his composure. "Having gone so far," he said, "I suppose there's no reason to stop. I thank you for a delicious lunch, and a delightful opportunity to chew the fat over old times—the good old days, eh? As for the bust, it's not hard to find. When I saw it last, it was on Matthew Greenwood's yacht, along with the rest of his memorabilia. All you have to do is to drive over to the port of Cannes, go on board, and tip it off its base! And how pleased your uncle will be to discover his dear nephew survived! *Au revoir, mademoiselle. Auf wiedersehen, Herr Grünwald!*"

He gave a knowing leer and vanished behind the olive tree with the springy, athletic walk of an old soldier.

"*Allo. Villa Azur? Je voudrais parler à Monsieur Greenwood.*"

"*Un moment, madame, s'il vous plaît.*"

There was a moment of silence on the telephone and a new voice, obviously not that of a servant, came on the line.

"*Bitte?*"

Diana tried English. "I'd like to speak to Mr. Greenwood."

"This is not possible," the voice said, speaking in English with a heavy German-Swiss accent.

"Let me give you the message anyway. Mademoiselle Diana Beaumont wants to see him on personal business. It's about his grandson. I can be reached in room 312 at the Hotel du Cap."

"*So?*" the voice said in German, and the phone went dead.

"That doesn't sound promising," Diana said to Foster, who was listening to the conversation on the extension.

Foster shrugged. "We'll see. I think it may produce results rather quickly."

A moment later, the telephone rang. Diana picked it up.

"Miss Beaumont?" This time the accent was English, the rich, somewhat contemptuous tone of somebody used to giving commands.

"Speaking."

"You wished to speak with Mr. Greenwood?"

"Yes."

There was a murmur in the background, then the Englishman came back on the line. "Mr. Greenwood will see you tomorrow morning. Please be at the steps of Eden Roc at eleven o'clock and a boat will pick you up. Nobody is to accompany you."

"Thank you."

"Not at all," the voice said smoothly. "Mr. Greenwood will be most, ah, *interested* to hear what you have to say." The line clicked and went dead.

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The sailor leaped onto the companionway platform, and secured the boat, signaling Diana to follow him. The officer nodded, as she stepped onto the platform. He pointed up. "Herr Greenwood is above," he said. "*Im Salon.*"

She stepped into the dark salon—the windows were heavily tinted, giving the interior the green translucence of an aquarium—and waited for a moment while her eyes adjusted to the dimness. In the center of a beautifully furnished room, she distinguished a wheelchair, with a bulky figure seated in it, its legs covered with a tartan blanket. It was hard to connect this palsied old man with the powerful and energetic father who had journeyed to England to confront Nicholas over her in a stormy, violent scene.

"You haven't lost your beauty yet," he said slowly, appraising her invisibly from behind his dark glasses.

"Thank you."

Greenwood waved one hand wearily, either to indicate that no thanks were called for, or that he had no time for amenities.

"What can I do for you?" he asked, with as much of a leer as his face muscles could manage.

"I hear Niki is getting married."

"Yes. The little Biedermeyer girl. Pretty. Rich. He's a lucky boy."

"You must be very pleased."

"Yes. I'll be more pleased if there's a son," Matthew Greenwood replied.

"There already *is* a son."

Greenwood nodded, as if he had expected the conversation to take this turn. "Is there?" he asked with an expression of innocence.

"You *know* there is. Steven."

"He's illegitimate. That doesn't count."

"That's a matter of opinion."

"Nonsense! Illegitimate children don't inherit. Besides," Greenwood added, "the boy is a cripple." He looked down at his own lifeless legs, hidden beneath the blanket. He had on cheap carpet slippers.

Diana felt a spasm of anger, but suppressed it.

"He's still Niki's son."

"*Und?* These things happen in society, even in the best families."

"I'm not going to let Niki—or you—get away with this," Diana said.

"Jealousy is a waste of time, my dear. As for blackmail, it's a dangerous business. Believe me, I know."

"It's not a question of blackmail. It's a question of justice."

"That's what blackmailers always say. Please don't take offense. I'm an old man, I haven't time to make pretty phrases. Blackmail doesn't shock a man like me. I have often found it—what is the word?—expedient, yes? *So:* expedient to bury certain things. If the price is right and the thing is worth burying, I'm willing to talk business. I'm a practical man. I don't have time to take a high moral view. In the end it never pays. What exactly are you threatening me with?"

"A paternity suit against Niki, a claim against him on behalf of his own child. It's all in the hands of Marvin Blumenthal. You know how he loves splashy cases."

Boyce pursed his lips in thought or disapproval. "It won't wash," he said to Diana. "I don't think there's a chance you'd win in court."

"She doesn't have to win in court to hurt us, Boyce. It will be front-page scandal. Papa Biedermeyer will shit in his pants when he sees it. Never mind the fucking marriage, we can kiss good-bye to Biedermeyer's financing! Two years of negotiations down the drain! No, no, this lovely lady has us by the balls, I'm sorry to say. Niki should have taken care of all this a long time ago. Still, what's a father for, if not to handle these problems? How much?"

"One hundred thousand a year for life."

Greenwood laughed. "Ridiculous! Even a cripple doesn't need so much. Twenty-five thousand a year, or a lump sum of $500,000, which you invest as you please on his behalf."

"I'd take $50,000 a year with a cost-of-living increase. Anything less, and I instruct Marvin to sue—and to get on the phone to Rupert Murdoch."

Greenwood nodded happily. "Somebody has briefed you very well, my dear. If you'd asked for a couple of million dollars, it might have been worth having you taken care of, an accident, a suicide"—he gave a wolfish smile—"it's been done, frankly. On the other hand, if you'd asked for much less, I wouldn't have taken you seriously. You're intelligent, as well as beautiful. We have a deal. *Fertig!* Finished! Yes? No lawsuits, no claims, above all, no magazine articles, no memoirs, and so forth. *Nacht und Nebel,* that's what I'm buying from you. You agree?"

"Yes. I agree. Funny, somebody was talking about *Nacht und Nebel* only a few days ago. . . ."

"It used to be quite common," Greenwood said, "but that was a long time ago. Who put you up to all this?"

"Nobody. When I heard that Niki was marrying the Biedermeyer girl, I knew I had to get something for our son. It was a question of now or never."

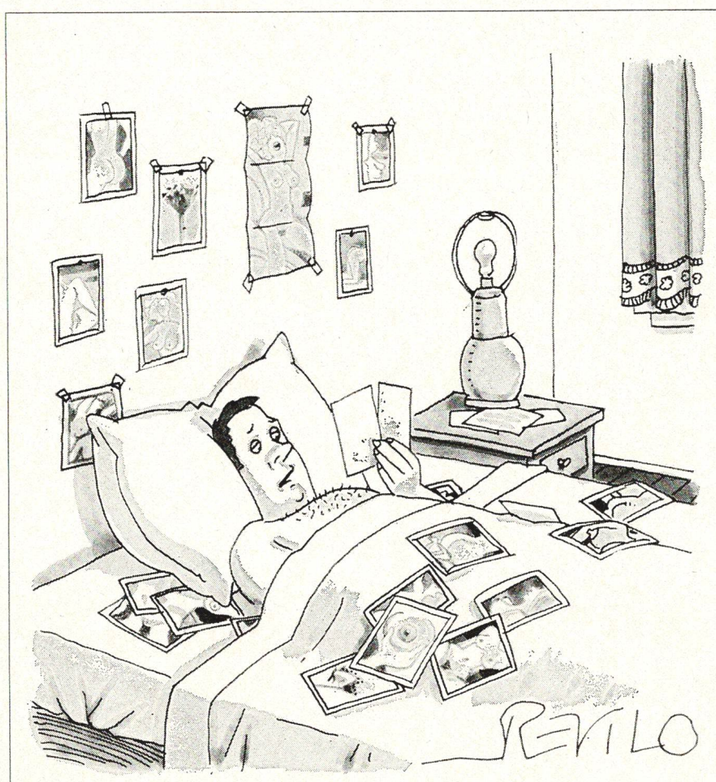
"Somehow I find that hard to believe. Boyce tells me that you're staying at the Hotel du Cap with Paul Foster?"

"Yes."

"Tell him not to meddle in my business, please. You find him attractive?"

"I wouldn't be with him in the hotel if I didn't. That's obvious."

"Ah? It's not so obvious at all. Women will do a great deal for money. And Foster, my dear, will do almost anything to get at *me*. He's so elegant, so charming, so persuasive, *nicht so?* You wait and see. He's a killer. After the war, he came to me pretending to be my nephew, but it was a transparent fraud. I must say he's done




*"Good night, sweet prints."*



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well for himself since, but he's a psychopathic liar. A very sad case . . . "

Hoeffler returned to the room and cleared his throat.

"Nap time," Boyce said cheerfully.

"*Scheisse!* Old age is a time of constant humiliation. Hoeffler, wheel me up to the top deck, and I'll sit under the awning for my siesta. There's a telescope there, I can see the girls at Eden Roc as they go for a swim. I shan't see you again, Diana. Adieu. You've been lucky. Don't try it twice."

Diana stood up. "I'd still like to have a look over the yacht. I've heard so much about it from Niki. Also I need . . . "

"Quite," Boyce said. "Downstairs to the left, next to the study."

Diana walked down a spiral staircase, looked in the bathroom, which was mirrored on all four walls, the ceiling and the floor, tried a couple of doors that opened on a dressing room and a large bedroom, then went further forward and tried another door. It swung open to reveal what was clearly Greenwood's library, a dark, paneled room with two portholes and heavy leather furniture of the type found in gentlemen's clubs.

In a glass cabinet between the portholes was an ornate gilt hunting spear, sword and shield, obviously of great value. The bookshelves contained leather-bound books that did not have the look of being moved—or read—for years. On an ormolu desk, bolted to the floor, stood the bronze bust of a heavily jowled man, a decoration of some kind where his tie ought to have been.

Diana examined the bust, concluded from the eyes and chin that it represented Göring, tipped it over, and quickly felt inside. There was nothing. She shook it, to make sure, then placed it back on its socket, and left the room, carefully closing the door behind her. She stepped into the bathroom, flushed the toilet, and ran the taps.

Upstairs, Greenwood and his wheelchair were gone, but Boyce stood in the salon, managing to combine patrician indolence and servility in a mix that only an upper-class Englishman with no money of his own can achieve.

"Find what you were looking for?" he asked with a wink, or perhaps merely an involuntary nervous tic.

"Thank you."

A buzzer sounded and Boyce ushered her to the deck.

"The boat is ready to take you back." He took her by the arm and led her to the companionway. As she stepped onto the companionway, Boyce gave her a hard, knowing stare. "Do be careful," he said, with a thin smile that made it evident to Diana he was not referring to the steps. "And give my good wishes to Paul Foster. Look out for yourself—so many of his friends pay dearly for the experience of knowing him, my dear!"

Diana pondered this remark as she waited beside Paul under the wing of his airplane. He seemed tense, though when she had appeared at La Bouée to meet him for lunch, he had expressed no more than mild disappointment that she had been unable to find the letter. The news that old Greenwood had been willing to pay up for her silence pleased him.

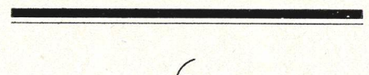
"Where do you think the letter went?" Diana asked.

"I don't know. It would have been useful."

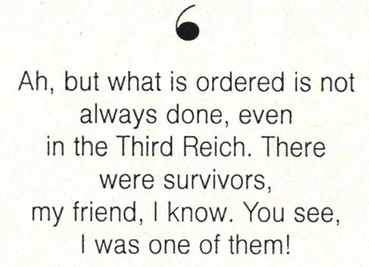
"Do you suppose Loringhoven was lying?"

"No. But I think he may have double-crossed us. Never mind. These things happen in business. Loringhoven, however, should have known better, poor fellow." Foster gave a small smile, as if dismissing Loringhoven altogether.

"The old man had some harsh words to say about blackmail. He didn't mention Loringhoven's name, but I thought there might be a connection."



Ah, but what is ordered is not always done, even in the Third Reich. There were survivors, my friend, I know. You see, I was one of them!



"No doubt. Greenwood would certainly be knowledgeable on the subject of blackmail. It's a risky profession," Paul said, with the air of a man who knew plenty about it himself.

Now that they were on the tarmac, Foster seemed reluctant to get into his plane. He was preoccupied and silent, and it occurred to Diana that he was perhaps eager to get back to his telephones and computers. The pilot had a sheaf of messages and cables for him, and Paul stood by the wing, leafing through them with grim determination. At intervals, he looked up and held his hand above his eyes to shade them, obviously waiting for something or someone, until a gray Mercedes appeared, and he walked forward to stand beside it. In the back was his New York bodyguard, Luther.

"Is Luther flying back with us?" she asked.

Paul shook his head. "I have business for him in Zürich. He can fly commercial, then I'll send the plane back from New York for him." He took Diana's arm, and helped her into the dark interior of the plane as the door slowly closed behind them and the starter motors whirred.

"Any problem?" she asked.

Foster shrugged. His face seemed a little paler than usual, as if he were suddenly tired. "There are always problems."

Paul sat down on the big leather sofa chair beside her, pressed a button to indicate that he was ready to take off, and put his feet up.

"We must see what cassettes they have brought with them," he said. "We can watch a movie on the way home. . . . By the way, it seems Kane won't be seeing Loringhoven tonight."

"Somebody changed Loringhoven's mind?"

"In a manner of speaking. He was shot this afternoon, in the garden of his villa."

"Survival is a full-time occupation," Paul Foster said, not so much in explanation as in apology. He had no doubt that Diana was upset. Even a less sensitive man would have noticed that, and God knows, he was sensitive to the moods, the nuances, the small signals of women.

She was distant, chilly—not at all the passionate woman he had shared a bed with only a few hours earlier.

"You're angry," he said.

"No."

"Loringhoven's death disturbs you." It was a statement, not a question.

"A little. Doesn't it upset *you*?"

"Not much. He was a Nazi. Also, it was to be expected. Greenwood wasn't going to let Kane get to him, was he?"

"Would you?"

Paul sighed. "Perhaps not," he admitted, after a pause.

"Is Luther on his way to Zürich to get Loringhoven's files?"

"Yes. They will be more useful in my hands than sitting on some bureaucrat's desk in Washington."

"How will he get them?"

"These are details," Paul said impatiently. "I don't need to know. I don't *want* to know. And frankly, I don't think it's a good idea for *you* to know, either."

"I'm not one of your subordinates, Paul."

"No, no, I'm thinking of your safety . . . "

"You're not thinking of my safety at all. You're simply not telling me the whole truth. I won't accept that, Paul. I'm not going to be used when you need me, and lied to when you feel like it. I really wish I hadn't gone to see Greenwood in the first place, but now that you've involved me, you'll either have to level with me completely or say good-bye. I don't like half-truths. Or half-anythings."

"I'll tell you a story nobody else knows," Paul said, and holding Diana's hand, he began to talk about the dreadful years from 1943 to 1945, as the plane climbed over the South Atlantic.

Later, as the plane crossed the Atlantic, Paul took her hand and said, "I need you, Diana," and she knew, out of some instinct for men and their feelings, that he meant it, and she put her arms around him.

*"Mona's House of Pain and Pleasure. Kick me, beat me, fuck me, eat me. Shirley speaking."*

# XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

*beauty of these two was too much for me to resist, and I became rather suggestive myself. Curt took that as a green light and insisted that the four of us retire to his place.*

*When we got to Curt's place, Lisa suggested we get some snacks and drinks together. She and I stayed in the kitchen while Curt and Liesel went into the living room. While we were getting things ready, Lisa deliberately kept brushing up against me with either her fully developed breasts or her nice, curving rear.*

*When I got to the living room I nearly dropped the drinks. There was Liesel stretched out on the floor with nothing on, and Curt was on top of her with only his jockey shorts on—and they were slowly coming off! I stood in the dining room and watched as Curt pulled her legs over his shoulders and made his entrance. He started a very slow but deliberate thrusting, and she groaned like there was no tomorrow.*

*I returned to the kitchen with what must have looked like a large cucumber in my pants. Lisa's eyes went directly to my crotch. She walked over to me, gave me a long and passionate kiss, and then unbuckled my belt, pulled down my zipper, and freed my pounding cock. I was so turned on that my hands were shaking as she knelt down and wrapped her warm, wet lips around my cock. My wife doesn't care much for oral sex, either giving or getting it, so it had been five years since I had received a blowjob. Lisa definitely knew how to give one. I was soon bucking my pelvis into her face, and with a loud yell I started pumping loads of come down her throat. It seemed like I shot come for five minutes. I had never felt so totally drained between the legs.*

*I then ushered Lisa to one of the bedrooms and we did some one-on-one fucking. Just as I was trying to hold back one more time (to make this joyous occasion last longer), I turned and looked at the doorway to see Curt watching us while gently rubbing his own dong. That did it. Both Lisa and I tore loose in a climax that seemed to shake the whole room.*

*Soon the four of us were asleep. The next morning we went for an early skinny-dip in Curt's pool. This time Lisa took after Curt, and Liesel was hot after me. I never knew I could get an erection in cold water, but it wasn't long before I had Liesel backed up against the edge of the pool and was giving her hot meat injections. There was something extra sensual about doing it in the water. In the meantime, I could hear Curt and Lisa moaning and groaning in the pool house while I pumped Liesel.*

*At about noon we cleaned up and took the girls back to their car and sent them on their way. Curt kidded me about my "faithfulness" and joked about the people at the office that would love to know about our fun-filled weekend. I was feeling really guilty, but he said I was being silly and encouraged me to forget about it.*

*The sex was great, and it hasn't affected my marriage. (Of course, I haven't told my wife.) I'm still nervous and uncomfortable about the whole escapade, though. Should I tell my wife and get it out in the open?*—R.B.

So, the sex was super but now your guilt is killing you. You are obviously a swinger at heart, so why fight those lustful urges? Tell your wife that you've had a great sexual experience but that your love for her hasn't decreased in the least; it was purely an act of the flesh. She may be interested in some of the wild action you tasted but is too shy or conservative to admit it.

LOVE LETTERS

*My lady and I started living together about a year ago. She is very beautiful, intelligent, and proud. Our sex life is the most gratifying I have ever known. We have no fear of pleasing each other in any manner the other desires, including ass fucking, bondage, and mild S&M, and we anticipate making some of our many fantasies come true very soon by inviting bisexual couples to join us.*

*Recently my lady had to go to Mexico to visit her mom and dad, who manage a business down there. It is the first time we have been separated, and to tide me over till she gets back she sent me the following two letters:*

*Dearest:*
*I am flooded with desire to love you. I long for your beautiful mouth and that gorgeous cock. In my mind I see that big bulge in your pants growing. Rub it through your jeans, and when you can't stand it any longer, take that sucker out and run your gorgeous hands all over it—and don't forget your sweet balls.*

*The other day, I walked down to a secluded beach to lie in the sun. As I was taking off my shirt and jeans—my bikini underneath—a good-looking Mexican couple walked up. We started talking, and I was particularly attracted to the young woman. She was rather tall, with long black hair, beautiful brown skin, a nice ass, and great tits. I couldn't help noticing her erect nipples pushing against the satiny blouse she was wearing. Her jeans were tight, showing off her nicely rounded ass. They spread a blanket, and the man lay down to nap. The woman began talking about sex and began to gently trace circles around the outside of my nipples through my swimsuit. My nipples popped out against my suit, begging to be squeezed, but she continued to tease. Finally, she delicately reached inside my bikini and rolled and pinched my hard nipples between her fingers. She then gently reached*

*"When I said to the voters look at my record, I never dreamed . . ."*

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*in and gathered up my tits in her two hands and massaged them. When I could stand it no longer, she untied the strings to my bikini and pulled it away. She said she liked my big, white breasts against my tan and their hard, pink nipples. After teasing my cunt as she had teased my tits, she finally slipped the bikini bottom off. She gently pulled my cunt lips back to see if I was wet and hot. I was oozing cunt juice, and she loved it. She then called her friend over and had me watch while he stripped her, releasing big, gorgeous brown tits and a sweetly shaven pussy.*

*He sucked a titty and then fingered her ass hole for me to see. He unzipped his pants and took out a brown rod and ran his hands up and down it.*

*She then told me she needed some attention. So I took her big tits in my hands and led her around by the nipples. What I really wanted was that sweet ass hole. So I told her to kneel down with her ass up in the air. I first bit her ass all over and then slowly ran my tongue down the crack in that big, brown ass. When I got to her hole, I gently poked and sucked and kissed. I told her friend to gently fuck her ass hole with just the tip of his cock. I then licked her ass hole and the head of his cock at the same time as it went in and out.*

*I wanted to eat her pussy, so I told her to roll over and spread her legs wide. Her friend held her cunt lips back as I started to suck. I licked all over and inside her cunt. I hadn't meant to let her come yet, but I started flicking my tongue over her clit faster and faster until she was wildly humping and coming in waves.*

*She recovered quickly and was on me in a second. She dove for my cunt, and after a short amount of good cunt lapping, I told her I had always wanted to be eaten while being fucked in the ass. The thought of it made her hotter than hell, and she asked her friend to oblige. He started by just pushing the head against my ass hole, then thrusting a little deeper. I was so hot by now that I pushed my ass back to take it all, and he rammed his rod up my ass. Hot jets of come shot up my ass hole while I started coming, and wave after wave of hot orgasm flowed through me.*

*Well, I came twice while writing this and once while thinking it up. I hope you enjoyed it.*

*The next letter came a week later:*

*Dearest:*
*I cannot wait to slowly run my tongue up and down, in and out, of that beautiful, muscular body of yours. I will gently run my lips over the length of that gorgeous, stiff prick of yours. I want to nibble at your balls and slowly suck each one until you can no longer stand it. I want to ravish your cock—lick it, tongue it, suck it up, and drain it dry. I want to lick between your balls and ass hole until you beg for an ass tongue-fucking. I will then slowly roll you over and bite the sweet cheeks of your ass and run my tongue down the crack between until I reach that sweet, tight virgin ass hole. After I tongue-fuck your ass, I'm going to strap on a dildo and really fuck it—ram that fake prick into your tight ass.*

*I have a surprise for you: my helpers! One is a big blond with big, white breasts and large nipples. The other is a tall and thin black woman with a muscular body, small tits, and a very nicely trimmed cunt.*

*The blonde's tits are straining against a see-through blouse, and her nipples are hard and begging to be sucked. You can't take your eyes off her tits, although the other woman's long legs and shorts that flash her cunt and ass have your crotch bulging immediately. The blonde walks toward you and as she leans over you, her two big tits fall out in your hands. She begs you to suck her nipples hard, and you oblige. The other woman now begins to unzip your pants, and your now very hard cock springs out.*

*But before she starts blowing you, she slowly unzips her shorts and pulls them down. She runs her ass and cunt over your cock and balls and even lets the tip of your hard prick push into her tight ass hole. I command the two women to tie you to the wall. The blonde sits in a swing, with her legs spread wide and her clean-shaven, glistening pussy open and wanton. I adjust the swing so her cunt is exactly level with your mouth but several inches away. The black woman then stands with her back to you and leans over to show her tight ass and cunt hole. She slowly guides your prick into her waiting ass. I now let the blonde's cunt reach your waiting mouth and watch you eat pussy like you haven't had one for years.*

*The black woman then starts fucking your stiff dick with her ass. I start pulling on the nipples of the black woman and slapping her little titties. I then sit down underneath her so I can eat that sweet black cunt while she's being ass-fucked. With my tongue in her cunt, I feel your cock explode in her ass until white come is dripping onto my face.*

*Well, there you have them. I have jerked off as many as four times a day because of them. My lady is ready for all forms of group activity. But I am just as inexperienced as she. How do we start?*—F.L.

I am warning you that oftentimes the fantasy works out much more favorably than the reality. If you really dig your lover and the things you tell or write each other and you get along famously, there is really no need to seek swinging pleasure. But if you feel you do need that kick, there are plenty of sex clubs in any of the big cities. Any helpful taxi driver will steer you to the right places. You could also ask a hotel bellboy to get you some newspapers where they advertise for those kind of people, and could put in your own ads. I'll leave the contents to your own imagination.



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# FEEDBACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

fantasy of all.

I have a suggestion that I'm sure would go over very big with your readers. If I thought there was no chance of your doing this, I wouldn't write. But I am writing to you because of your tradition of open-mindedness and your willingness to satisfy your readers.

How about a pictorial with two of your luscious *Penthouse* Pets engaged in a sexy wrestling encounter? Can you imagine seeing Danielle Deneux and Corinne Alphen with their dynamite bodies meshed together, chest to chest, legs wrapped around legs, as they try to overpower one another and pin each other to the mat? Wow! This would simply have to be the most spectacular and erotic pictorial ever done in any magazine. Maybe you could use Carole Davis and Victoria Johnson. The possibilities are endless and marvelous!

I do hope you consider this idea. I'm sure your readers would drool at the thought of seeing something like this.—*Name withheld*

### German defense

I wish to reply to the letter entitled "German Culture," from Eric Schmidt, which appeared in your January 1981 "Feedback" along with a reply from Paul Erdman. The exchange was in regard to Mr. Erdman's "The Last Days of America," which appeared in your September 1981 issue.

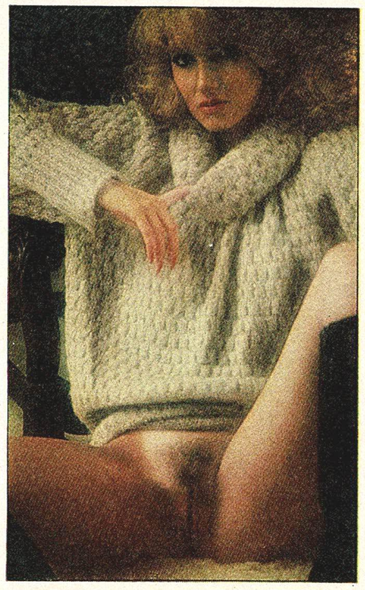
Reading of Mr. Erdman's achievements, such as his Ph.D. from the University of Basel, in Switzerland, his solid German background, with a father who is a Lutheran minister, plus his many credits in the German culture, made me, a German-American citizen, very proud. Too bad it doesn't do the same for him. I can't understand why a person so intelligent would prostitute himself with such an article.

I am in complete agreement with Mr. Schmidt's statement that, owing to the Versailles Treaty, no German (or German-American) can or should take full responsibility for Hitler's rise, and that the British, the French, and, to a lesser extent, we Americans must carry some of the blame also.

If Paul Erdman finds Mr. Schmidt's thesis that the Holocaust could just as easily have happened in America so "thoroughly despicable," I would greatly appreciate it if you would let me give him a quote from Dr. Gerhard Frey. When the television series "Holocaust" was first shown in Germany, Dr. Frey, who is editor of the *Deutsche National Zeitung* in Munich, said, "Anyone who exterminated 14 million Indians and took away their land and enslaved millions of Negroes is the last one entitled to teach us morals."—*Joe Reber, Rochester, N.Y.*

On behalf of myself and a number of friends, I would like to make a request: can we please see more of your October 1981 Pet of the Month, Connie Lynn Hadden? Also, we must extend our regards to the person responsible for the photographs of Connie. An outstanding job!—*Steven Clements, Baltimore, Md.*

*Ms. Hadden (above) was photographed by Staff Photographer Pat Hill, who appreciates your compliment.*



I enjoyed your February 1982 layout on DiVina Celeste. As a regular reader of your magazine for all the years you've been publishing, I must say that the Pets are always exciting to me. DiVina should be selected as the Penthouse Pet of the Year. As a woman who loves other women as well as men, I shall always admire DiVina. I would love to see more photographs of her in the future.—*Wendy Lloyd, Toronto, Ontario, Canada*

*Ms. Celeste, who, in addition to countless accolades, is a onetime winner of the Miss Baltimore Best Legs title, was making her first appearance in the February issue. The photographer was Bob Guccione, Publisher and Editor in Chief of* Penthouse.

### A Scientology critic

I would like to thank you for presenting the article "The Devil's Work," by Kate and Tom Kennedy, in the March 1982 issue. I was in Scientology for some years, and a surprising number of feelings that Kate expressed matched my own.

I suppose the most dangerous aspect of these organizations is their ability to transform recruits into followers and followers into trapped and obedient drones. After a period of being exposed to the ultra-high-powered hype of "We are the only ones with the answers" and "We are the good guys" and "You will have to be with us in order to make it in life," it is just easier to believe it, to do what they tell you, to give them what they want. After a while you just stop asking questions. Why not just leave? Well, when you have put all your eggs in one basket, that is a difficult thing to do. It is in some ways easier to stay and convince yourself that you are happier than you have ever been before, no matter how bad, deep down, you really feel.

Ultimately, many do leave. Since leaving Scientology, I've found that my life has improved tremendously, and I've made up for many of the losses I experienced. I've had time to ascertain exactly where the big (and I mean *big*) lies in Scientology are and have finally gotten answers to those questions you must never ask while in Scientology.

Ironically, within the same *Penthouse* issue there was a letter from a Mr. Pat Burns of the "Citizens" commission on Human Rights, a Scientology-sponsored public-relations front group. These groups are usually created to counter organizations Scientology feels threatened by, in this case psychiatrists. Now, I personally feel that psychiatric institutions are in need of reform, and I'm sure Mr. Burns is a sincere and intelligent person, but Scientology's ranting and raving about psychiatric conspiracies is just so much self-serving PR. His facts are not even correct. For Mr. Burns's information, LSD was not first developed by Nazis as a chemical-biological weapon (his words) but was the accidental result of a Swiss chemist's work on rye molds. That man was Albert Hoffmann, and his first batch sat around in the lab for five years before he even knew it had any interesting properties. Also, if Mr. Burns is going to condemn psychiatry for the acts of any criminals who may have been psychiatrically treated, then surely he should hold Scientology likewise accountable. Charles Manson, who was enthralled with Scientology, is a case in point.

The Scientology hypocrisy goes much further, however. I know several people whom Scientologists attempted to have committed to psychiatric institutions to silence them—Soviet style—merely for exercising their right to free speech. Scientologists cannot *bear* being criticized or investigated. I also know of cases in which Scientologists were driven to such poor mental condition by Scientology techniques that they became an embarrassment and were quietly dropped off at these self-same psychiatric institutions. And this from a group that has claimed, along with all its other cures, to have a cure for insanity.

Sometimes those who shout loudest about others' abuses are only trying to get the public's attention off their own.

Please do not publish my name or address. I fear retribution from an organization gone totally mad.—*Name withheld*

### Self-defense

I'm writing about a letter in your March 1982 issue by a guy named Todd R. Pasterski from California. In my opinion he himself is the one who is "narrow-minded and/or big-headed." I doubt he has ever spent a night in jail.

Who is to say who is innocent or guilty? Isn't that what we pay lawyers and judges for? I've been in jail and I know what it's like. I was in jail with two other girls. One was doing time for assault; the other one was waiting to go on trial for murder. When you're in jail you're afraid to go to sleep for fear you won't wake up. You also start hating yourself and everyone else.

I'm not trying to say that some people should not be put in jail or prison. But why put someone in prison with a bunch of murderers or rapists when he's only stolen a car or robbed a store? It doesn't make much sense to me. When you put someone in prison, you must make them that much worse when they get out.

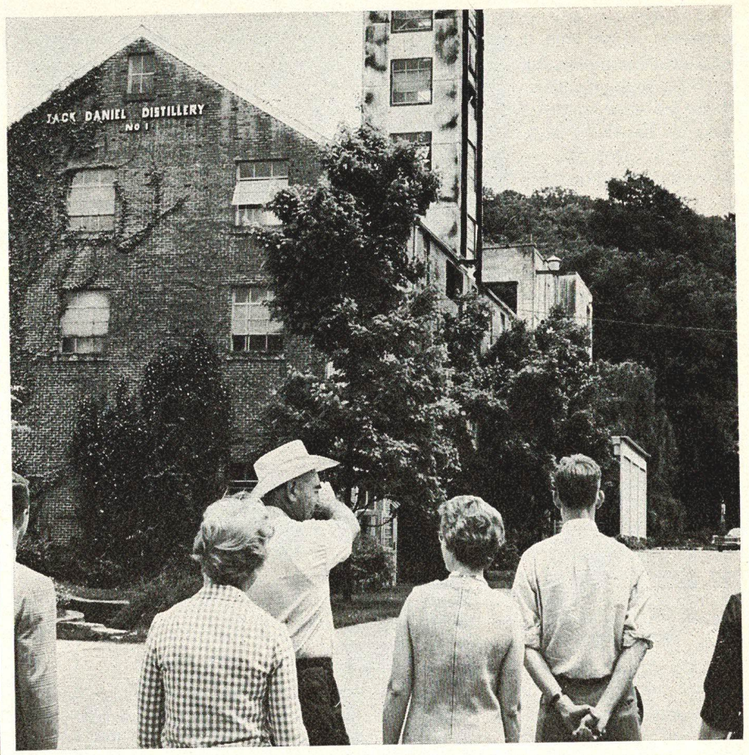
I don't think that anyone should ever lose all his rights. If someone has used a gun, then take away his right to bear or own firearms, but don't take away his right to vote or his freedom of speech. When you're in prison, you no longer have a name. You're a number. You not only lose your freedom, you also lose your identity.

So, Mr. Pasterski, don't talk about something until you've lived through it. When they put you in jail, you're put in a small room with about six bunks and a bathroom consisting of a toilet, sink, and shower, and it's all in plain sight of the guards and everyone else. *Jail is hell!*

By the way, I was in there for hot checks, not murder or assault, but they still put us all in the same cell.—*Brenda A. Johnson, Vernal, Utah*

### In defense of psychiatry

In response to David Rorvik's article "Psychiatry Kills" (April 1981) and his answer to Mr. Turner in November 1981's "Feedback"—I agree that at the present time psychiatry does not know enough to practice 100 percent successfully. I think psychiatrists are the first to admit this. However, I would like to point out that psychiatry is one of our world's *adolescent* sciences. There was a day when the sci-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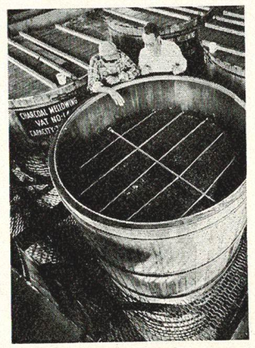

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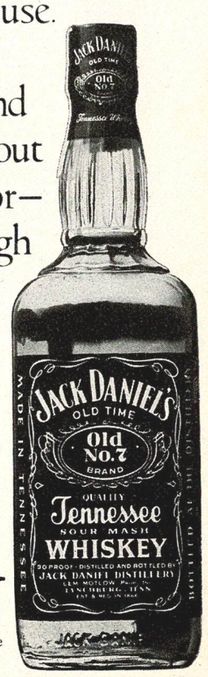

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ence of geometry was new also—and not respected. At that time, geometry existed not to *teach* primarily, but to *learn,* and of course it made mistakes during this period. By the same token, psychiatry is a science "in the bud," and its practitioners should be given the next fifty years to make "educated guesses" and to continue to gather increasingly accurate statistics—to learn enough to become 100 percent accurate. Geometry needed "tools," such as lines and angles, to learn from; psychiatry needs human beings, and so it appears to be an "evil errant" to those minds that cannot see beyond tomorrow.—*R. C. Sauer, Delta, British Columbia, Canada*

### On "Moans and Groans"

I enjoyed your February "Moans and Groans"—the letters from the Falwell supporters. I enjoyed these thoughts even more: How did these Moral Majority people learn about your articles? Were they told about them by their less moral friends? Or were they reading *Penthouse* anyway and just came across the Falwell articles? If they weren't reading it, I hope your magazine sales skyrocketed when they all rushed out—with moral outrage—to buy your magazine. Frankly, these people scare the hell out of me.

Enclosed is a check for a year's subscription. Thank you, and keep up the good work.—*Gini Watson, Tucson, Ariz.*

### Falwell's Fan Club

I thought the series on Jerry Falwell was just great. I especially loved the letters from the Falwell Fan Club—errors and all—in the March 1982 issue.

I consider myself a conservative economically; I like Reagan, and I freely admit to being a Republican. But like Barry Goldwater, I wish Falwell and his ilk would take a long walk on a short pier.

Keep it up, *Penthouse.* The Falwell series is one of many highlights spanning my four-year collection of your publication.—*Mike McKown, Tracy, Calif.*

### Additional information

The makeup and hair stylist for the May Pet of the Month, Ute Hochmeister, was Theo Monett.

## MOANS & GROANS

*The following letters are reproduced verbatim, including spelling and grammatical errors.*

I am angry at you about lieing about Dr. Jerry Fallwell. I will not buy your filthy magazine a gain. I hope you will repent.—*A. Washington, Los Angeles, Calif.*

I am angry at you for lieing about Dr. Jerry Falwell. I will never buy your garbage anymore. I hope that you well change and not lie anymore so that you well not go to HELL.—*Thomas Pretchett, Culver City, Calif.*

I am indignant with you for lying about Dr. Jerry Falwell! I will never buy your filthy magazine! I hope that you will repent so that you will not go to hell.—*Jane Beebe, Los Angeles, Calif.*

I'm very disgusted with you for lieing about Jerry Falwell. I will never buy your awful magizine again! *Repent* or you will surely go to *hell*!—*Cecilia J. McDonell, Los Angeles, Calif.*

I am angry at you for liying about Dr. Farwell. I will never buy your filthy magazine again. I hope you will repent so that you will not go to hell.—*Georgina Pardo, Los Angeles, Calif.*

I am very angry at you for lying about Dr. Jerry Fallwel. I will never buy that scummy trash. I hope you will repent so you will not go to hell.—*David Perez, Los Angeles, Calif.*

I am angry at you for lying about Dr. Jerry Fallawel. I will never by your filthy mag agan. I hope that you will repent and not go to hell.—*John A. McAsh, Los Angeles, Calif.*

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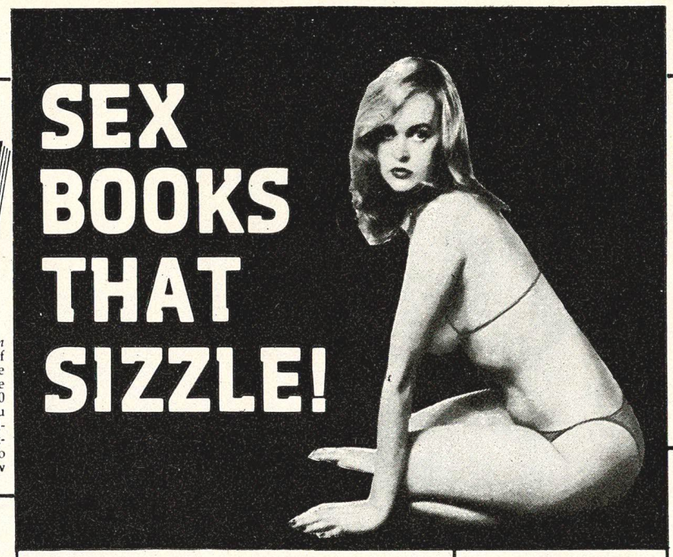

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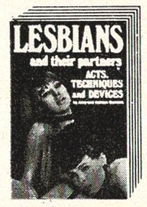


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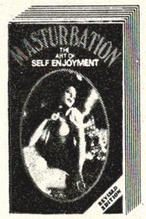


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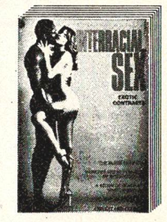

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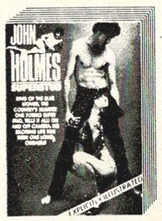

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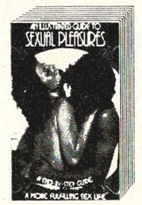


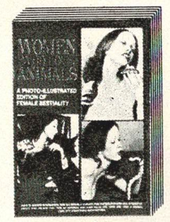


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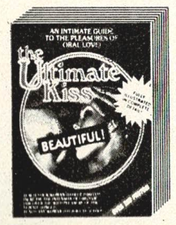


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by RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE

PEACE AND TRANQUILITY REIGN OVER CASTLE DREER. EVEN THE DRIPPING STONES EXUDE A MUSTY CONTENTMENT AS THE FAMILY PASS A PLEASANT EVENING BY THE FIRESIDE. IN HOCK FOR THE BEST PART OF A THOUSAND YEARS, THE FRANKENSTEIN FAMILY FORTUNE HAS BEEN RESTORED BY CHASTITY'S INHERITANCE AND VINCENT'S LONG STRUGGLE TO FIND A PLACE FOR HIMSELF IN THE WORLD SEEMS TO BE AT AN END.

"DEAR RONNY, I STILL HAVEN'T HEARD FROM YOU CONCERNING MY SUGGESTION THAT YOU ESTABLISH A U.S. MISSILE BASE HERE AT CASTLE DREER..."

THEY'RE SO WELL BEHAVED WITH YOU, CHASTITY!

WE SEEM TO BE SIMPATICO IN SOME STRANGE WAY, AUNTIE ELECTRA— AND I'VE GROWN VERY FOND OF THEM

HAS IT GOT YOU WORRIED TOO? JUST WHAT IS IT THE BARONESS IS KNITTING?

WELL—SOME OF US KNOW WHY SHE FEELS THAT KINSHIP WITH THOSE CREEPS, DON'T WE?



THE CHANGE IN CIRCUMSTANCES HAS EFFECTED ALL THE INHABITANTS OF CASTLE DREER

I LIKE CIRCUSES —EVEN BETTER THAN BUGS BUNNY!

WITH THE SERVANT PROBLEM SOLVED, EVEN JOHN VAIN HAS EMERGED FROM HIS ONANISTIC PREOCCUPATIONS INTO A FULLER, RICHER LIFESTYLE....

WOW! MAN! I TELL YOU—YOU REALLY TURN ME ON! BUT REALLY **ON!**

IN YOUR LINE OF WORK I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU OFTEN MEET REAL CLASS LIKE ME, DO YOU?

HOW IRRESISTABLE DO YOU FIND ME?

FOR 200 BUCKS A SACK OF POTATOES COULD TURN ME ON!

BUT AWAY FROM THE WARMTH OF CASTLE DREER—OUT THERE IN THE COLD MIASMA THAT RISES FROM THE OOZING QUAGMIRE SURROUNDING THE ANCIENT EDIFICE....

SECURITY ISN'T SO HOT...SHOULD BE EASY TO SCALE THE CLIFFS AND ABDUCT HER!

YES! IT'S ODDBALL —HOWARD HUGE'S TRUSTED HENCHMAN!

BUT WAIT A MINUTE! WHO THE HELL IS THIS WATCHING ODDBALL WATCHING THE CASTLE?

HOWARD HUGE ISN'T GETTING HER—SHE'S MINE!

OH, MY GOD—TROUBLE! IT'S FUMANJU, THE DERANGED EX-HEAD OF ISRAELI INTELLIGENCE. THE MOST LETHAL MIND IN INTERNATIONAL ESPIONAGE. A REAL NASTY PIECE OF WORK, BELIEVE US!

AND SO ODDBALL SETS OUT TO SCALE THE DIZZY HEIGHTS OF CASTLE DREER

NEYIGH!

YOU'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO HIM—AS AN ASSASSIN HE'S GOT STYLE!



FUMANJU, A GREAT BELIEVER IN LETTING SOME-ONE ELSE DO THE DONKEY WORK, PICKS UP FROM WHERE ODDBALL LEFT OFF.....

AS IN THE PAST, AT THE SIGHT OF SWEET CHASTITY THE CONFLICTING EMOTIONS THAT DESTROYED HIS ONCE DIAMOND SHARP MIND COME SURGING TO THE SURFACE.....

ADORATION AND HATRED BATTLE FOR SUPREMACY IN THE CHURNING CHAOS OF HIS SCRAMBLED MARBLES

YOU MAY HAVE ESCAPED ME ONCE—BUT NEVER AGAIN!

YOU'RE MINE! IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU—I SWEAR—NO ONE ELSE WILL!

DEEP IN THE BOWELS OF THE CASTLE THE RESULTS OF MANY OF VINCENT'S EARLY EXPERIMENTS ARE INDULGING THEMSELVES IN THEIR FAVOURITE PASSTIME

MPPHNING! SWEEPHASTIPHAPHNI APHDUCTEPH!

GEROFF! YOU NASTY, DIRTY, HAIRY THING!

JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE A MONSTER—YOU DON'T HAVE TO BEHAVE LIKE ONE!

SWEET CHASTITY—KIDNAPPED?

SOMEONE'S TOOKEN SWEET CHASTITY!

COME TO THINK OF IT—IT'S THEIR ONLY PASSTIME!

GOT TO SAVE HER!

GOT TO SAVE OUR LITTLE SISTER!

HUMAN JU'S BLOOD TURNS TO ICE WATER! THE MOST PERVERTED AND DEMENTED MINDS IN RUSSIAN, AMERICAN, BRITISH OR SOUTH AFRICAN INTELLIGENCE NEVER PRODUCED A NIGHTMARE TO MATCH THE CREATIVE ABILITIES OF VINCENT VON FRANKENSTEIN



HORRIBLE!

GHASTLY!

HIDEOUS!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO GET PERSONAL! YOU AIN'T NO OIL PAINTING YOURSELF!

HELP ME!

WELL DON'T JUST STAND THERE—HELP ME!

Y..YOU AREN'T HUMAN!

I THINK HE'S RIGHT!

IT'S A DEBATABLE POINT!

GET OFF!

LEAVE HER ALONE!

VINCENT! THOSE NASTY THINGS OF YOURS ARE DOING TERRIBLE THINGS TO SWEET CHASTITY!

WHAT AN IRONIC TWIST OF FATE! THEY'VE SAVED HER FROM A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH (OR SO THEY USED TO SAY) ONLY TO BE ABUSED AND VILLIFIED! THERE'S A MORAL FOR YOU THERE—SOMEWHERE! IT'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT UNTIL NEXT MONTH.

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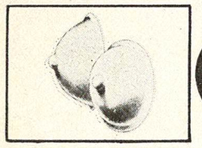

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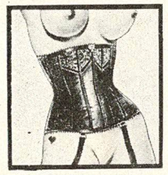

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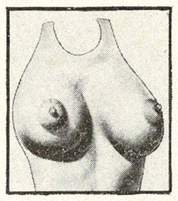

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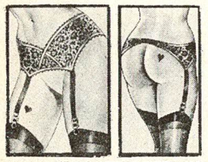

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# FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

ever had and was one of the best fucks in the world. Anyway, this complete stranger was fucking me like a wild bull, and then the captain came out. All he could say, after his eyes adjusted to the dark, was "Well, well!" So I said, "Let her suck your dick while I fuck her," and after a few moments' hesitation she was getting fucked from both ends, on the ground, at about three in the morning. Well, after we changed places and had both been fucked and sucked, she had to take a bath, as we had plowed up a lot of grass in her front yard.

After she got us back to our skiff, we talked her into coming over to our boat, which didn't take long, as we'd been telling her how beautiful the boat was. (It really is.) When we got to the boat, the engineer and a deckhand left their watches. We proceeded on to the pilot house, where we listened to the stereo, and again the three of us undressed and began to fuck. Bess sat in the wheelhouse chair, which swivels, and the captain held her feet up in the air from behind while I stuffed my overdeprived dick in her tight cunt. After I started getting weak-kneed, the captain took my place. I went to the john and came back with a bottle of baby oil. As I started rubbing the oil on her breasts, I asked her how she liked getting fucked by both of us on a tugboat. I called her a slutty bitch and noticed she really started to purr at that. So again I got between her legs, and she was giving the captain a handjob to bring him around again. As she started to come for about the tenth time, she pulled on the captain's shirt. He said, "Don't tear my shirt, bitch!" Again we noticed that she groaned louder. So I said "You like to be cursed at, don't you, whore!" and she came for the next ten minutes as we called her every kind of slut, bitch, and whore we could think of.

Finally we all were exhausted and decided to shower and get a few hours' sleep. Bess slept with me in my room, and after we woke up I asked if she was sore as I played gently with her now swollen pussy. She said yes, so I rolled on top of her and we enjoyed a good, slow, gentle fuck, followed by a shower and cigarettes.

I had her wake the captain up and the three of us went to the dining room and ate dinner. Then the captain and I escorted her back to her car in the skiff and thanked her for an enjoyable time and kissed her farewell. We hope to be seeing her the next time we pass through!—*Name and address withheld*

## A good working relationship

I would like my story printed as a tribute to a former lover of mine with whom I am still in love, even though we are separated by miles and each have our separate families. I will call her Liz. She was my secretary when I worked in a large northern city.

It all started one Saturday when I had a special production report, which had to be completed first thing the following Monday. I had asked her to come in on this Saturday to work overtime and help me prepare the report by typing my notes. We were the only two people working in the office that day.

Liz came into work wearing very short cutoffs, a halter top, and a pair of sexy high heels. I was really surprised, since she had always been a conservative dresser at work. Well, after the initial shock of seeing her in what appeared to be a half-dressed state and realizing what a beautiful woman she was, we got down to work. She had her tasks to do and I had mine, which we did at our own desks.

After about an hour she asked if I would like some coffee. I said sure. After bringing me my coffee, Liz excused herself to go to the ladies' room. I then returned to my work. About twenty minutes later she appeared in the doorway of my office. When I looked up, I couldn't believe what I was seeing. Liz had removed her cutoffs and halter top! She was standing before me wearing only her shoes, rings, and a necklace. I couldn't believe my eyes. This magnificently naked woman was standing before me. I tried to speak and couldn't. I had a lump in my throat the size of a golf ball.

Seeing that I was unable to respond to the situation, she decided to carry out her intentions by making the next move. She blurted out in a no-nonsense tone, "I want you to fuck me, boss!" Before I knew it, she was kneeling before me while I was still sitting in my chair. She had my pants unzipped and my cock in her mouth. She was giving me the greatest head of my life, something my wife would never do. She licked and sucked and ran her tongue over the head of my swollen penis. Before I knew it, I was ready to come. I blurted out, "Oh, baby! I'm going to come!" She just kept sucking and licking and started pumping my tool with her hand. I closed my eyes as I felt the sex juice rise and flow from my cock into her mouth. She took every drop.

Liz immediately got up on the conference table in my office. I didn't know what to expect next. She got on her back, with her legs hanging over the edge. Then she raised her legs up in the air, bent them at the knees, and spread them wide open, exposing her sweet pussy to me. She rolled her head to the side and brought her hand up to her mouth. She proceeded to spit out my load into her hand. Liz looked up at me and said, "You taste good." Then she took that hand and started rubbing it into her box, dipping one finger in, then another. After she had three fingers deep into her love tunnel, she began fingering herself in and out quite rapidly. She began to squirm on the table, bringing herself to an orgasm. While she was at the peak of her pleasure, she began yelling, "Oh, babe! That's where I want it. I want to feel that sperm-filled juice being shot into


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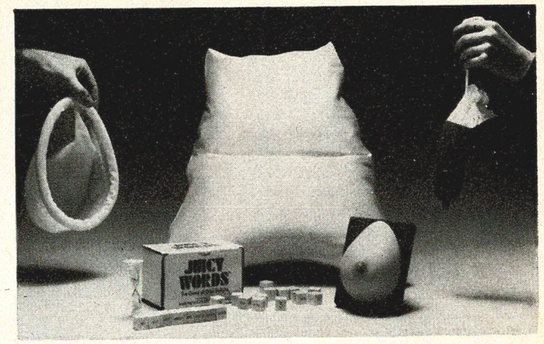

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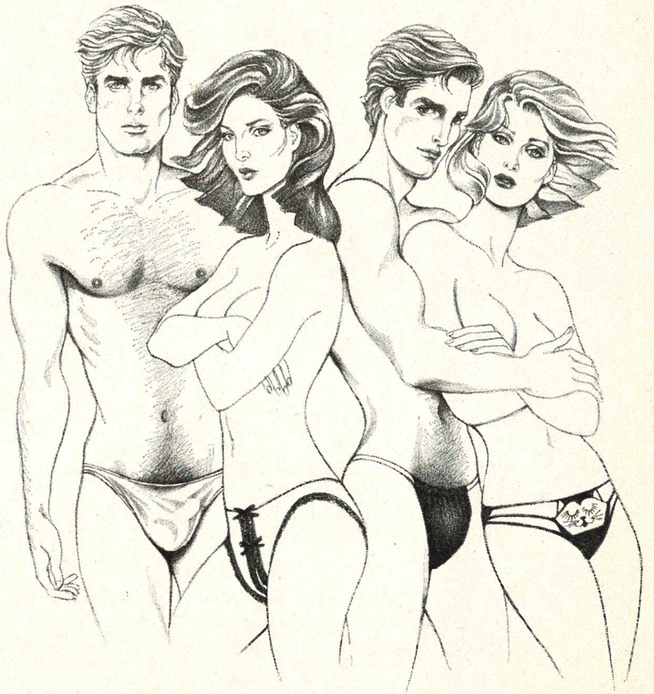

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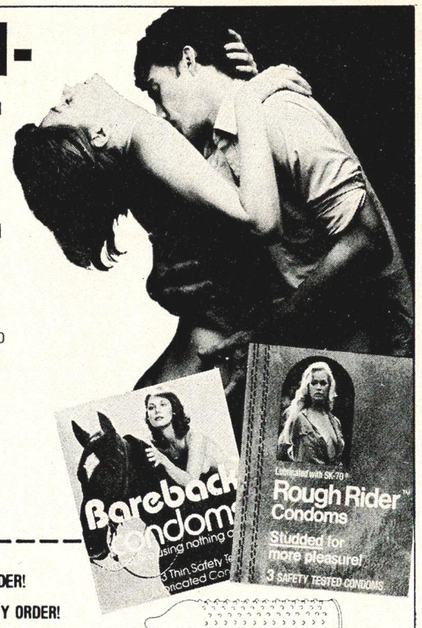


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my pussy!"

I just couldn't believe what was happening. The whole thing was fucking unbelievable. My head was swimming, and by now my dick was getting hard again. Liz got up off the table and said she still wasn't satisfied. She said, "How about a sixty-nine session on the conference table, boss?" Well, at this point I was ready for anything. I stood up and got my clothes off, dropping them on the floor. She came up to me and pressed her naked body against mine and said, "I have wanted you from the first day I started working here." While holding each other, we started French-kissing and I began fondling her size-C breasts and pinching her hard nipples. She then backed away and motioned for me to get up on the table. I followed her command obediently. I got up on the table and lay on my back. Liz then climbed on top of me and knelt down, straddling me with her ass pointed at my face. She then wiggled her tail down to my face and slowly lowered her dripping love hole right down over my mouth. I began licking her sweet pussy lips and stuck my tongue right up into her steaming hole. At the same time she began fondling my balls and licking my tool.

Before I knew it, she had me hard as a rock again. After about five minutes she started to get up and said, "I think you're ready now. How about sticking this rod right up where your tongue is?" I suggested that she lie back down on the table. As soon as I got up, she did. I then stood before her, and she put her legs up on my shoulders. I guided my hard prick right up into her hot, sticky cunt. We fucked in this position for about thirty minutes, and I was ready to come again. She could sense my pending orgasm and raised her legs up off my shoulders and spread them open as far as she could. Just as my load was about to spill out into her love box, she started so spasm and yell, "Fill me, fill me. I want to feel it. I want your hot juice, that beautiful sperm-filled cream. Oh! Oh!" I must have pumped a gallon of love juice into her vagina. I then bent over and kissed her with my shrinking dick still in her pussy.

After that day Liz would often come into work wearing dresses with no underwear underneath. One morning she slipped me a note while I was on the phone. It said, "I'm having a terrible time of it this morning. Coping with this feeling is hell! I want you so badly. All I can think about is you inside me. I want you to spread my legs, enter me, and fill me with your sweet flowing love. My pussy is dripping with desire and anticipation of being filled by you. Right now I want you in bed, in me!"

At lunchtime we took off for my place, since my wife was at work and the house would be empty. No sooner did I have the key in the door when she started pulling my pants off. Before I knew it, she was on the floor on all fours with her dress raised up over her back, pointing that bare-ass pussy right at me. She said, "Fuck me like




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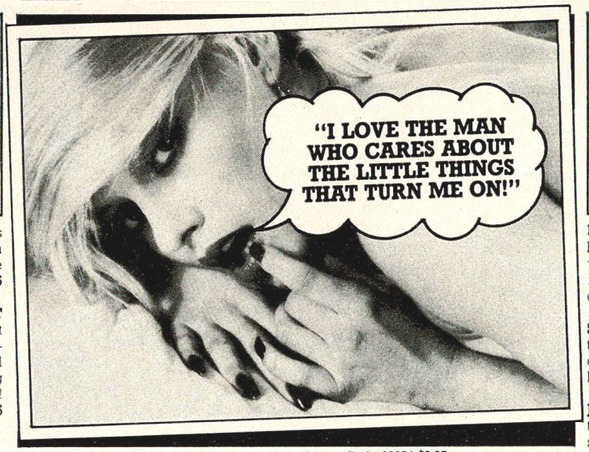


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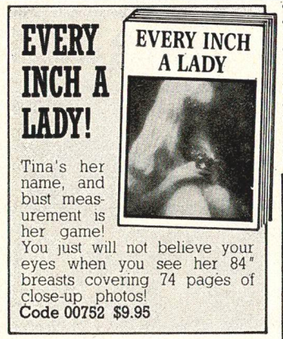


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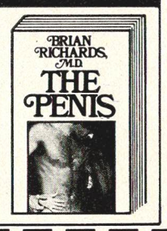


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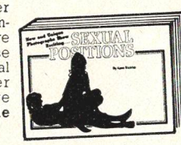


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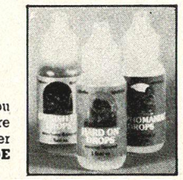


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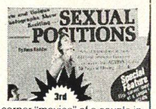


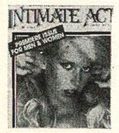


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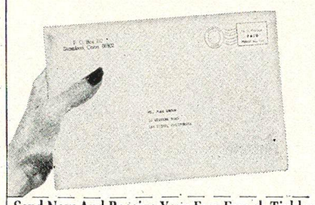

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a dog. I want it just like a bitch in heat!" So I did. After I had shot off in her pussy, she got up on the edge of my pool table, lay back, and spread her legs wide open. She instructed me to lick her pussy clean, saying, "You creamed in my pussy. Now lick up the mess, but save some for me, in your mouth, on your fingers, that sweet cock, whatever. I just love the taste. We produce the best blend of sex juice ever created."

Well, eventually, because of my job, I had to move away from Liz with my wife and kids. But she is one hot-shit lady, let me tell you. Whenever I am up north, I always stop in to see Liz.—*Name and address withheld*

### No T.K.O.

I enjoyed your pictorial on mud-wrestling and have often fantasized about how I'd react in that situation. But last week I was involved in an incredible event. For the first time ever I had a knock-down, drag-out fight with another woman. It all started a couple of weeks ago at a party. I had too much to drink and flirted with a guy named Jeff, whose girl friend, Meg, was very jealous. Jeff knew I was drunk and wouldn't do anything to ruin my relationship with my boyfriend, Gary, but Meg was unconvinced. A couple of days later I was under a sunlamp with only bikini panties on when the doorbell rang.

Wrapping a robe around me, I answered by pushing the button, asking who it was. Meg said, "Could we please talk?" I replied okay and let her in. Turning my back to fix drinks, she proceeded to spin me around and smash her fist into my belly. I doubled over, gasping for breath. I looked up and the last thing I remembered was another fist heading right for my jaw. Next thing I knew I was in Gary's car, in agony. Meg had stripped me, stretched me on the couch, turned up the sunlamp, and left. Gary found me out cold a few minutes later.

Following treatment, I was determined to get even. Meg challenged me to a boxing match. Gary boxed in college and urged me to agree. He realized that although Meg was a lot bigger, I was six years younger at twenty-four, and in better shape. Gary left nothing to chance the eight days that remained before the match. The slight flabbiness in my thighs disappeared with running. My belly was flat but soft, so sit-ups and some shots with a medicine ball firmed me up good. Gary taught me to use my weight when I punched the bags. I couldn't wait for the match.

The match took place at a gym on the other side of town. Jeff, looking embarrassed, was with Meg in her corner. About thirty spectators were present as a real hunk named Bob brought out a tape measure and served as referee. He weighed and measured us as Meg, a leggy, busty blonde, glared at me throughout. Finally he motioned us to our corners and, pointing to me, announced: "In this corner at five-four and 116 pounds, measuring 34-23-35, is Nadine T." Then, "At five-nine and 141 pounds, measuring 37-28-36, is Meg K."

As we sat facing each other seconds before the bell, Gary checked my twelve-ounce gloves, tapped my firm abdomen, and said, "Look at hers." Sure enough, a couple of rolls of belly fat hung over Meg's trunks. Gary said, "Let her punch herself out, go for that gut, then her jaw."

At the bell Meg charged at me, fists swinging. I spent the whole two minutes calmly ducking and jabbing. Twice in the round Meg's guard was too high, and both times I got in hard hooks to her belly. When the round ended she was breathing heavily and I wasn't even winded. When I got to my corner, Gary kissed me and said, "Rope-a-dope," and I knew exactly what that meant. I let Meg corner me, while I blocked most of her blows. I faked that I was in trouble. Twice I moaned and let my knees buckle. With about thirty seconds left, Meg sagged against me. A straight right dazed her, than six combinations to her fat belly drove her back into the ropes. Just at the bell I caught her flush on the chin. Meg dropped to her knees, then staggered up to her corner.

In between rounds Bob said, "This is the last round," and Gary said, "This is it—go for it." Meg lurched toward me and tried to land the big punch, but she was totally exhausted. I shot three more hooks to her big belly until she clutched it with both hands. She was so winded that her mouthpiece dropped out of her wide-open mouth. I shoved Meg hard against the ropes. She shot back at me face first and I put all my weight behind a roundhouse right. Meg crumpled to the canvas. She rose to her knees as Bob counted. When he reached six, Jeff threw in the towel. Meg saw the towel land beside her, her eyes rolled back into her head, and she moaned and then toppled forward on her face.—*Name and address withheld*

### A gusher

I have spent many hours reading and enjoying the wonderful experiences your readers contribute to "Forum." I thought it only right that I share a recent experience of mine with them.

After a recent severe snowstorm, it was quite evident the only way I would be driving to work the next day was to shovel a hell of a lot of snow from the parking lot of the apartment complex where I live. So, armed with a snow shovel and supposedly dressed to combat the cold, wet weather, I set about the task. Three hours later I had cleared a reasonable path to the main road that I could drive my car through. During this time, several other residents also started digging their cars out of the snow. The pile-up was quite high.

I was making ready to return to my apartment when I noticed a woman trying to dig her car out of the snow using a small plastic dust pan. Since she was having such a hard go at it, I decided to give her a hand. As I started to shovel snow from around her car I introduced myself. She said her name was Nicki and thanked me for helping. As we were shoveling snow a lot of small talk passed between us. I found out she was a nurse, single, enjoyed life, and had lived at the apartment complex for about two years. I let her know I was new to the complex and had only been there about two weeks. Even though I enjoyed meeting her, I would have preferred the circumstances to be a little different. I was getting damned tired of shoveling snow. She just laughed and we kept up the shoveling.

Since she was all bundled up against the snow and cold, all I could make out about her was that she had beautiful blue eyes and a sweet voice, and was quite tall for a woman. She was about my height, six feet one inch, and we were seeing each other eyeball to eyeball most of the time.

We finally cleared a path for her car to the main road just as it was starting to get dark. I realized that I had spent most of the day shoveling snow. As I was about to leave for my apartment, she suggested that I at least stop by her place for a drink and possibly some food. I was so tired that I readily agreed, since I didn't feel like making dinner for myself.

As we entered her apartment she told me to shuck my coat and cold-weather gear while she made us a drink. When she returned with the drinks, she just started laughing. I must have been a sight, since snow had made its way underneath my coat and was all over my jeans. The warmth of the apartment had melted it and I was soaked to the skin. Nicki said that would never do and I should take a warm shower and she would throw my wet clothes in the dryer. This sounded good to me and she showed me where the bathroom was. I stripped and handed her my clothes through the door.

It took me several minutes to adjust the water temperature for the shower and then I stepped in relishing the warmth. I was only in the shower several minutes when the curtain was pulled aside and Nicki stepped in. She asked if I didn't need help scrubbing my back. After the initial shock all I could stutter was, yes.

This was the first time I had seen her when she wasn't all bundled up. It was quite a sight. Her hair was strawberry blond and she had one of the greatest bodies I had ever seen. She had a trim, muscular look yet all the softness of a woman. Her breasts were rather large but with a great uplifted appearance, and her nipples were the type that enlarge to ex-

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quisite round mounds and sit high on the breasts. There were also a very livid pink.

I reached out for her but she pulled back, laughed, and said there was enough time for that later, and I would have to hold on because dinner was almost ready and she was famished. Everything would be enjoyed better with a full stomach. I let her know she was really testing my willpower and my dick was standing straight out, which she could see. She just laughed her small laugh, pulled me by the dick, and threw me a towel to dry off with. She said that meat would be put to good use later.

It was a delightful but fast dinner for both of us. Nicki said she was as hot as I was. After eating we sprinted for the bedroom where both of us tumbled onto the bed. I immediately started sucking and licking those wonderful nipples of hers, and they responded quickly by swelling with blood and becoming the size of small apples. Quickly, Nicki slid down and engulfed my enlarged dick in her warm, sensous mouth. The sudden warmth and all of the previous excitement was too much for me. I shot my load immediately. She just wrapped her arms around my ass and pulled me further into her mouth and swallowed everything I had to give eagerly. After a few minutes I rolled on my back and Nicki started to straddle my face. I could see pink pussy lips parting as she lowered herself into a position where I could suck and lick her pussy. As she was lowering herself she warned me that she would come, also. I knew I would bring her to a climax while I tongued her pussy, so I didn't pay any attention to the warning. As I was licking and sucking on her sweet pussy lips, I found her clit and gently started sucking on it and rolling it with my tongue. She really started squirming and grinding her pussy into my face. Shortly she started whimpering and squealing she was coming. All at once my mouth started filling up with fluid and I could feel moisture all over my face and chest. After her last shudders of climax abated, she slid off my face and lay down beside me. The sheet under us was soaked, and she was really wet all the way down to her knees on the inside of her thighs. Even though the experience was extremely pleasant, I must have looked very startled. I had swallowed several mouthfuls of the fluid. She laughed a little and explained that she hadn't pissed on me. Every time she comes she really comes. She said she and her doctor couldn't explain why, but she produced tremendous amounts of fluid when she climaxed. It was not harmful. I let her know that an apology was not needed, for I found that I enjoyed the experience. I also let her know that it was going to happen several more times that night because I found it and her very unique.

Soon we were at it again and this time I was splitting those pink pussy lips with my stiff dick. The feeling when she came again was like no other I had ever felt. Her pussy muscles just started tightening up and she gushed with her climax. Several more times that night we made it fucking and sucking, and her fluid never decreased in amount. At the end of the night the sheets were so soaked she had to remove them from the bed. I then found she kept a rubber sheet under the cloth sheets because of the way she would come.

Since then, I have seen and had several more delightful lovemaking sessions with Nicki. The results are always the same, much to my delight.

I now have also made friends with another guy who used to date Nicki. When he found out that I have had several lovely lovemaking sessions with her, he asked if I enjoyed her special surprise. I told him that I did and it seemed very unique to me. He also said he had never found another woman who had the same quality.—*Name and address withheld*

### Shopping after-hours

After rocking and rolling the day away at a fantastic oldies concert last summer I lived a fantasy that thrived in the back of my mind since puberty.

My boyfriend, Jack, and I were racing the clock to get him to work at midnight. When we got there with ten minutes to spare, Jack asked me if I wanted to stay and work with him. He works for a security company. Out of lust, I agreed.

While we were at the coffee shop, Jack asked me, "Where is the one place you'd most like to get laid?" I'd rattled off about twenty places, when Jack said, "How about in a furniture store?"

When we finished our coffee and Jack's erection had subsided, we left for the store. As we pulled up in front of the it, I asked, "How do we get in?" Well, Jack produced the passkey. He called the office and said he had seen someone acting suspiciously. With clearance from the office we went in.

The first thing we did was to go into the dining-room section. I got up on this expensive table, pulled down my pants, and proceeded to get eaten. What an orgasm! Next we went into the living rooms, and, boy, did we live! Jack got the blowjob of his life. Then on to the bedrooms.

We selected an Early American set complete with a stereo headboard. We put on some music, low but stimulating, then proceeded to screw the daylights out of each other. Me on top, him on top, sideways, all different angles. After all this pleasure we were more than exhausted, but we still remember it with lust and excitement.—*Name and address withheld*

### Note to the readers

I am presently doing research on the subject of celibacy for a book that will explore the circumstances that push people into forsaking sex. There is a silent minority of adults in this country who either have never experienced or have at some point given up the sexual part of their lives, which, after all, is part of their human heritage.

For example, people who are grossly overweight, who have spinal-cord damage or missing limbs, or have suffered other injuries often have unique sexual problems. Burns, scars from surgery (such as mastectomy), heart disease, retardation, and even severe depression can inhibit sexual activity.

I am therefore asking those of you who are or have been celibate as a result of any handicap or physical or psychological trauma to describe the handicaps that made you give up sex, how abstinence has affected your life—and particularly, if you have overcome a sexual handicap, how you did it. If you are involved in a relationship with a celibate, I would like to hear—how it has affected you. I hope to provide information that will help sex dropouts find their way back to a full and vigorous sex life. Your accounts will be held in the strictest confidence.

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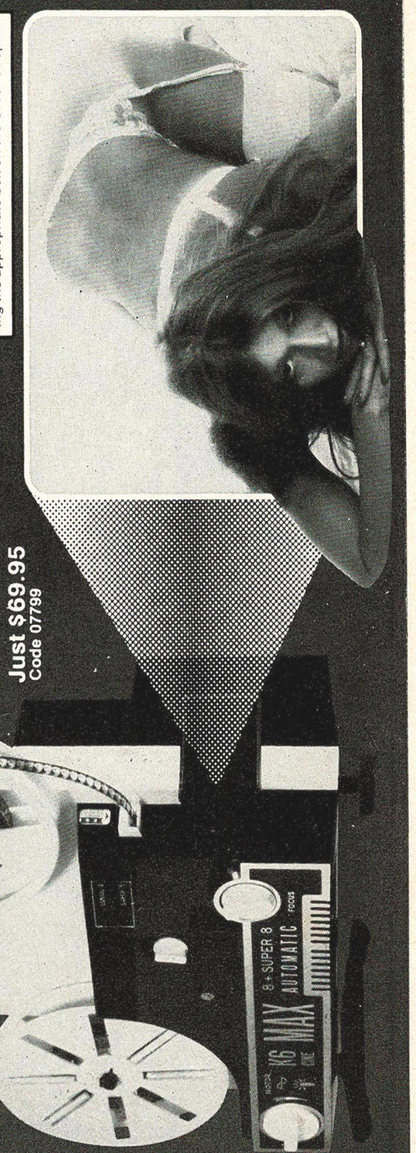
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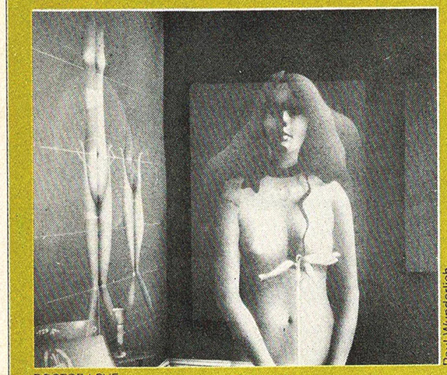

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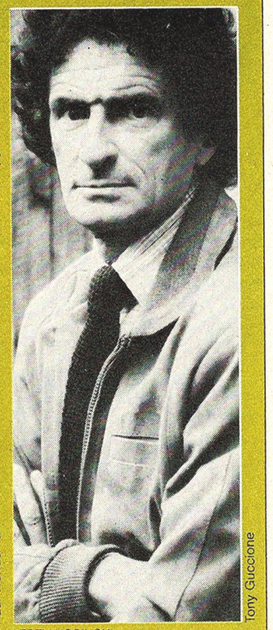

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JERZY KOSINSKI

**It's Only Your Money**—In these days of brutal government budget cuts, grotesque deficits, spiraling unemployment, and serious talk about the return of the Great Depression, the thousands of faceless bureaucrats who toil in the marble labyrinths of Washington, D.C., still have only one overriding goal that spurs them on: spending as much of your money as they can. Since 1975, Sen. William Proxmire has been exposing the largest and most bizarre examples of government waste. But in fighting a system that actually rewards waste and punishes frugality, he is fighting what seems to be a losing battle. In an angry but often funny article, Jim Davidson, chairman of the National Taxpayers Union, cites dozens of examples from Senator Proxmire's files, as well as some from those of his own organization, all of which make the point that it's finally up to all of us to stop paying people to do more of a bad job.

**Doctor Love**—Barney Kincaid is a brilliant doctor and an insatiable lover. Recently divorced and horny as hell, Barney is trying to live out every conceivable fantasy with every woman he has ever known. When an aspiring actress-stripper takes him to Plato's Retreat, Dr. Kincaid discovers that some fantasies are better left unfulfilled. This exclusive excerpt is from the new novel (to be published by St. Martin's/Marek) by Gael Greene, author of the sexy best-seller *Blue Skies, No Candy*.

**The Washington Status Chase**—Diana McLellan, whose "Ear" column in the *Washington Post* makes and breaks news and reputations in the nation's capital, takes us behind the scenes of power and uncovers the bureaucrats' most prized possessions: their status symbols. Bodyguards, private chefs, telephone taps, limos, security clearances, exotic trees in one's office, and the Throne of Status: the executive toilet—all these and more are lusted for by eager politicians on their way up. And no one is immune from status-lust. Henry Kissinger, Elizabeth Taylor, Frank Sinatra, even President Reagan, have grown to respect and understand its power. You won't want to miss this hilariously outrageous excerpt from McLellan's *Ear on Washington*, which is sure to become one of this summer's most talked-about books.

**Interview with Jerzy Kosinski**—Since he first shocked the literary world in 1965 with his novel *The Painted Bird*, Jerzy Kosinski has continued to mingle art and life as he creates a bizarre mystique for himself. Although books like *Pinball* and *Cockpit* are labeled "fiction," they hint at Kosinski's real-life experiences of the perverse. The novelist spoke at length with *Penthouse* interviewer Barbara Leaming about his lifelong interest in nude photography, his fascination with transsexuals, the sex clubs he frequents, and his correspondence with writer-killer Jack Abbott, among other topics, giving his most candid interview ever. O+

## DRIVING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 137

cars' style just suits my taste, and I like their power. Anytime somebody tells me they've got a fast car, I explain I've just got an old '70 Chevelle. White with black stripes. Original interior. Manual transmission. Of course, it happens to run on aviation fuel and goes from zero to 110 in eleven seconds.

Sudden speed like that creates stress, and if you've got such a car it's essential to fit it out with all heavy-duty equipment parts. My Chevelle has everything from heavy-duty front suspension to extra-wide B. F. Goodrich tires to front disc brakes. Don't skimp in one area; if you have heavy-duty in one place but not another, the car's going to come apart when you stomp the accelerator.

Collecting cars can be a lifetime sport, a constant source of pleasure and interest. You never get tired of looking and, if the money's there, buying. Right now I'm scouting for several pieces we still need. I'd like a 6.3 Mercedes and a '58–'59 fuel 'Vette. I'll always look at any big-block '70 or '71 Chevelle with low, low miles, and I wouldn't pass up a nice '64 Silver Cloud with dual headlights. I'm always hunting for a '32 Vicky—that's the rarest piece of all. For me to buy, it's simply got to be the right piece at the right time at the right price. That's the collector's credo. O+

**REGGIE'S TIPS FOR BEGINNING COLLECTORS**

- Skip used-car lots. Peer into backyards and driveways. Go on a country back-roads tour. Find that little old widow who's got a '55 'Vette stashed in a garage and calls it a Chevrolet.
- There are often good buys to be found in newspapers with auto sections. Figure that you can knock 10 to 15 percent off the listed price.
- For rough comparisons, check two publications that list latest auto prices:
  *Car Values*. The 1981 edition available from Hemmings Bookshelf, Box 76, Bennington, Vt. 05201 (enclose $12.95 plus $1.25 shipping).
  *Hemmings Motor News*, Box 100, Bennington, Vt. 05201. A monthly; single issues available at $3.50 first-class mail or $1 third-class.
- In the serious buying stage, take along a knowledgeable friend or mechanic who can spot repaints, an engine taken apart, or crucial rust spots.
- Any car that strikes your fancy is a suitable collectible. Strapped for cash? Try Fords and Chevys from 1955 to '57. They can run as high as $20,000—but as low as $200. For a more glamorous antique, dig up a '32 Ford; it's not as rare as you think and shouldn't cost more than $10,000. Five to ten thousand can also buy you a sharp, old Corvette.




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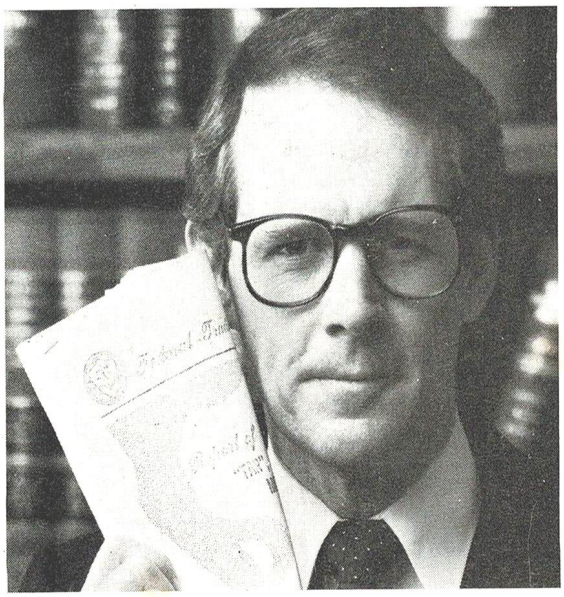

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| Winston Lights | 11 | 0.9 |
| Marlboro | 16 | 1.0 |
| Salem | 14 | 1.1 |
| Kool Milds | 11 | 0.9 |
| Newport | 16 | 1.2 |

| ...100's | TAR mg./cig. | NICOTINE mg./cig. |
|---|---|---|
| Kent 100's | 14 | 1.2 |
| Winston Lights 100's | 12 | 0.9 |
| Benson & Hedges 100's | 16 | 1.1 |
| Parliament Lights 100's | 12 | 0.9 |
| Salem 100's | 15 | 1.1 |
| Marlboro 100's | 16 | 1.1 |

TAR & NICOTINE NUMBERS AS REPORTED IN LATEST FTC REPORT

| | | |
|---|---|---|
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